The Saturday Evening
POST
November 26, 1955 — 15¢

FOOTBALL'S BIGGEST SHOW
By Harry T. Paxton

HOW I LEARNED MY SECRET OF SUCCESS
By Arthur Godfrey

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Surprise the family

with the most useful gift of all

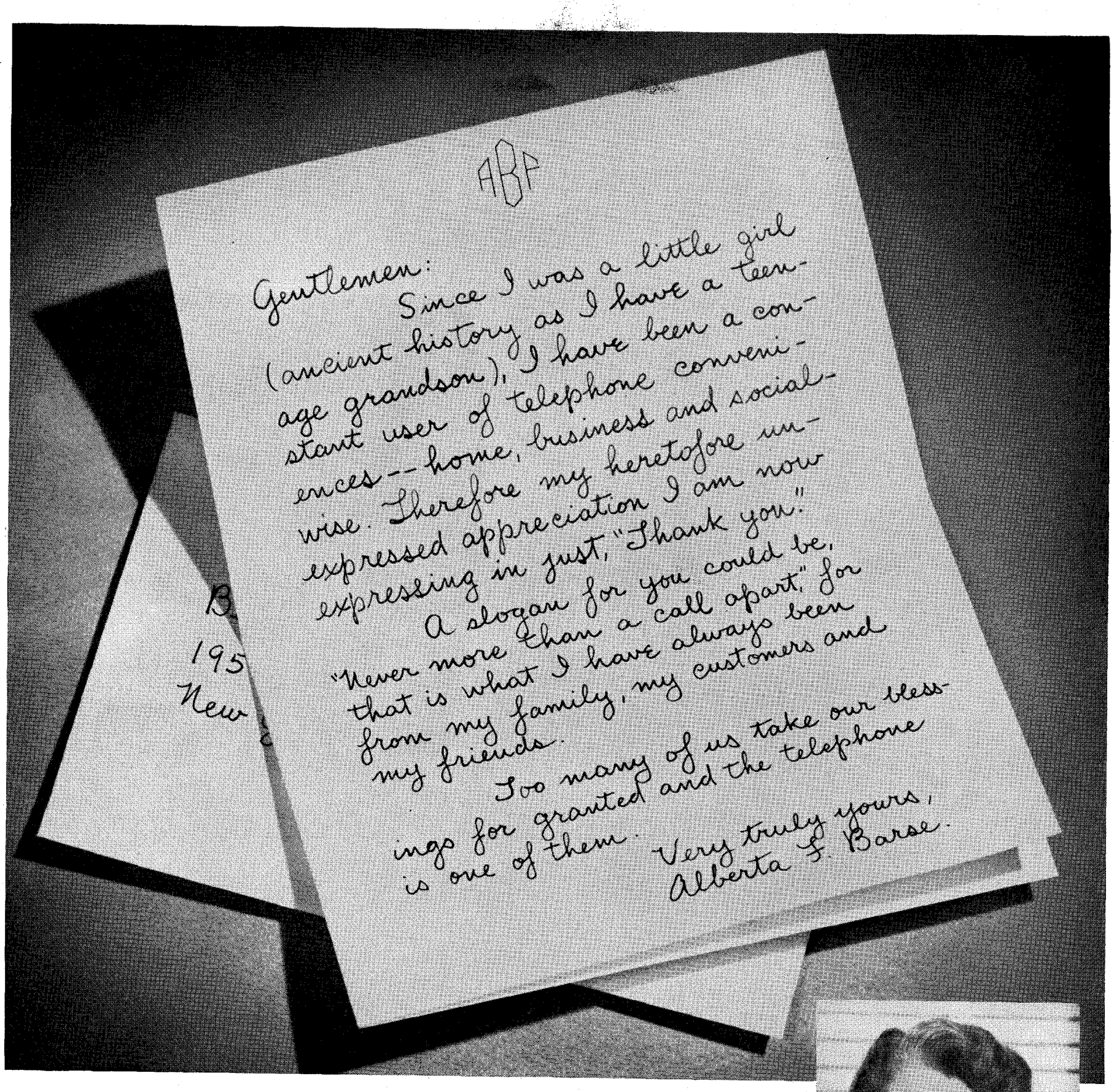
Smith-Corona

the world's finest and fastest portable

Five models to choose from... Silent-Super in four outstanding colors: Alpine Blue, Desert Sand, Seafoam Green, or standard Sapphire Grey! As little as $1.25 a week buys any model.

SMITH-CORONA INC SYRACUSE 1 N Y FACTORIES ALSO IN TORONTO, BRUSSELS AND JOHANNESBURG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


ABF
Gentlemen:
Since I was a little girl (ancient history as I have a teen-age grandson), I have been a constant user of telephone conveniences -- home, business and social-wise. Therefore my heretofore unexpressed appreciation I am now expressing in just "Thank you."
A slogan for you could be, "Never more than a call apart" for that is what I have always been from my family, my customers and my friends.
Too many of us take our blessings for granted and the telephone is one of them.
Very truly yours,
Alberta F. Barse.

"Never More than a Call Apart"

We received a very nice letter from a woman on Long Island, N. Y., the other day and we thought you might like to share it with us.

Mrs. Barse's letter is typical of the many we receive from people who are kind enough to write about the value of their service and the friendliness and help of telephone people.

Such letters are not only pleasant to receive but an encouragement to all of us to do even better in the days to come.

MRS. ALBERTA F. BARSE

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

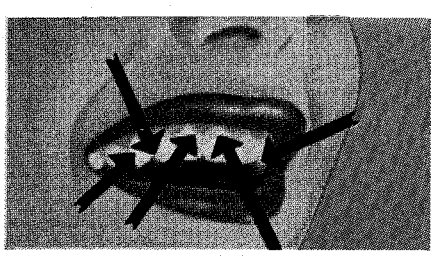
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ...With Just One Brushing!

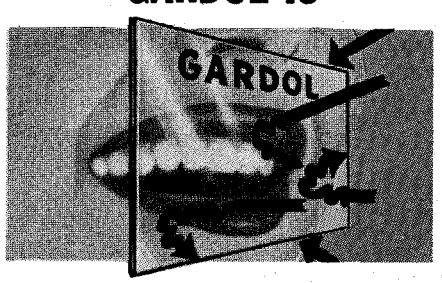
GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE



DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

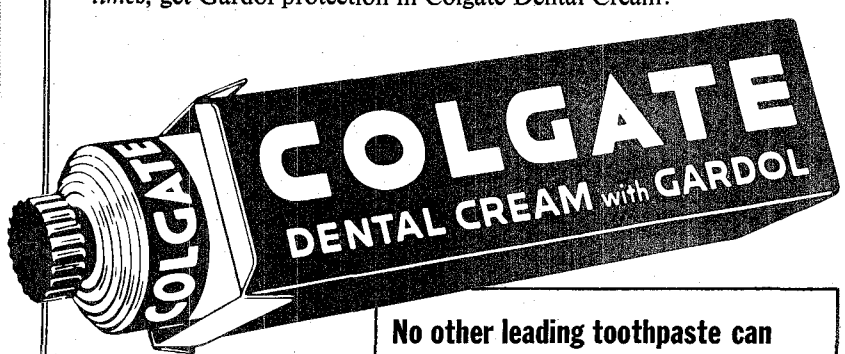
12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS



STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!



No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* — Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* — Beverly Smith, *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Hugh Morrow, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* — William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*

Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* — Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, Patricia Walsh, John R. Wells, Janet M. Harper, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Peter F. Petraglia

IN THIS ISSUE

November 26, 1955 — *Vol. 228, No. 22*

4 Short Stories

The Bride's Twin . . . . . *Phyllis Duganne* , 22
A Gun at His Back . . . . . *John and Ward Hawkins* 26
The Street Fighters . . . . . *Joe Archibald* 31
Young Man on His Own . . . . . *Charles Rawlings* 36

10 Articles

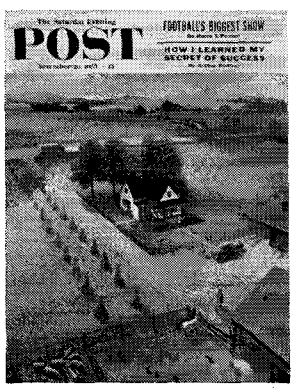
The Pastor of Bighorn Basin . . . . . *Paul Schubert* 20
He Fixes Fish . . . . . *Wyatt Blassingame* 24
They're Learning About America . . . . . *John Bird* 27
Football's Biggest Show . . . . . *Harry T. Paxton* 28
Who Really Runs Chicago? (Second of two articles) . . . *John Bartlow Martin* 30
This is My Story (Fourth of eight articles) . *Arthur Godfrey, as told to Pete Martin* 32
The Face of America: Furious Ride . . . . . *Photograph by F. S. Nelson* 34
The Convention (Cartoon feature) . . . . . *Ted Key* 38
Cities of the World: (No. 14) Johannesburg . . . . . *Peter Bird Martin* 40
All-American Weapon . . . . . *Ashley Halsey, Jr.* 44

2 Serials

The Burning Hills (First of five parts) . . . . . *Louis L'Amour* 17
Death in the Wind (Fifth of six parts) . . . . . *Edwin Lanham* 47

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 42
Verse 61, 73, 81, 116, 126, 134
Keeping Posted 148



THE COVER

So it's off to Grandma's for Turkey Day—oh, boy! According to old pictures and mellow memories, part of this enchantment was bundling into a sleigh and dashing away behind jingling horses in a foot of snow; but nowadays it's a dashing motorcar, and something seems to have happened to the snow, all of which is not without charm either. If this remark brings on an old-fashioned winter, Grandpa can plow out the lane with his charming tractor. Anyway, grandparents and grandyoungsters, corn shocks, barnyards and an exquisite aroma drifting from an old kitchen—these belong to each other this thankful time of year, and the enchantment is forever new. Speaking of aroma, that's a symbolic turkey John Clymer painted; the real one is indoors aromaing.

The Saturday Evening Post, copyright 1955 by The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of The Philippines, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover; The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49-56 or June 2, 1956; 10-56 or September 8, 1956. You always count from the previous July first.

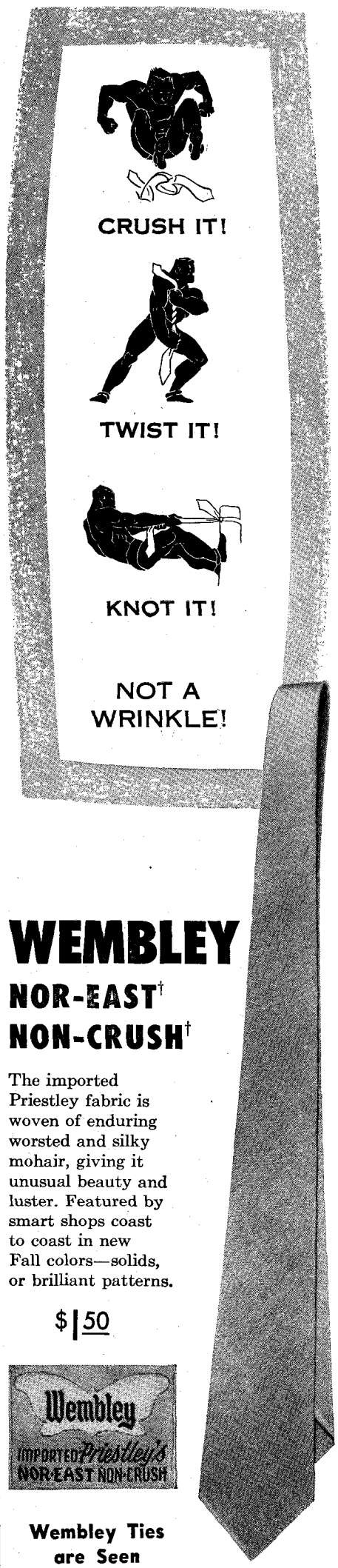
The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Research; Arthur W. Kohler, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Edward C. Von Tress, Vice-Pres. and Executive Director of Advertising; Morton S. Bailey, Vice-Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The Unequaled Tie Value!



WEMBLEY
NOR-EAST† NON-CRUSH†

The imported Priestley fabric is woven of enduring worsted and silky mohair, giving it unusual beauty and luster. Featured by smart shops coast to coast in new Fall colors—solids, or brilliant patterns.

$1.50

Wembley Ties are Seen Wherever Smart Men Gather

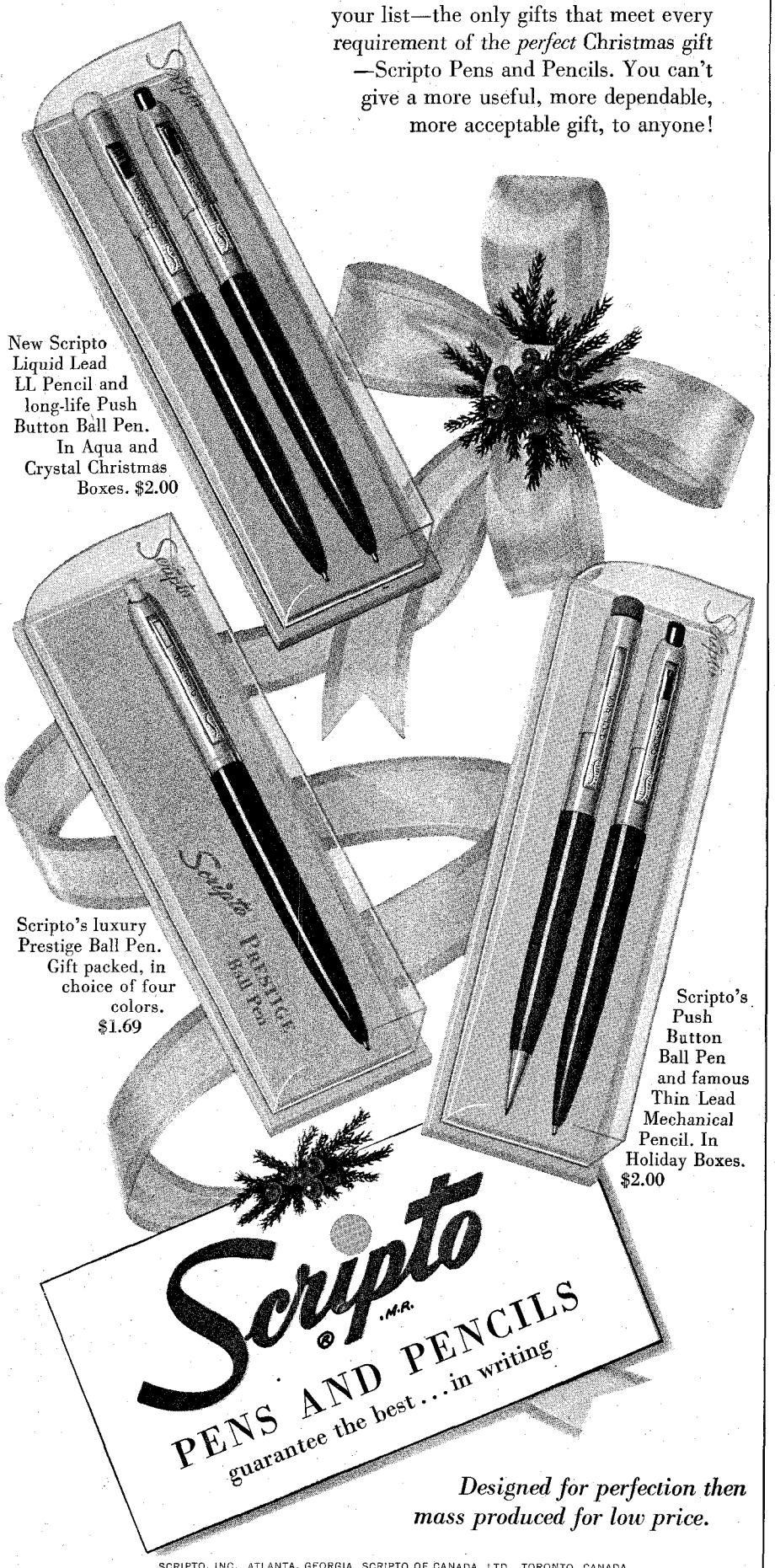
COPYRIGHT 1955, WEMBLEY, INC.
†REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. B. PRIESTLEY & CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gift

that fits everybody...
and everyone wants

The *only* Christmas gifts that you can be absolutely sure about for *everyone* on your list—the only gifts that meet every requirement of the *perfect* Christmas gift —Scripto Pens and Pencils. You can't give a more useful, more dependable, more acceptable gift, to anyone!



New Scripto Liquid Lead LL Pencil and long-life Push Button Ball Pen. In Aqua and Crystal Christmas Boxes. $2.00

Scripto's luxury Prestige Ball Pen. Gift packed, in choice of four colors. $1.69

Scripto's Push Button Ball Pen and famous Thin Lead Mechanical Pencil. In Holiday Boxes. $2.00

Designed for perfection then mass produced for low price.

SCRIPTO, INC., ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SCRIPTO OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, CANADA.
PEN AND PENCIL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX. SCRIPTO PRODUCTS AVAILABLE IN CANADA AT SLIGHTLY HIGHER PRICES.

Letters

Adlai in '56?

Dear Sirs:

As a deeply devoted Democrat, I have never addressed a word of appreciation to your publication—indeed, never expected to. But, in your issue of October 22nd, John Bartlow Martin's ADLAI GIRDS FOR BATTLE warmed my old heart and thoroughly. (It's one whale of an experience to realize that so many of my fellow Americans are beginning to take a long hard "second look" at this Lincoln-like fellow, Stevenson.) . . .

C. WILLIAM PLATT
Wichita, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

. . . Adlai Stevenson emerges head and shoulders above any other possible candidate for 1956. . . .

CORINNA MARSH
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Here's hoping that many would-be 1956 Democra s will recognize Mr. Stevenson for what he is, before it is too late—a pompous, posturing, pun-making, power-grabbing high-brow. . . .

MRS. CONRAD W. RAFIELD, JR.
Birmingham, Ala.

Reckless is Home

Dear Sirs:

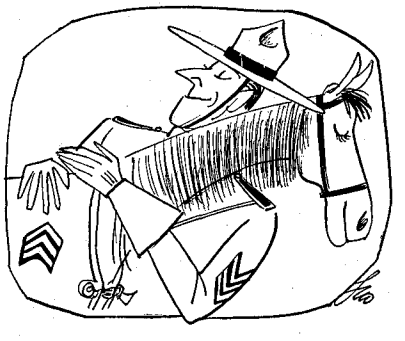
RED CARPET FOR SERGEANT RECKLESS [by Andrew Geer] was a honey in the Oct. 22 issue.

But Col. E. A. Montgomery's headquarters memo, page 52, is a treasure. I've read it over five times and discover a new jewel each time and, of course, more laughs. . . .

D. E. LEONARD
University City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

As an ex-member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (we had horses at the time of my service) and a lover of horses, let me commend you on the so



heartwarming article. . . . It gave me a good laugh, and I unashamedly admit to both a lump in the throat and a tear in the eye. . . .

JOHN ROSS
New Brunswick, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . A very interesting story . . . But is that all these men have to do? They have probably used tons of Government paper, equipment and all kinds of Government time and help in transporting Reckless to the U.S.

I thought the Marines spent all their time improving amphibious warfare strategy and tactics or putting up statues in their own honor!!

Well, maybe Reckless will be commandant some day. I wish him luck.

JACK JOHANNSON
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

There's nothing wrong with the timing of the SEP! Your Oct. 22 issue was on the newsstands at 10 A.M. Oct. 18. . . . After reading about that gallant, extroverted little mare, Reckless, I glanced through the daily paper and found the story [on Lt. Gen. R. M. Pate's promotion to commandant of the Marine Corps].

Well, he deserved it for helping to get Reckless into America's green pastures as well as for leading the 1st Marine Division in the bitter fighting. . . .

MARIE H. PALEN
Roswell, Ga.

Auto-Accident Cases

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . LET'S PUT SENSE IN THE ACCIDENT LAWS by Judge Samuel H. Hofstadter, as told to Joe Alex Morris, Oct. 22, is interesting and sound—but it is not new. I introduced a bill embodying the same principles in the New York State Senate in 1922, 1924 and 1926. . . .

The substitution of compulsory compensation insurance for the antiquated theory of liability would result in elimination of negligence suits which clog our courts. It would provide fair, prompt payment to the victims of accidents or the families of those killed. It would identify and gradually eliminate from the road the small proportion of careless or incompetent drivers that cause a large proportion of all automobile accidents. . . .

NATHAN STRAUS
President, Station WMCA
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Judge Hofstadter's proposal is unfair, illogical, entirely inconsistent with the fundamental American concept that individual responsibility is a condition precedent to individual freedom, and has frightening implications. One individual shou d not pay for another's negligence. . . .

The article indicates that a person who "willfully" caused an accident would not recover for his own injuries; but apparently the drunk or reckless driver or the one who drives through a red light after being denied a license because of poor eyesight would recover. Any law which would compel all drivers to bear this burden would be unjust and, in my opinion, unconstitutional. . . .

EVELLE J. YOUNGER
Judge, Municipal Court
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . If the guilty party is not punished in some way for his negligence, it will be just as easy for him to make the same mistake twice.

MRS. HARRIET LOBERG
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Many states now have driver clinics which retrain psychologically misfit drivers. Could this work be possible if individuals are now to be held blameless for committing murder on the highway? . . .

ROBERT C. CURREY
Larchmont, N.Y.

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

B.F. Goodrich First in Tubeless

brings you the ~~POWER TIRES~~ for the power cars, that give greater safety to <u>your</u> car, new or old

LIFE-SAVER® Tubeless Tires defy skids, stop you quicker on wet, icy or snowy roads

HAVE you ever slid helplessly into a dangerous intersection because your tires, like those on the car at left, didn't grip? For greater protection against skids, get B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless, the tires that stop you *quicker* (car at right) when a quick stop can save your life.

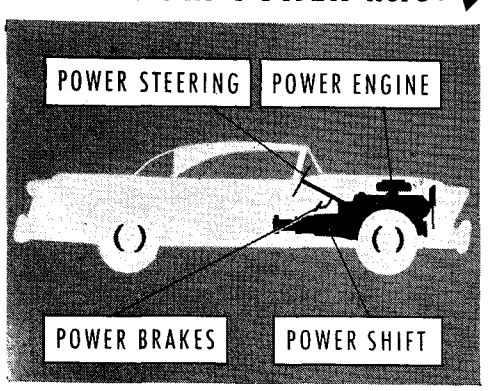
Thousands of tiny grip-blocks in the LIFE-SAVER Tubeless tread *flex*, *wipe away* slush and water, *hold* on the dried path where regular tires slide. LIFE-SAVER Tubeless grip the road with caterpillar action to stop your car when the brakes stop your wheels.

B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless also give patented year-round protection against bruise-blow-outs. Unlike regular tubeless, they seal punctures *permanently*, nail in or out. They're the Power Tires engineered to meet the demands of the power cars. You can get this extra safety for your present car *now*.

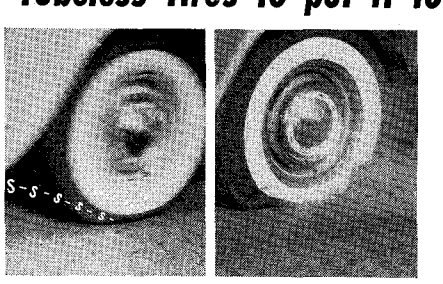
Find your B. F. Goodrich retailer listed in the Yellow Pages under "Tires". Many B. F. Goodrich retailers offer convenient terms. As little as $1.00 down puts a LIFE-SAVER Tubeless on your car. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Tire and Equipment Division, Akron, Ohio.

RESEARCH KEEPS B.F.Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

All this POWER here: ↓ *needs B. F. Goodrich POWER Tubeless Tires to put it to work on the road:*



FOR POWER STARTS AND TURNS—*they take out the slip.* They give more *grip*, less slip on power-engine take-offs. On power-steered turns, B. F. Goodrich Power Tubeless are quieter. They're designed to resist side-skid.



FOR POWER GO—*they take out the bruise-blowout.* In B. F. Goodrich Power Tubeless, a patented inner liner, part of the tire itself, slows air loss by permitting only pinhole leaks. You get a safe s-s-slowout instead of a dangerous blowout.

FOR PUNCTURE PROTECTION—LIFE-SAVER Power Tubeless seal punctures *permanently*, nail in or out. Patented sealant gets an airtight grip on a puncturing nail. When the nail is pulled, this sealant plugs the hole, makes permanent repair.

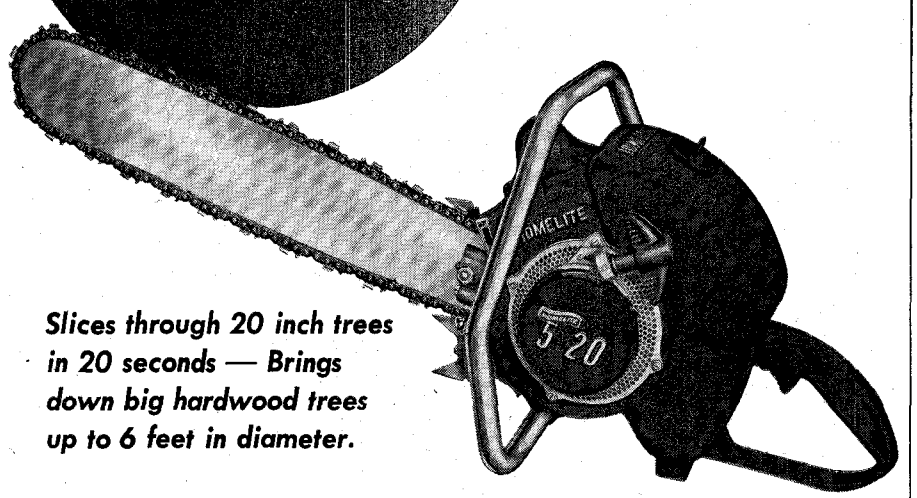
Make National Safe Driving Day, December 1st, <u>your</u> reminder to drive safely every day.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOST POWER PER POUND

HOMELITE 5-20 CHAIN SAW

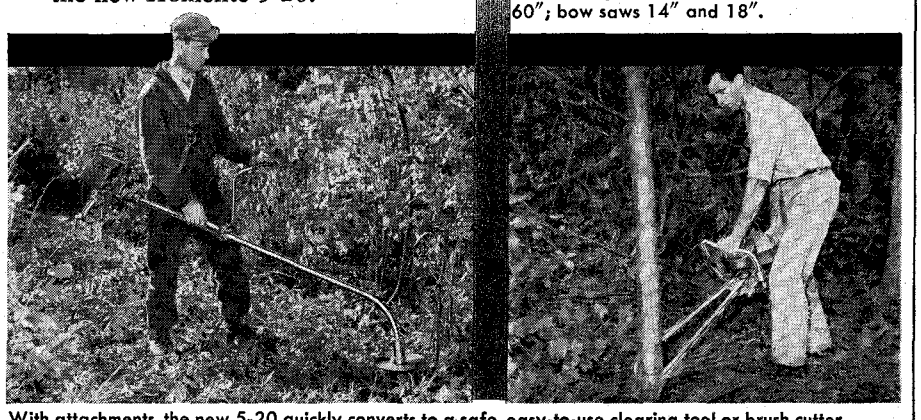
5 Full HP* for Faster Cutting
20 Light Pounds for Easier Handling



Slices through 20 inch trees in 20 seconds — Brings down big hardwood trees up to 6 feet in diameter.

Whether you're a professional logger, or a successful farmer, or an estate owner, the new Homelite 5-20 *is the saw for you! It's alive* with power . . . starts quickly . . . cuts faster . . . stands up day after day with minimum down time, lowest possible maintenance cost. Only 20 pounds; perfectly balanced; easy to handle on every type of cut or while cutting in any position . . . the new Homelite 5-20 delivers a full 5 horsepower — the MOST POWER PER POUND of *any* chain saw! Ask your dealer for a free demonstration . . . see for yourself how much faster . . . how much easier . . . how much more profitable woodcutting can be with the new Homelite 5-20!

There's a hard track blade for every requirement: straight blades available from 14" to 60"; bow saws 14" and 18".



With attachments, the new 5-20 quickly converts to a safe, easy-to-use clearing tool or brush cutter . . . *cuts everything from big trees to brush.*

See your dealer for details on the Homelite TIME PAYMENT PLAN

*Actual Dynamometer Rated Horsepower

HOMELITE

4411 RIVERDALE AVENUE • PORT CHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.
A DIVISION OF TEXTRON AMERICAN INC.

Manufacturers of Carryable PUMPS • GENERATORS • BLOWERS • CHAIN SAWS

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

. . . It seems to me that the Post is being infiltrated by advocates of socialism.

W. B. YARCHO
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Is the Post trying to undermine the cornerstone of American justice, the jury system? . . .

STACY W. OSGOOD
Attorney-at-law
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Trial by jury is an antiquated throwback from the oxcart age and is only a step advanced from trial by Wager of Battle. . . . Business and trade associations more and more are by-passing our cumbersome and inefficient judicial procedure by the use of arbitration, and it is high time that some relief for the general public is devised.

J. PERRY ECKELS
Attorney-at-law
Meadville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The solution, as we see it, is to provide more courts and more judges, for our judicial apparatus, like our highways, is lagging far behind the needs of a fast-growing population. . . .

HESKIN A. WHITTAKER
Attorney-at-law
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Today in America there is a vicious swing toward "claim-itis" among our predatory citizenry. I know because I am on the end of the business where I see it in all of its foul complexion. In my own experience I have seen many, many cases in which so-called victims of auto accidents, aided and abetted by unscrupulous and unethical attorneys, have claimed damages far in excess of actualities. . . .

I do not believe that any honest, clear-thinking judge, attorney, insurance man or common citizen could truthfully speak against Judge Hofstadter's proposal.

S. D. KELLY
Director, Safety & Claims
The Macco Corporation
Long Beach, Cal.

Theater Critics

Dear Sirs:

Your story on Maurice Evans [THE FOXY DREAMER OF BROADWAY, by Maurice Zolotow, Oct. 22] brought back so vividly one of my most cherished memories. A the age of 16, I attended my first legitimate play, Evans and Judith Anderson in Macbeth. It was one of the most exciting evenings in my life.

Evans' TV productions of Shakespeare are magnificent. He has given millions of people a chance to see and understand Shakespeare's writing in all its true glory.

MRS. CHARLES MONTGOMERY
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

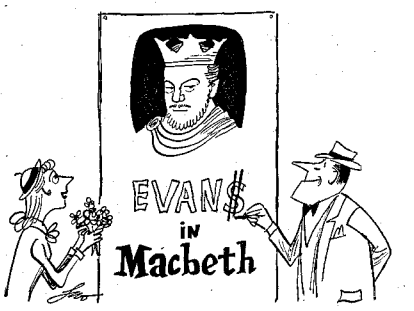
Dear Sirs:

. . . It pleased me to see such a generous display of words and pictures upon the "quiet greatness" of this man.

JEAN FINDLATER
South Gate, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Having always held the minority opinion that Maurice Evans was a very beautiful voice with not much acting talent behind it, I'm not surprised to learn from Maurice Zolotow that this



so-called great actor's Number One love is the profit record. . . .

PAUL A. GARDNER
Ottawa, Canada

Our Japanese Friends

Dear Sirs:

I write with mixed emotions—pride and joy because your very generous article [THEY GIVE US A GOOD NAME, by Theodore S. Repplier, Sept. 24] made us all very happy, and a deep sense of loss because the United States Information Agency Cultural Center you praised has been completely destroyed. . . .

Our Center was a victim of the fire that swept Niigata city, Japan, the night of Oct. 1. . . . The morning after the fire the chief of the prefectural library offered us a large room in his building if only we would continue to operate. The mayor, the governor's office, the university deans and faculty, labor leaders, businessmen, students, young people's organizations, women's groups have addressed or are addressing letters of petition to the ambassador, begging for immediate reconstruction of our Center. Some have sent money. . . . Telegrams and letters . . . are still coming in, literally by the hundreds. Sake, beer and baskets of fruit have been sent to my office. One hundred high school students helped clear our property and 40 convicts were sent by the governor to assist. . . .

Unhappily a new building is only remotely possible because governmental budgets are so notoriously inflexible for emergencies of this nature. But if we can dig up space beyond our temporary quarters we shall, I hope, soon be on our way again—and the hopes and contributions of our many Japanese friends will have played a major part. . . .

GUNTHER K. ROSINUS
Director, USIA Cultural Center
Niigata, Japan

Post Picture Credits

Read across page, then down:

17, 18, 19–William A. Smith. • 20, 21–Joern Gerdts. • 22, 23–Edwin Georgi. • 24, 25–Bill Shrout. • 26–Amos Sewell. • 27–John Burns, four by Ollie Atkins. • 28–Skyphotos. 29–International, U.S. Navy, U.S. Army, International, Harris & Ewing, Metropolitan News, International. • 30–Two by Harry Saltzman; Chicago Sun-Times. • 31–Paul Nonnast. • 32–Ollie Atkins. • 33–Ollie Atkins, CBS, anonymous, three from Culver. 34, 35–R. F. Nelson. • 36, 37–Earl Mayan. • 40–Michael Penn, Claude Jacoby. • 41–Two by Michael Penn; Wide World. • 44–Bill Shrout, Jim Burns. • 45–Three by George Burns. • 47–Bernard D'Andrea. • 68–Joern Gerdts. • 88–Michael Penn. 124–The Howitzer. • 148–M. H. Shirley, anonymous, Dr. W. H. Wilkinson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REVERE

What's cookin' with Revere?

PATIO WARE! That's what's cookin'. Now the Oscars of the Patio and the Backyard Chefs can "cook it up" to the queen's taste. For the new Revere Patio Ware is patterned after the famous Revere Ware Copper-Clad Stainless Steel Cooking Utensils that have brightened the kitchens and lightened the chores of cooks and chefs the country over.

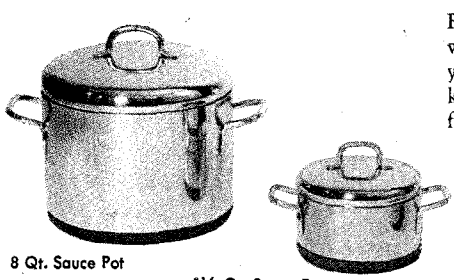
Patio Ware is a man's dish. Made of extra heavy-gauge stainless steel and clad with extra thick copper bottoms, Revere Patio Ware, with smartly designed, long, cool tubular stainless steel safety grip handles on the skillets and wide loop handles on the sauce pots, is just the rugged type of utensil you need for cook outs. What a wonderful gift! See Revere Patio Ware at your favorite department or housewares store.

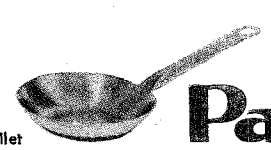
Other things are cooking with Revere, too. For in addition to making Revere Ware and Patio Ware, and turning out many millions of pounds of non-ferrous metals annually, Revere is constantly working with manufacturers, helping them produce better products at less cost . . . improve manufacturing techniques. Revere Copper, copper-base and aluminum mill products as well as welded steel tube, lock-seam tube, extruded and rolled shapes and forgings are supplied to manufacturers whose finished products, in turn, serve you in some way, shape and form most every day of your life . . . from the copper and brass parts that are used in more than 60 places in your car, to the aluminum extruded shapes that go into your storm windows.

NOTICE TO MANUFACTURERS

Revere has been supplying American industry with its non-ferrous metals for more than 154 years. The resultant wealth of accumulated knowledge has earned Revere the reputation for knowing its A-B-C's—"A" for Aluminum, "B" for Brass, "C" for Copper. Why not take advantage of this vast storehouse of "know-how" by calling in one of Revere's Technical Advisors and putting your metals problems up to him? This Service helped others, why not you?

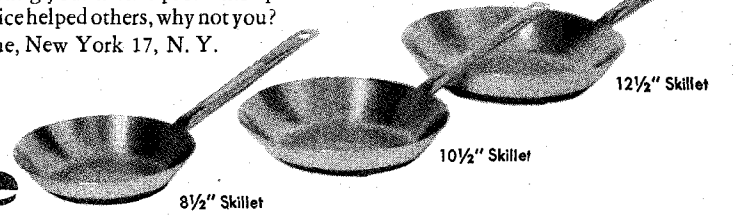
REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.





REVERE

Patio Ware



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW 1956 NASH AMBASSADOR Country Club pictured at Disneyland in California

Announcing NASH FOR

BUILT BY AMERICAN MOTORS . . . EXPRESSLY FOR THE ALL-DISTAN

ALL-NEW LIFT AND LILT! Distinctive new Nash speedline styling flows through to new, advanced-design, massive taillight assembly. From every angle, there's the look of a jet plane poised for take-off.

ALL-NEW COLOR-KEYED INTERIORS! A brilliant harmony of colors carried throughout—even to brake and accelerator pedals and steering wheel. Airliner Reclining Seats rest children—or adults. Twin Travel Beds, too.

IT'S HERE FOR YOU to see and drive today! The brilliant new Nash for 1956—fresh, free, completely new beauty—inside and out.

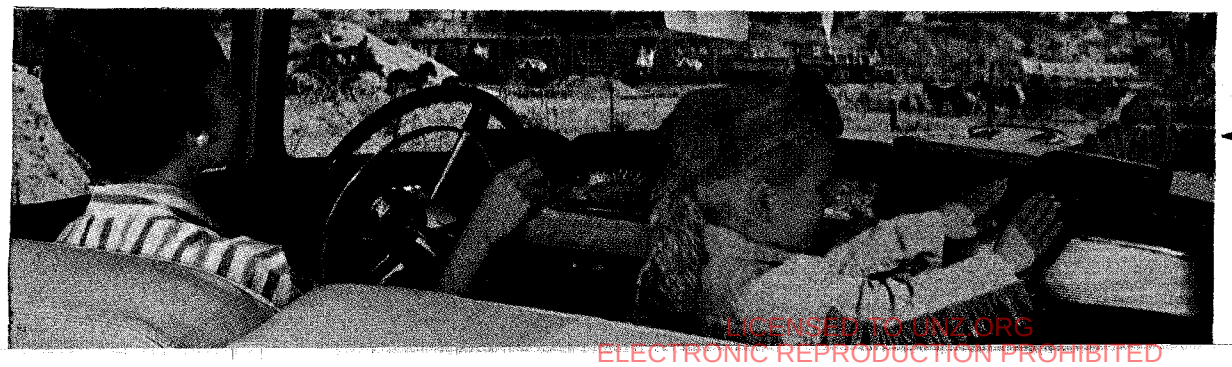
Come see it! You'll be amazed by this startling new car. See the bold, racy distinction of swift new speedlines. Now 220 HP Jetfire V-8 muscle behind that sports-racer grille.

See a "carload" of brand-new travel ideas to make long trips or short trips easier and more enjoyable than you've ever known before.

See not only the most spacious room on the road and the most tastefully appointed, but the most comfortable, the safest, the quietest, thanks to a great new advance in construction. With all this, you enjoy easiest "city-handling".

See the new cars with most wanted Power Assists and automatic transmissions, plus scores of travel features that can't be had in ordinary cars—from Reclining Seats to new low-cost Air Conditioning. See and drive the world's finest travel cars—at your Nash dealer's today.

ALL-NEW DOUBLE SAFE CONSTRUCTION →



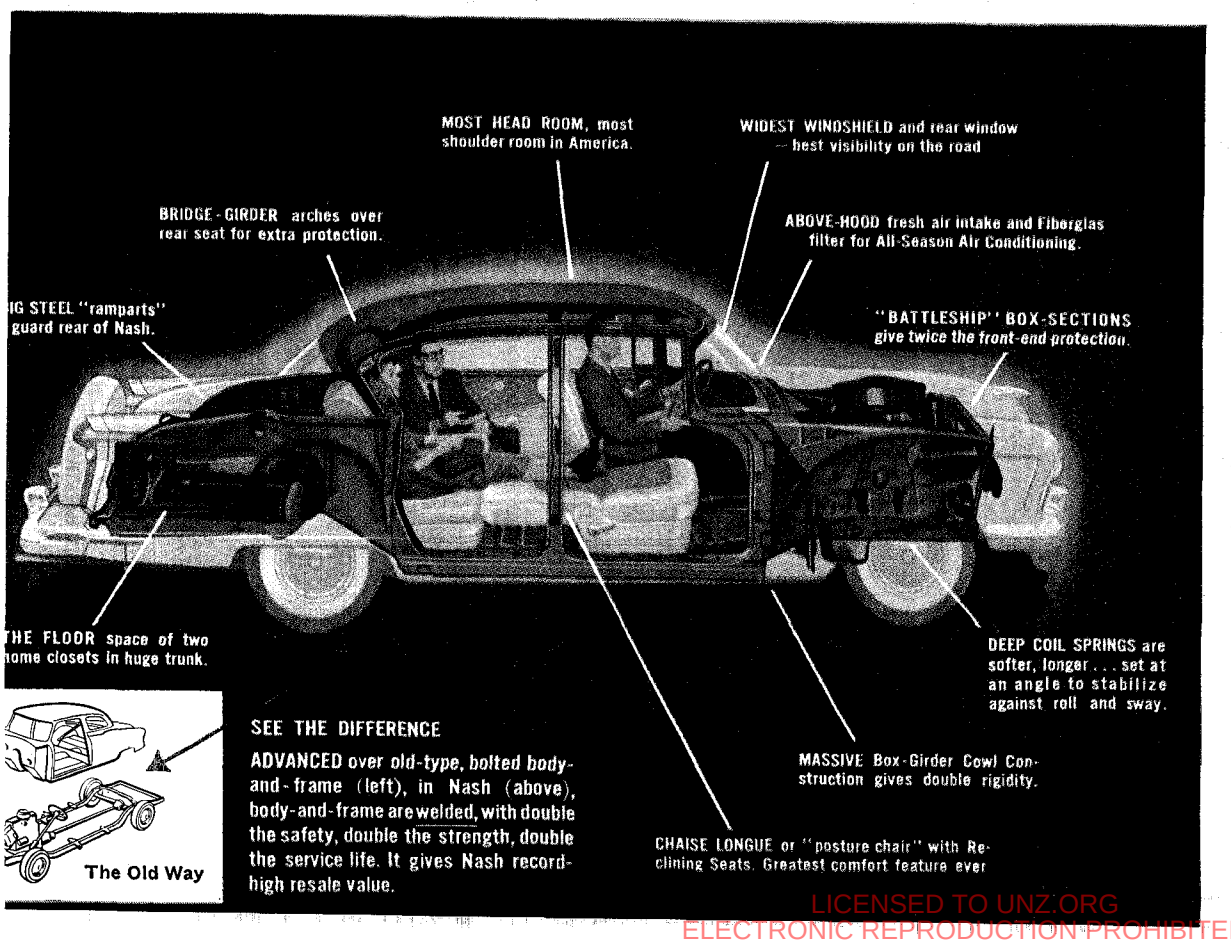
← ALL-NEW, ALL-SEASON COMFORT! Whether it's arctic-cold or desert-hot, the climate's always perfect. All-Season Air Conditioning—priced for everyone to own—heats, cools, ventilates, filters. One control. Simple to operate as a light switch!

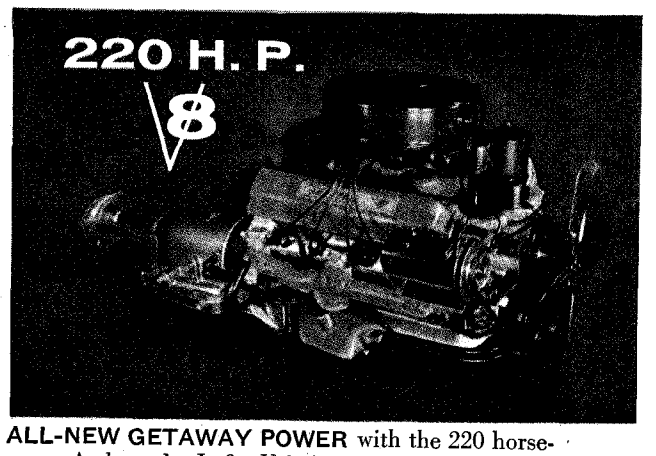
See Disneyland on ABC-TV.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

56 The World's Finest Travel Car!

AVELING NEEDS OF MILLIONS OF FAMILIES TODAY!


MOST HEAD ROOM, most shoulder room in America.
WIDEST WINDSHIELD and rear window — best visibility on the road
BRIDGE-GIRDER arches over rear seat for extra protection.
ABOVE-HOOD fresh air intake and Fiberglas filter for All-Season Air Conditioning.
IG STEEL "ramparts" guard rear of Nash.
"BATTLESHIP" BOX-SECTIONS give twice the front-end protection.
THE FLOOR space of two home closets in huge trunk.
DEEP COIL SPRINGS are softer, longer . . . set at an angle to stabilize against roll and sway.
MASSIVE Box-Girder Cowl Construction gives double rigidity.
CHAISE LONGUE or "posture chair" with Reclining Seats. Greatest comfort feature ever
The Old Way
SEE THE DIFFERENCE
ADVANCED over old-type, bolted body-and-frame (left), in Nash (above), body-and-frame are welded, with double the safety, double the strength, double the service life. It gives Nash record-high resale value.



ALL-NEW GETAWAY POWER with the 220 horsepower Ambassador Jetfire V-8, America's most advanced V-8. Mobilgas Economy Run "Big Car Champ" in the Ambassador Six. Brand-new overhead valve Statesman engine with increased power, amazing gas mileage.

WORLD'S FINEST TRAVEL CAR

Nash '56

TOPS IN RESALE VALUE

Product of American Motors
American Motors Means More for Americans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

We'll Soon Get the Word on the School Crisis

In preparation for the White House Conference on Education which is to begin on November twenty-eighth and continue for three days, regional conferences have been or are being held in almost every state of the Union as well as in territories and outlying possessions. Parents, teachers, taxpayers and mere kibitzers have been assembling in small and large groups to kick around the subject of education and provide some guidance for the various delegations which will proceed to Washington for the big event. Although these local conferences have concerned themselves with every subject from homework and the undoubted classroom shortage to "life adjustment" and why-Johnny-can't-read, the basic question around which the major conflict will probably rage in Washington is Federal aid.

When President Eisenhower announced the plan for the White House Conference, which is designed to represent all interested groups from every section of the country, the reaction among the educators who favor Federal aid was cool. One educator was quoted by Leonard Buder in the Saturday Review thus: "What can 2000 people decide in three days—especially under the supervision of a committee which has been stacked for the National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce? . . . It's all a façade to prevent real aid to the schools from Federal funds."

As the regional meetings have progressed, however, it is the taxpayer groups and opponents of Federal aid to, or control of, education who have become uneasy. The Indiana Parent Teacher Association Study Group expects the conference to put on "a gigantic propaganda build-up for Federal aid." Several of the larger states, like New York, Missouri and New Jersey, have already plumped for Federal aid. The delegations from these states appear likely to be heavily representative of the proponents of Federal money for local school systems. In view of the fact that the high-income states like New York and New Jersey would pay far more in added income tax than they could possibly receive as aid to their school systems, this attitude is hard to understand.

Not all the big states are on the Federal-aid band wagon. Governor Stratton, of Illinois, and Governor Knight, of California, made strong statements on behalf of local autonomy. The California executive pointed out that a state which spends two billion dollars a year on liquor, tobacco and horse racing ought to be able to pay for its own school system.

In contrast to the "Gimme" attitude in some of the larger states is the reported attitude of regional conferences in states like Montana and Washington, which produced scant support for Federal intervention in education despite the fact that Federal support of education in those states might well exceed the increase in income tax. A few states, such as Colorado, disclaimed any need for Federal aid for themselves, but went on record for favoring it for states less advantageously situated. Curiously enough, it appears to be the states which are usually considered least able to pay their own school bills which are most emphatically against Federal aid.

If the advocates of Federal aid prove to have the inside track at the White House Conference, this is hardly to be wondered at. The professional educators, as represented by the National Education Association, form a hard corps of enthusiasts who know what they want and how to get it. In July the N.E.A. inaugurated a political-action program, the first objective of which was to bring pressure on Congress in behalf of the Kelley Bill calling for one billion dollars to be distributed among the states for school construction. Although opponents of this bill and of Federal aid in general have pointed out over and over again that no state has declared itself unable to take care of its own school problems, those who oppose Federal aid are for the most part unorganized and timid.

Whatever happens at the White House Conference, it does seem curious that so little attention has been paid to the basic fallacy of Federal aid. This was stated about as well as it can be by Rep. Phil M. Landrum, of Georgia, during hearings on the subject before the House Committee on Education and Labor. "We are not kidding anybody but ourselves," said Mr. Landrum, "if we continue to feel like we can load more on the Federal budget than we have, and relieve the states of anything that they won't finally absorb, either through the citizens or through their own state treasury."

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Very Special Delivery

An Alert Senate Can Eliminate Dangerous Treaties

A strong and efficient Senate Foreign Relations Committee can prevent the making of international agreements which are not in the best interest of the United States. The proposed Bricker amendment seeks to guarantee this result, but it may again be defeated. It is wise, therefore, to seek means within the present constitutional system to prevent the making of executive agreements or treaties which tend to override domestic law.

Actually, the Founding Fathers did anticipate the danger that a strong President might make undesirable international agreements if left to his own devices. The Constitution provides that treaties shall be made by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, provided two thirds of the senators present concur. Most of our present difficulties have come about because the Senate did not take full advantage of this partnership.

True, the Senate has grown so large that the whole membership could hardly function as an adviser and consultant in foreign affairs. But the Foreign Relations Committee—acting for the most part in executive session—could do so. Indeed the committee has on many important occasions carried out this function, sometimes to the displeasure of the Executive. The present Foreign Relations Committee and the Executive have found it advantageous to work closely together.

In the past, Foreign Relations Committees have rendered useful service by advising the Senate to insist on changes before ratifying treaties or to reject them altogether. Thus a proper restraint can be exercised against arbitrary use of the treaty-making power by the Executive, as was originally intended.

(Continued on Page 12)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Floor is Armstrong Rubber Tile, Style No. 633 and No. 635.

the modern fashion in floors

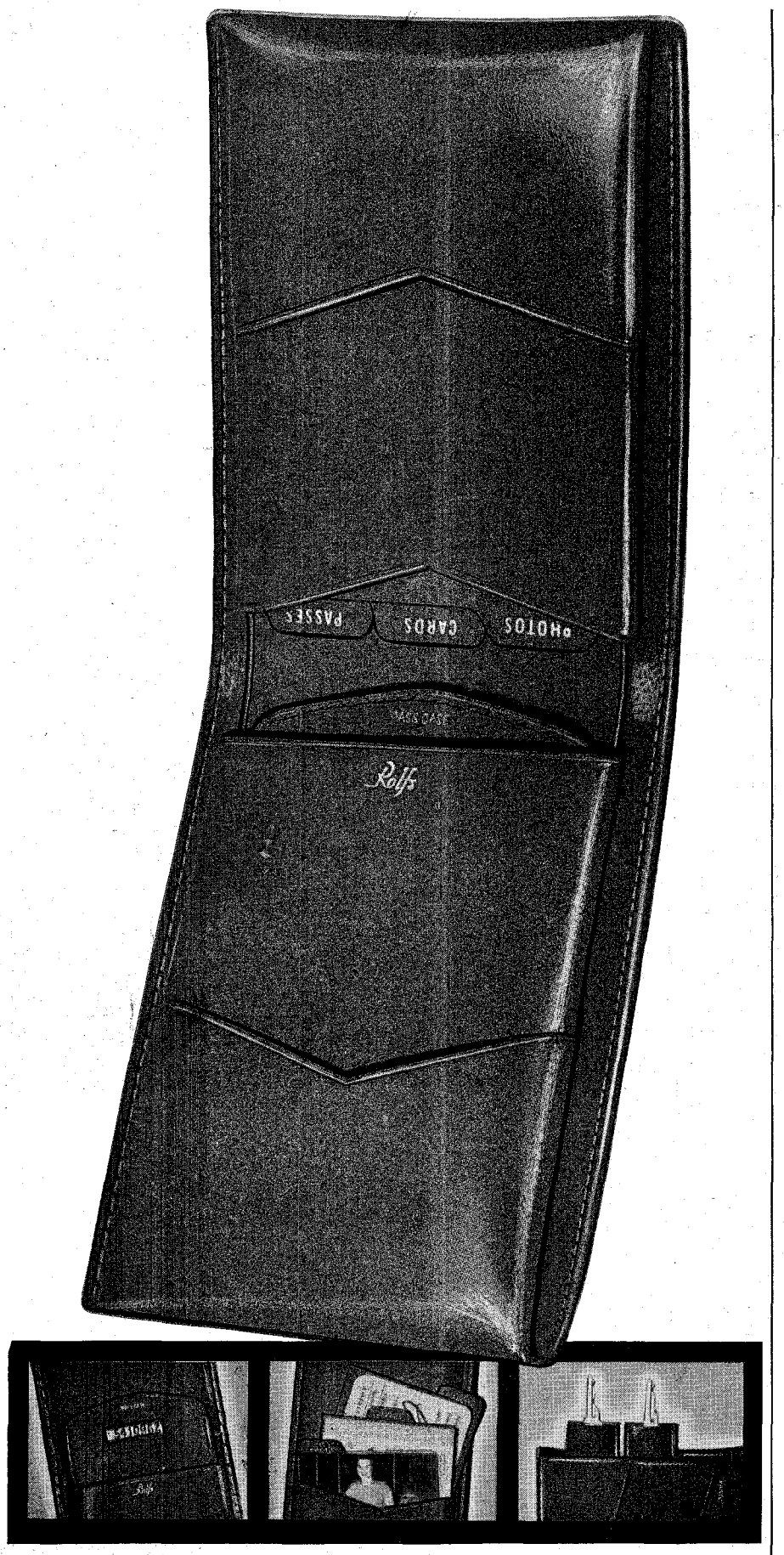
Did you ever try sitting for a while in your own reception room? Does it give a good impression of you? Is it pleasant, comfortable? The floor will have a lot to do with the answers to these questions. It must be attractive—and practical, too. On every count you'll find Armstrong Rubber Tile is an ideal choice. It blends just as well with a modern interior as it does with this informal Colonial setting, and it can be installed anywhere, even over a concrete subfloor. The rich marbleized colors are a particularly luxurious feature of this handsome floor, and they mask tracked-in dirt until it can be swept up. One of the special advantages of Armstrong Rubber Tile is the way it will stand up to heavy traffic for years without losing its glistening beauty. In fact, Armstrong Rubber Tile is just as wonderful a floor for your office as it is for your home—it's the modern fashion in floors.

Do you want help in selecting the right floor for your business? Send for free new booklet, "Business Floors." Illustrated in full color. Address Armstrong Cork Company, 5511 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong
FLOORS

LINOLEUM • PLASTIC CORLON® • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE
CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • RUBBER TILE
CORK TILE • ASPHALT TILE • LINOTILE®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lifetime Registration against loss

Ample card, pass and photo protectors

Pockets for car and house spare keys

ONLY ROLFS BILLFOLDS GIVE YOU ALL THIS SECURITY

Rolfs

One look tells you that the "Director" by Rolfs is America's most protective billfold. Only in the "Director" do you get all this evident security, plus a really secret, secret pocket. Buy security. Buy Rolfs. At better stores everywhere.

DIRECTOR BILLFOLD many colors many leathers $5 and up plus tax

Rolfs Division of Amity Leather Products Co., 330 Fifth Avenue, New York 1

Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

Foreign Relations Committees could perform their functions more effectively if their members were chosen for their knowledge of foreign affairs rather than seniority. However, senators, like Presidents, are elected for reasons which often have little to do with expertness in international relations, and we have to make do with what the democratic process sends to Washington. Perhaps this is not all on one side. After all, the worst deals and agreements which have plagued us were the result of Executive errors rather than ineptitude in the Senate.

Why Not Jury Service for Elderly Citizens?

By LAWRENCE RUST HILLS

Our most potentially troublesome "minority group" is the least articulate, because it includes members from every color, race and religion. It is growing prodigiously; quadrupled while the whole population was merely doubling. In 1950 only one out of twenty-five people belonged. Today, the ratio is one in twelve. By 1980 it will be one in seven.

This minority consists of our people sixty-five or older. A quarter of them are still working at their jobs or professions; another quarter are too feeble or sick to work. But half of them—one person in twenty-four—although quite capable of working, waste away in unwanted idleness because no specific tasks commensurate with their past accomplishment and wisdom are reserved for them.

For the sake of their morale, which is even more important than the waste of their man power, we should scrutinize every activity to find a spot which the oldsters could occupy all by themselves. Take, for example, the civic obligation for jury duty. It is abhorred by youthful and middle-aged money-makers, who regard it as enforced idleness which piles up work in the office. Being "stuck on a case" is a calamity for which they curse the judge who would not excuse them.

Yet normally only three to four per cent of the population "qualify" for jury duty by being individually summoned, examined and approved. If the lower age limit for jurors were raised from twenty-one to sixty, more than twelve per cent of our population—nearly twenty per cent in 1980—would be available. The prestige of reaching the "age of mature judgment" required for jury duty would probably cause citizens to present themselves for qualification, as they now do for voting.

Presently, when panels are called for duty, judges spend hours in hearing and passing on the proffered excuses. With tractable and expectant oldsters, the judges could devote more time to general instructions on their duties as jurors, and allow the "waiters" to absorb some understanding of court-room procedure. This training would increase real qualification.

The wider horizons of the sunset years expand the mind and heart, give soundness to judgments and clarity to evaluations. Individual oldsters whose age can be described as "crabbed" could be eliminated by challenge or by the court, as is now the case. It is in the later years that an obligation like jury duty can be accepted as a privilege. We should give the old folks the chance—which very few of them have ever had—to sit in a jury chair; for them an inspiring change from the armchair by the fire.

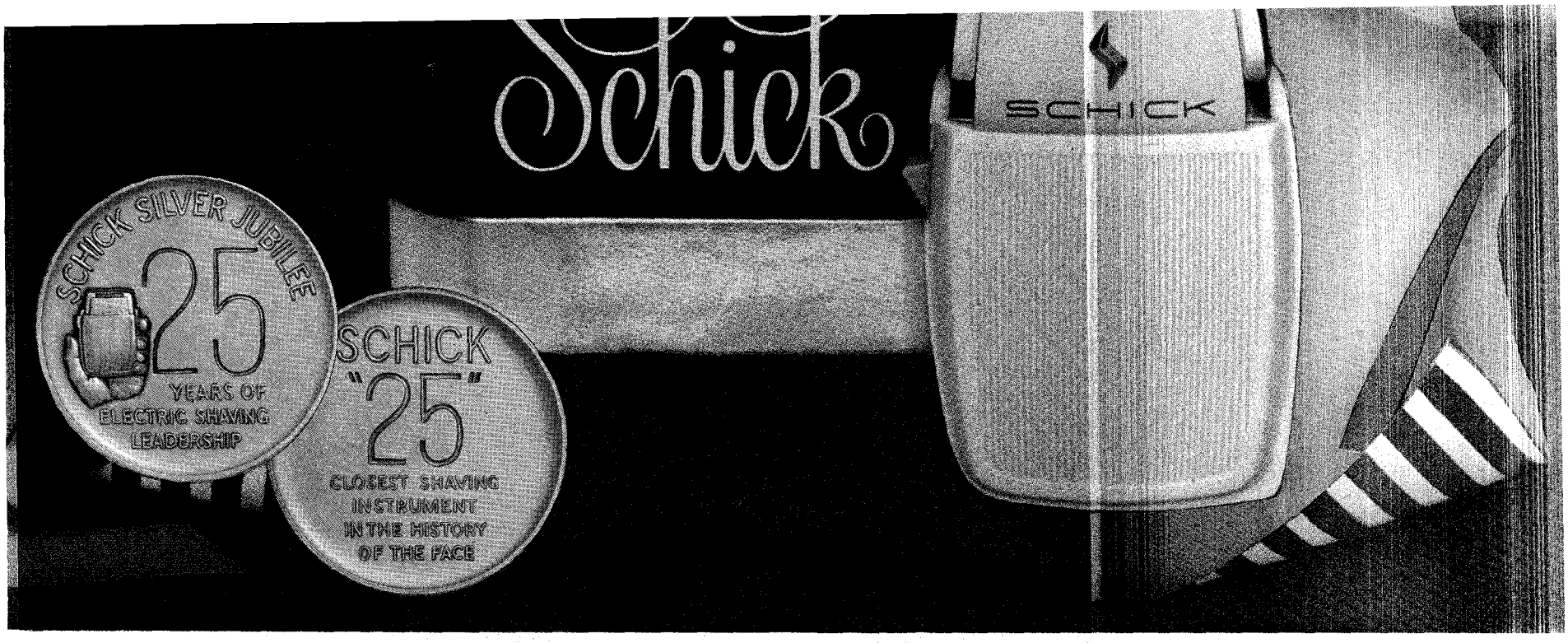
Moscow Still Pursues Its Refugees

One aspect of the "spirit of Geneva" little noted or understood in the tolerant West is the stepping up of the war against refugees from communism. As one item in the price which the Germans are expected to pay for the return of their 9626 "war criminals," Chancellor Adenauer's government is expected to co-operate in "repatriating" so-called displaced Soviet citizens. With a Soviet embassy set up in Bonn, the operations of the communist kidnaping ring which has been snatching escapees in West Germany since the end of the war should be greatly facilitated.

Kidnaping and the forceable return of these unfortunate people are by no means the only objectives of the Soviet campaign against refugees. An equally important purpose is to silence by terror those who do not intend to return, so that the truth of what goes on behind the Iron Curtain will be proclaimed as rarely as possible. According to the Committee to Combat Soviet Kidnapings, refugees are constantly approached with offers of pardon for their "crimes" if they will act as spies in the country which gave them shelter. Another device, intended to mislead the West, is the recall of an agent—like Dr. Otto John—to make it appear that one more sincere man has seen the light and forsaken the slum of capitalism for the Socialist Utopia.

The truth of the matter is that under the aegis of the "spirit of Geneva," the Kremlin has expanded rather than contracted its campaign against the West. Only the manners have changed, and the Kremlin's superficial suavity appears to be wearing thin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Watch the Robert Montgomery Show every week on NBC-TV. See College Football every Saturday afternoon on NBC-TV.

The most welcome gift of all is the 16-hour shaver

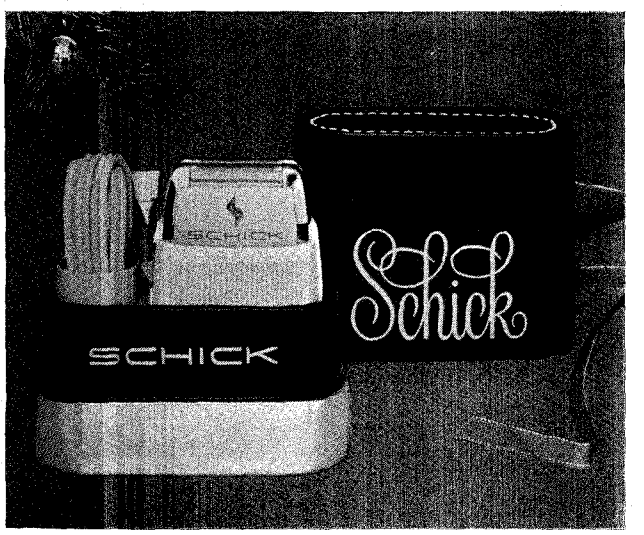
Schick—inventors of electric shaving—present the first and only electric shaver that offers a 16-hour shave: The new Schick "25"

Ask yourself what he wants—and needs. For one thing, it should be exciting . . . something he'll be proud of . . . something he will use—and use often.

And what gift answers all these requirements like the new Silver Jubilee Schick "25"? Exciting? No shaver has caused more excitement since Colonel Schick invented the first one 25 years ago. Pride of ownership? What could make him prouder than this white and silver beauty. Needed? What man couldn't use the unmatched convenience of the Schick 16-hour shave . . . seldom, if ever, will he have to shave again—breakfast to bedtime!

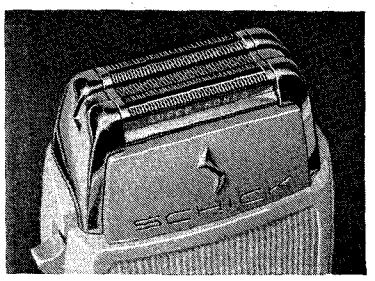
What a feeling when he shaves with Schick—most comfortable shaver of all. Combed edges set whiskers up straight. Super-Honed heads shave 'em off flush with the skin line. And the Hi-Power motor whisks through the toughest whiskers.

Ask your dealer about the 14-day home trial—and the $5.00 trade-in allowance on any old electric shaver. See the Schick "25" at leading stores and Schick Shaver Shops in all principal cities. Only $29.50. Schick Incorporated, Lancaster, Pa.

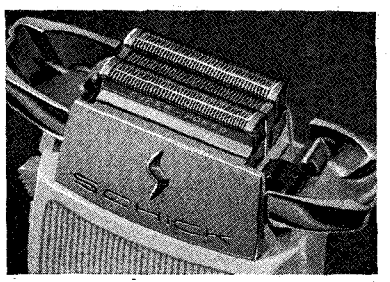


NEW BLACK-AND-SILVER CADDIE CASE—Doubles as a handy holder on the bathroom shelf. *More men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.*

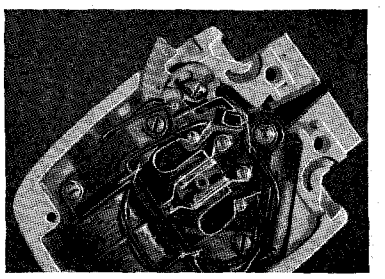
3 REASONS WHY NOTHING SHAVES YOU CLOSER THAN THE NEW SCHICK "25"



1. SUPER-HONED HEADS finished to a sharpness unmatched by any other shaver. Result: quick, easy 16-hour shaves. With never a pull or a pluck.



2. COMBED EDGES set whiskers up straight. Guide each whisker into place for closer shaves. Note larger, easier to clean Whisk-Its for clippings.

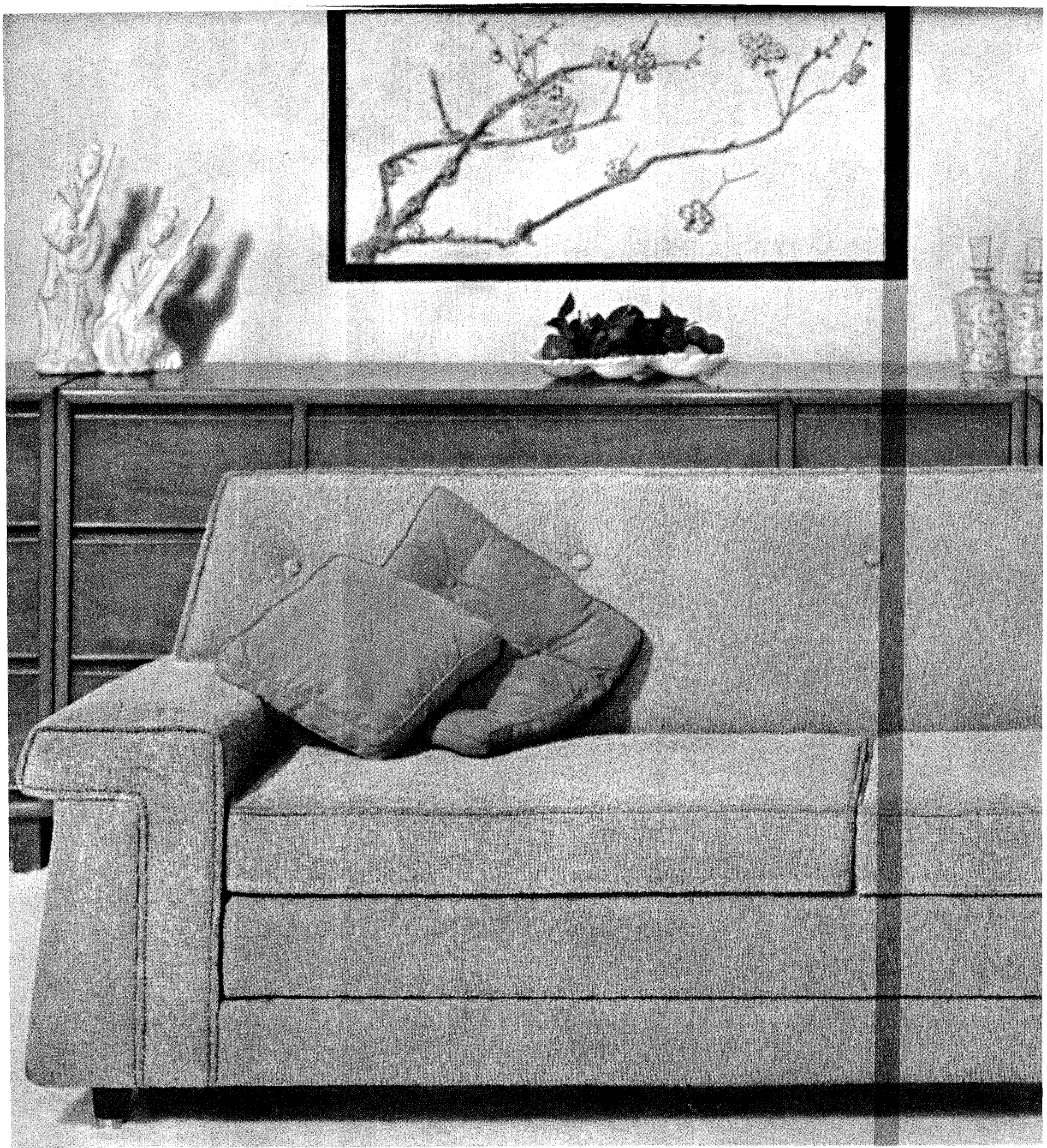


3. HI-POWER ROTARY MOTOR with exclusive stop-start switch. World's most powerful motor for its size. Shaves toughest whiskers with ease!

Schick "25"

The best way to shave is electric and the best electric shaver is the Schick

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The "Madison" Super Sleep-or-Lounge as shown in nylon boucle, **$259.50.** Lounge Chair, **$79.50.** Prices vary (higher or lower) according to fabrics selected. Most Kroehler dealers offer liberal monthly tern

SUPER SOFA STYLE!

SUPER BED COMFORT! *You get both with*

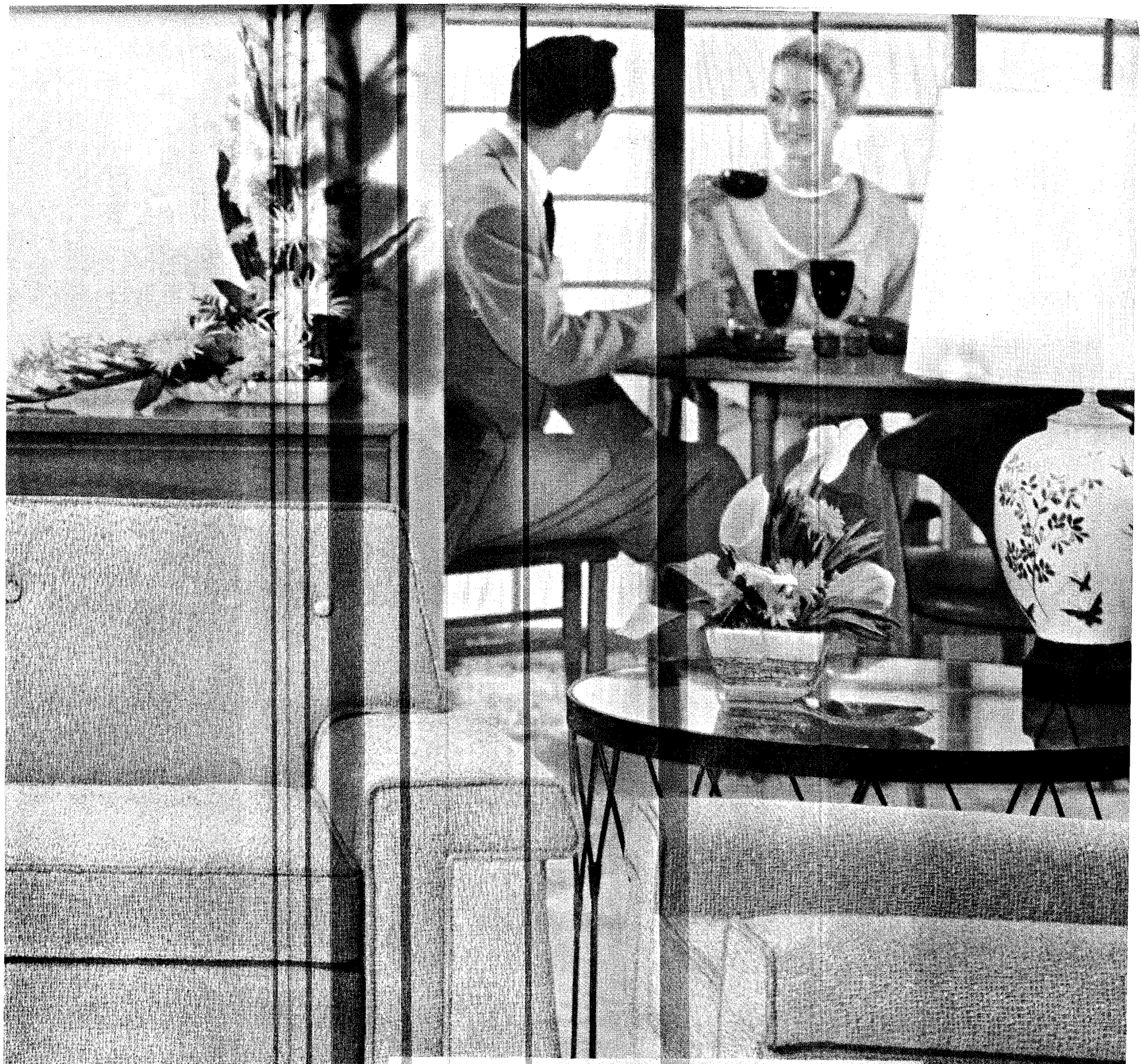
WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

THE NEW KROEHLER SUPER SLEEP-OR-LOUNGE

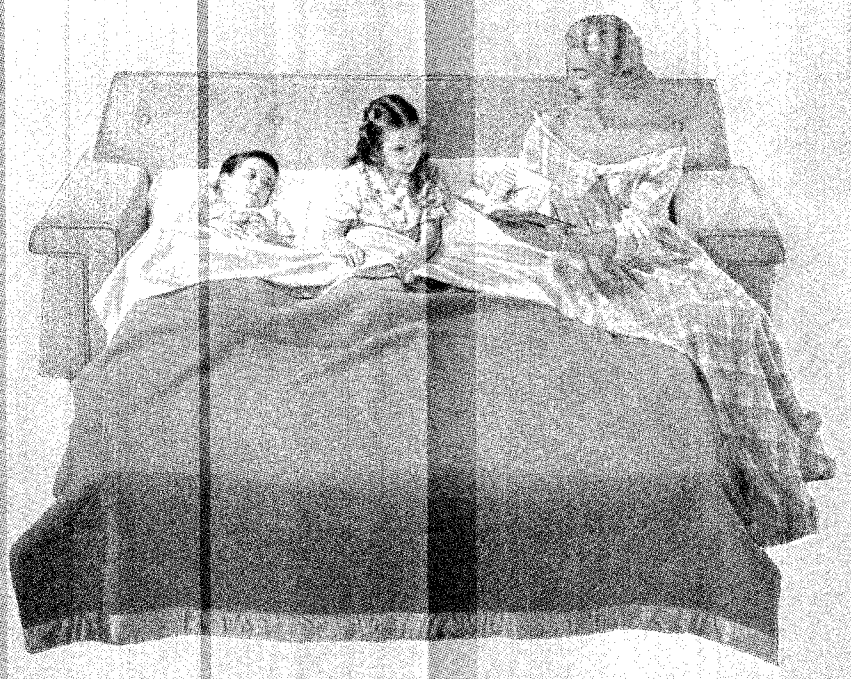
(pronounced KRAY-ler)

General Offices: Chicago 11, Illinois • In Canada: Stratford, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WAY
TO ADD AN EXTRA BEDROOM TO YOUR HOME!



One look and you say "How beautiful!" . . . one sitting and you discover grand new sofa comfort! Comes bedtime and you enjoy the biggest, most luxurious double bed imaginable! Deep innerspring mattress!
Extra stretch-out bigness you'll love! Here you will find the true quality that is the result of more than 50 years' experience in manufacturing sofas that convert into beds! See a demonstration soon!

KROEHLER SLEEP-OR-LOUNGES
NOW PRICED AS LOW AS $169.50

Compare these Kroehler Features!

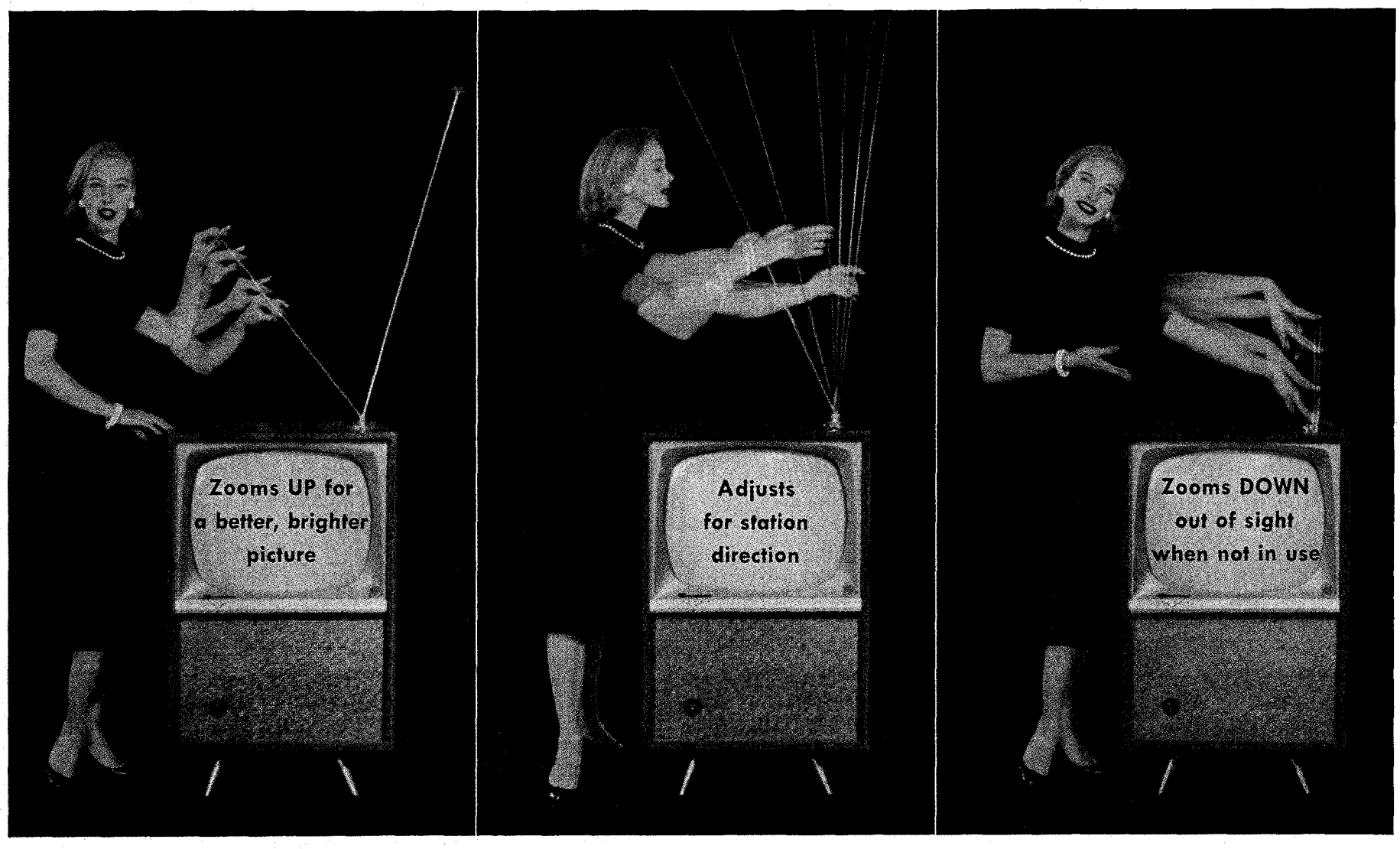
- New Counterpoise Action with nylon bearings for feather-touch opening.
- King-size bed. 5 feet wide by 6½ feet long.
- Deep innerspring mattress with pre-built border and built-in ventilators.
- Automatic locking mechanism.

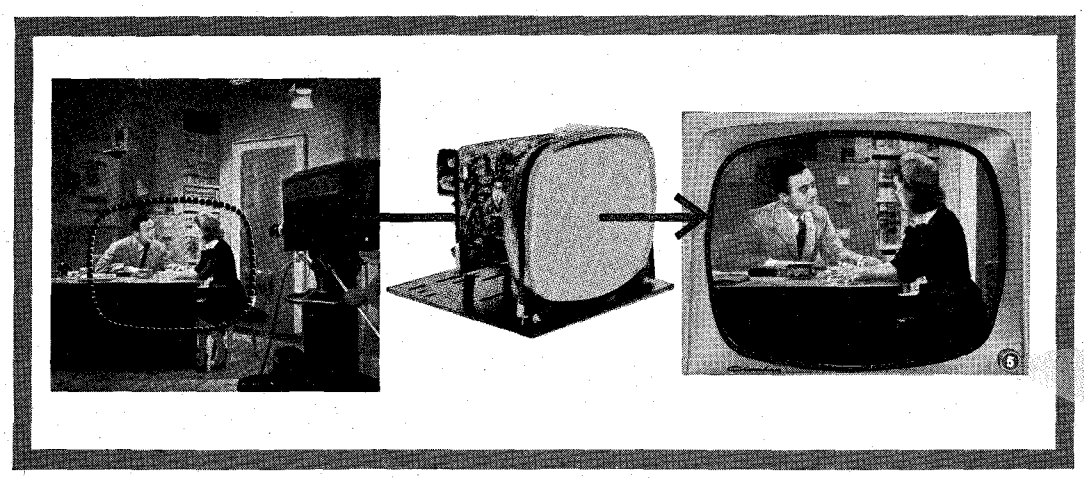
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW FROM CROSLEY

ZOOM·A·TENNA

ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE FOR TRUE VIEW TELEVISION





Only from Crosley comes *Zoom-a-tenna*—the new Telescopic Antenna that gives you a Better, Brighter Picture than "built-in" antennas.

ZOOMS up for stronger pictures.
Adjustable length and direction for sharper tuning.
ZOOMS down out of sight when not in use.

And Crosley's exclusive new *Zoom-a-tenna* makes expensive outdoor antennas *unnecessary for millions of homes.*

Crosley's exclusive "7-league chassis" brings the studio right into your home

Only Crosley has it—this powerful receiver that reaches out far and wide—city or country—for the station you want *when* you want it.

Another Crosley exclusive: the always visible "TV eye"

You can see it from clear across the room —in daylight or dark. It tells you *instantly* the channel you're tuned to.

Crosley Division, Cincinnati 25, Ohio AVCO Crosley Radio and TV sets are sold and distributed in Canada by the Crosley Radio and TV Division of Moffats Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Crosley *Custom V*

...WITH THE DIFFERENCE YOU CAN SEE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The Burning Hills

He was a lonely, fierce man, a hunter turned killer to avenge a terrible wrong. . . .

Beginning a new story of pursuit. By LOUIS L'AMOUR

On a ridge above Texas Flat, upon a rock shaped like flame, a hand moved upon the lava. The hand moved, and then was still. In all that vast, beige-gray silence there was no other movement, no sound. A buzzard, swinging in lazy circles above the serrated ridge, had glimpsed that moving hand. Swinging lower, he saw a man who lay among the rocks atop the ridge. He was a long-bodied man in worn boots and jeans, a man with wide shoulders and a lean, tough face. It was the face of a hunter, but now of a man hunted. A man who lay with his rifle beside him, and who wore a belted gun, but the man still lived and the buzzard could wait.

Below and stretching away from the very foot of the ridge to lose itself in shimmering distance lay the glaring white expanse of the flat. Beyond the flat, and even now riding up the draws that would eventually open

When Jordan returned to camp, he found Johnny Hendrix lying dead near the water hole, with four bullets in him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the old man's hand dropped to his gun, Jordan shot him through the stomach.

upon the dry lake, were three groups of horsemen who rode with a single thought.

To left and right of the hunted man's position the comblike ridge stretched away like a great wall dividing the dead white of the flat from the broken lands beyond. Once in those broken lands south of the border, a man might lose himself in any one of a thousand canyons, and might himself be lost.

It was a land virtually without water, rarely visited by white men, and roved only occasionally by Indians, for whom this was a last stronghold, and at whose hands no white man could expect mercy.

Great tablelands shouldered against the brassy sky, lofty pinnacles loomed higher still, and over all that red and broken land the sun lay hot, and dead heat gathered in the sullen canyons. Far and away, beyond the broken land, some great peaks reached at the clouds, purple with distance, cool, remote and lost. In those mountains there would be water and there would be grass. There a man might find shade, there would be wild game, there would be sanctuary.

The hunted man had not turned to look, but he knew the mountains were there. He also knew what lay between. Yet here and there, even in that desert land between, if one but knew where to look, there would be water.

Northward, not yet within the range of the man's eyes, moved the searching riders. Yet the buzzard had already seen those moving shadows that stirred not with the wind, but of their own choice. The buzzard saw them, and after a time saw that these were men. The buzzard could not reason, but he knew the patterns that led to food. His entire life was built upon such fragments of knowledge, and he knew that where such groups of men rode, death rode with them.

They were hard men, bred of a hard and lonely land, men with eyes red-rimmed from sun glare, faces whitened by alkali and muscles heavy with weariness. Yet they knew the man for whom they searched could not be far ahead, and they pushed on, riding steadily into the hot, still afternoon.

Trace Jordan could not see the riding men, but he knew they were out there, and he knew they looked for him. Once, seven hours ago, they believed they had him, and his blood-stained shirt revealed how close a thing it had been.

They had caught him in the rocks above Mocking Bird Pass, brought to bay like a lean and hungry wolf pursued by hounds. And he had fought them there, a lean and hungry man, red-eyed and dangerous, a man driven and battered and hammered, but a man not beaten, a man who had never been beaten.

A rifle bullet ricocheting from a rock had ripped an ugly tear through the flesh above his hip and he had lost blood. They had seen him fall, and not yet knowing the manner of man they fought, they had closed in for the kill. They would be more cautious if the chance came again, for upon the rocks they had left more than blood—they had left a man dead and another sorely wounded, and when finally they closed their trap they found nothing; simply nothing at all.

And then they began to see the fiber of the man they pursued, for he had gone soundlessly from among them, leaving their dead behind. Wounded, for they found his blood upon the rocks, but gone as if he had never been. Somehow he had stopped the flow of blood, somehow he had left no trail, somehow he had vanished, with the desert swallowing him, taking him back as one of her own into the wild loneliness of canyon and flat.

Lean and fierce and lonely, Trace Jordan was a man of wild places and far countries, a man fitted by his experience as a wild-horse hunter, cow hand, buffalo hunter and prospector for the task that now lay before him.

His empty canteen rattled upon the rocks when he moved, so he lay still, trying not to think of water, his heart pounding slowly, heavily against the rock upon which he lay. It was time to move; they would be coming soon. He could not see them, but they would seek him out. And he needed rest—rest and water. He must find a place to hide.

Sliding back on his belly until the ridge covered his rising, he got awkwardly to his feet. He swayed then, trying to focus his eyes, gathering his failing strength. He had taken precious time to climb up here, knowing that if his pursuers happened to swing north or south he could gain distance by riding the other way. And time and distance were now the very stuff of life itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When he reached his horse he took time to roll a smoke, and while his fingers fumbled at the cigarette he considered his problem. They knew the country and he did not. They would know the trails and the hiding places, and, moreover, they had with them Jacob Lantz, the best tracker in the Southwest.

Jordan knew Lantz by reputation, as such men were always known in the West. Tales were told over the campfire by drifting cow hands, and retold at bars and gambling tables, the stories of gunmen and trackers, of tough town marshals and crooked gamblers, until the mind of each Western man was a storehouse of such information.

Jacob Lantz was a Dutch-Indian, his father a Dutch trader, his mother a Ute squaw, and Lantz was a man who tracked with his mind as well as with his senses. Even as his eyes spelled out the meaning of a trail his mind would be probing far ahead to seek out the direction and destination of the man he trailed.

A plan was a dangerous thing, yet a plan he must have, a plan would give direction and purpose to his riding, and as soon as Lantz had time to solve the plan, he must shift to another. Yet there was a chance he might lead them off his trail by such a plan.

First, he would need to point himself toward an obvious destination, a way out of the country. There was a river crossing, one of the few crossings of the Colorado, far to the northwest. That would seem logical to Lantz and to the others, for the trail would avoid towns and people who might pass along information of his passing to his pursuers. So that could seem to be his destination.

Well along the road he could turn suddenly at some point where his trail would be hard to find, and take an entirely different track. Otherwise, knowing the trails, they might find a way to get on ahead and wait for him.

Stepping into the saddle, he walked the horse down the arroyo. Westward, the country was a series of towering mesas split by deep canyons. The canyons were easy of access and easy to travel, yet any one of them might prove to be a trap. He might ride for miles to find himself up against a dead end and with no way out. He must seek out a trail to the top of the mesa. He must ride up where the wind blew and the Indians traveled.

Jordan slumped in the saddle, his body smelling of stale sweat, his clothes stiff with sweat and dust. Under him, the horse plodded wearily, and Jordan knew the poor beast was drawing on his last reserves of strength. Even that splendid animal, the last of his captured horses, was being defeated by the killing pace and the rough country. And they had been all night and most of the day without water.

A faint deer trail led out of the wash, and he took it, leaving the heavy sand for the easier travel of the mountainside. For an hour he climbed steadily, riding up a long ridge of gravel and sand sparsely dotted with bear grass and prickly pear. Before him the shoulder of a vast escarpment had broken down, and amid the talus, some of it huge blocks of solid rock, the deer trail led steadily upward toward the mesa top. Riding among the rocks, and favoring his wounded side, he turned in the saddle and glanced back.

He was amazed at the distance he had climbed. The comblike ridge lay some miles behind, and for a second time he marveled at the good fortune that enabled him to pick out the one pass through that wall. Trace Jordan assayed his position and found nothing to like. His mind now worked with startling clarity, yet he distrusted it, knowing this clarity was the beginning of delirium. He felt his weakness, knowing he needed rest, water and time to treat his wound. He needed no one to tell him the caliber of men who followed. Ruthless and relentless, they would never leave the trail until they had (Continued on Page 137)

He had to be delirious. No such woman could be in this lonely place.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The people of this remote little Wyoming town expected a minister from the bottom of the clergyman barrel. But they got a surprise that changed their life when they met

The Pastor of Bighorn Basin

By Paul Schubert

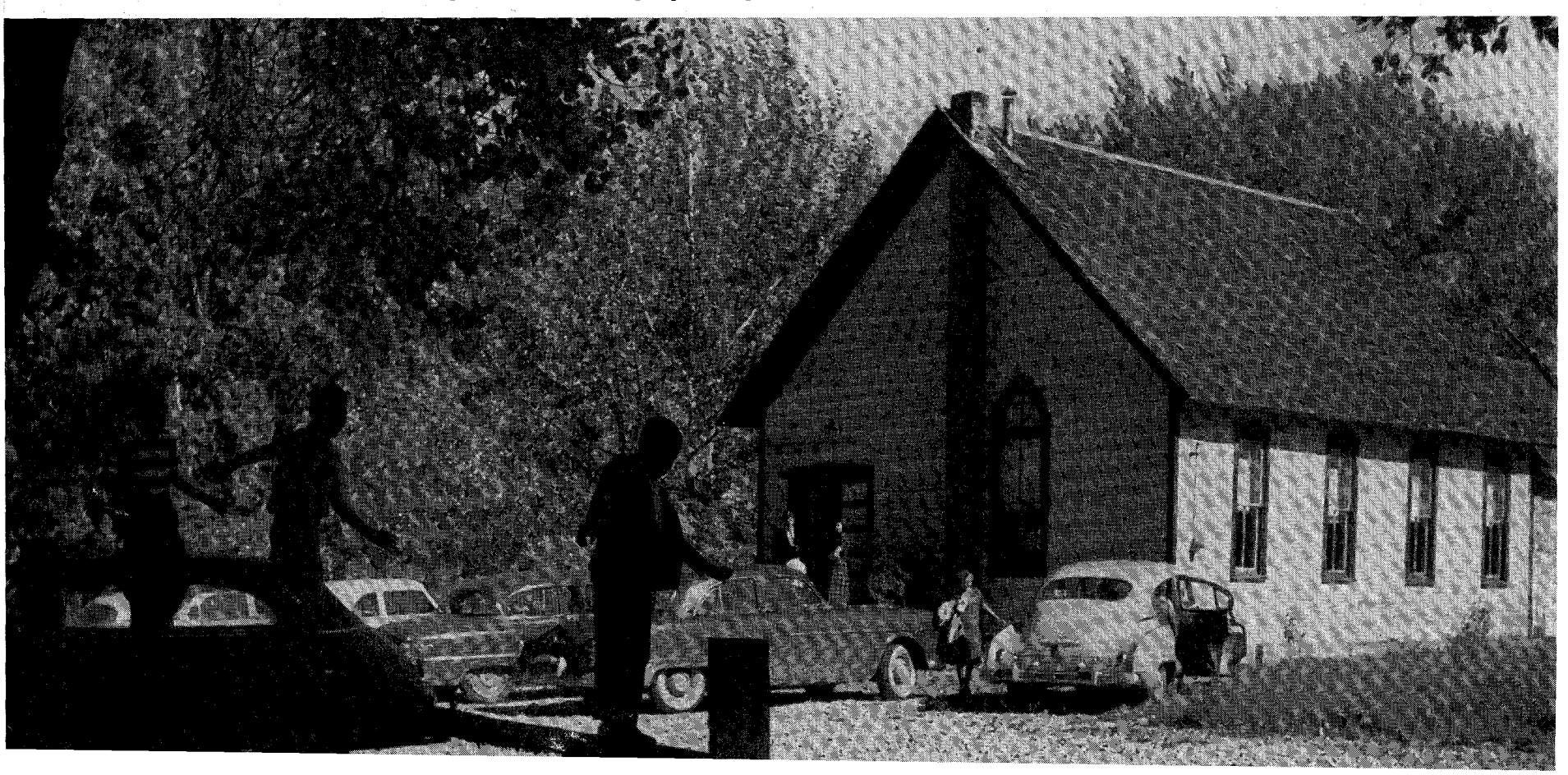
The Reverend Ray Nott conducts Sunday services at the little church in Shell, Wyoming.

One Sunday in August, 1953, we had rain in the Bighorn Basin in Northwestern Wyoming. It doesn't often rain here—we get only six or seven inches a year. This was an unusual, steady rain that brought out the pungence of the sage and the herby fragrance of Wyoming's alkaline dirt. In the village of Shell, sixteen miles east of Greybull at the foot of the Bighorns, we ducked our heads as if that would keep us dry while we scuttled from our cars to the lighted doorway.

The door was open that night for the first time in a couple of years. We came together, looking at one another curiously, everybody wondering who else would be there. Ranchers mostly, men in tan whipcords and riding boots, women in their best dresses. The Kimbros, and the Maxon Ewens, and the Jack Douglasses, and Rush Lampman and Jay McGuffey and his mother. Pretty good turnout.

Curiosity and a kind of community loyalty brought us together. We had come to meet a

After services at Shell. Nott has organized seven church groups in his pastorate, which covers 15,000 square miles. Once a month, he preaches to each group.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A school gym is "church" in the oil town of Grass Creek. Other groups meet in private homes, community halls and even a former dance hall.

young man just out of Princeton Theological Seminary, come out here to open up our little church again. Princeton! Well, he didn't know what he was getting into in this big, empty, hard country. Perhaps he expected to find a lot of frontiersmen with notched guns, needing reform.

Yet we were flattered that this newcomer, whoever he was, was going to put light back into that sad little church. There is nothing more dismal than a country church that stands unused. We had tried to keep ours going without a minister. We had kept up Sunday school for the kids. Once in a while somebody from Greybull would come out and preach. But mostly the building just stood, barely enough of the old paint left on it to show it had once been white. No steeple. No bell. One Gothic window beside the door to give it a single ecclesiastical touch. An old melodeon that wouldn't play any more. Battered pews.

Here came a car, headlights boring the twilight, a new club coupe with a New Jersey license. The doors opened, and he got out one side and she got out the other. Since then, everything has been O.K.

Oh, I don't mean it's the millennium. We still have drought and flood, taxes and highway accidents; people get sick and kids get into trouble. But Ray's on the job, and that makes a difference, even if we're used to him now and often find an excuse not to attend when he comes to Shell church the first Sunday evening every month.

The Rev. Mr. Raymond Nott was just what we didn't expect—didn't even dare hope for when we stood there that evening waiting for the new preacher.

You see, we're the end of the religious line. We don't even have a full-time minister of our own. Our church is served by a Sunday-school missionary sent out by the Presbyterian National Missions Board, one of seventy-seven maintained in remote parts of the United States, Alaska and Puerto Rico. We share our man with other back communities in 15,000 square miles of the Bighorn Basin, all the way from the Owl Creek Mountains in the south to the Beartooth Range in the north; from the Bighorns on the east to the Absarokas in the west. Rattlesnake and cactus country. Don't blame us for imagining that if a fellow takes this job it's because he can't get work as a minister anywhere else in the United States.

I have never seen a minister just like the young man who joined us that night. Ray is entirely different from the kind of young man who used to enter the ministry when I was a kid, and the change is all for the better. When he came to us he was thirty years old, well built, loaded with personality, highly intelligent and perceptive, and superbly trained for the job—he had just been through seven solid years of schooling at the University of Tulsa and the seminary at Princeton, paying almost every cent of his own way by working part time and during vacations. His manner was disarmingly direct. In the first place, although he wore a gray suit and Windsor-knotted tie, heavy socks and beat-up moccasins in the campus manner, there was something Western about him, both in speech and approach. Oklahoma. That explained it. His home was in Tulsa, though he had been born farther east and spent part of his childhood in Kansas City.

But beyond this there was an air of independence and self-reliance, of being at home in almost any situation and any company that told of much contact with life. Ray had turned his hand to every kind of job from highway construction to canning factories, from Texas to Alaska; he had beat (Continued on Page 64)

Anna McGuffey has a visitor. Ray's first act as pastor was to call at every house in the Basin.

Ray routs an intruder at his home near Shell. Spectators are Ray's wife, Nancianna, and son, Michael.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BRIDE'S TWIN

It began as an innocent deception, but was bound to end in heartbreak.

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

"What's so outrageous about it?" Barbie asked.

Julia Haverford looked at Barbara Kendall, born Haverford, and it was like looking into a mirror, except that Julia's expression was disapproving and Barbie's mocking. With identical twins, there cannot be a pretty and a plain sister; they were equally lovely, with slate-blue eyes, taffy-colored hair and trim, slender bodies.

"Listen, you ape," Julia said. "I've done a lot of outrageous things for you, but this is too much! I won't do it, and that's that!"

"Period," murmured Barbie, unimpressed. "Why not, Jule?"

"Because it's ——"

"Outrageous?" Barbie suggested sweetly. "What's so outrageous about it?"

"Do I have to tell you?" asked Julia. "Your husband's grandmother ——"

"My husband," Barbie interrupted, "can tell us apart. That's one reason I married him. Mrs. Kendall has never seen either of us. I've been dreaming about this cruise for a month. I've got my plane ticket to Miami and my bags are packed."

"And Freddy Sloane will fly down and join the party for a few days," added Julia tartly.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Barbie. "Honestly, Jule, you don't think for one minute that Freddy is anything in my life?"

"No, I don't," her twin admitted. "But other people might."

"Other people don't matter. Freddy's Old Faithful. And he's amusing. I haven't had any fun for a solid year ——"

"O.K.," said Julia. She usually gave in to Barbie, and this was no occasion to make an exception. Barbie had not had much fun since Kit was ordered to the Pacific almost a year ago. She had taken the separation better than Julia had dared hope. She had enrolled in a domestic-science course, attended lectures and steadfastly refused invitations from even the most noble-minded young men. She deserved this Caribbean cruise with the Binghams.

Barbie hugged her. "I always knew that a girl with a face like yours could be nothing but kind and generous," she told her happily. "I have the telegram here somewhere." She found it beneath a stack of magazines. "I think it's fate. She gets here the day your vacation begins."

Julia read the wire:

ARRIVING NEW YORK MARCH 24TH FOR WEEK'S VISIT. HOPE YOU CAN HAVE DINNER WITH ME ON THURSDAY EVENING. AM LOOKING FORWARD TO KNOWING KIT'S WIFE WITH UTMOST PLEASURE.

AMANDA KENDALL.

"I suppose you realize that if she finds out, she'll probably disinherit Kit?" she murmured.

"She won't find out," Barbie said. She straightened the silver-framed photograph of Kit in his Air Force uniform on the table. "Just look wistfully at this, once in a while, and sigh a little." Looking at her husband's picture, Barbie's eyes were soft. "Only three more months and I get him back!"

On the morning of March twenty-fourth, Julia Haverford wished a pleasant vacation to various students and faculty members of the Wingate School, where she taught art, and took a cab to her sister's apartment. Mrs. Kendall's train was due at three-thirty. It had been Julia, not Barbie, who composed the cordial telegram to Montana, suggesting that she meet the matriarch at the station.

She put on the wedding ring Barbie had bought for her, selected one of Barbie's suits from her closet. For a week, she would become her twin, live in her apartment, wear her clothes, try to think her thoughts. It was an old game which they had played often in the course of their twenty-two years, confusing relatives, playmates, teachers, and finally suitors. They had never been able to deceive their parents, nor, from the first meeting between Barbie and the tall young lieutenant from Montana, had they once trapped Kit Kendall. "Never saw two girls more different in my life," he insisted, though apparently it took the eyes of love to see any physical difference.

(Continued on Page 55)

This was good-by, though he could not know, as she did, for how long. Her mouth trembled, and he bent swiftly and kissed her.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

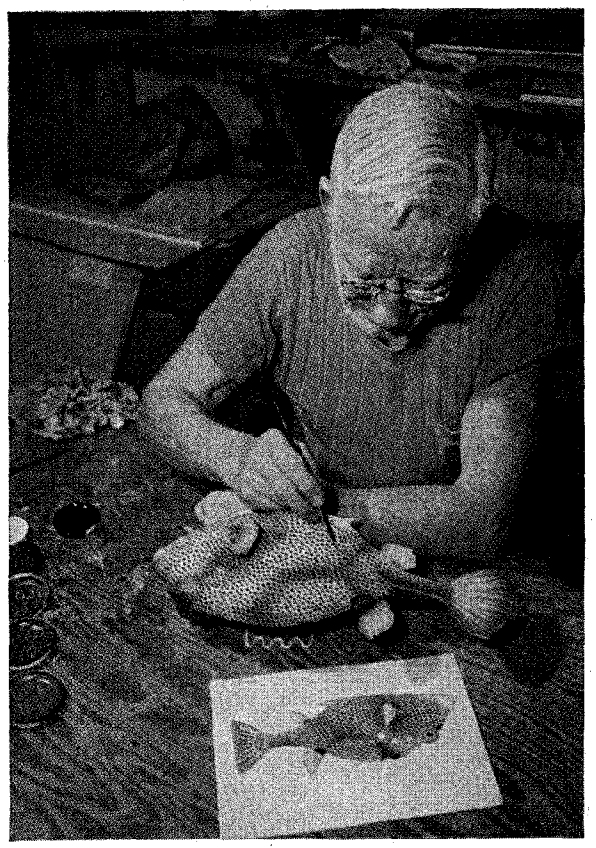
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Fixes Fish

By Wyatt Blassingame

Al Pflueger of Miami turned a somewhat smelly hobby into a million-dollar business.

A freshly painted dolphin is hung up to dry in Pflueger's taxidermy plant at North Miami. Among the exotic species here: roosterfish, rainbow runner, sand eel, mutton snapper, spiny boxfish, triple tail, flying gurnard.

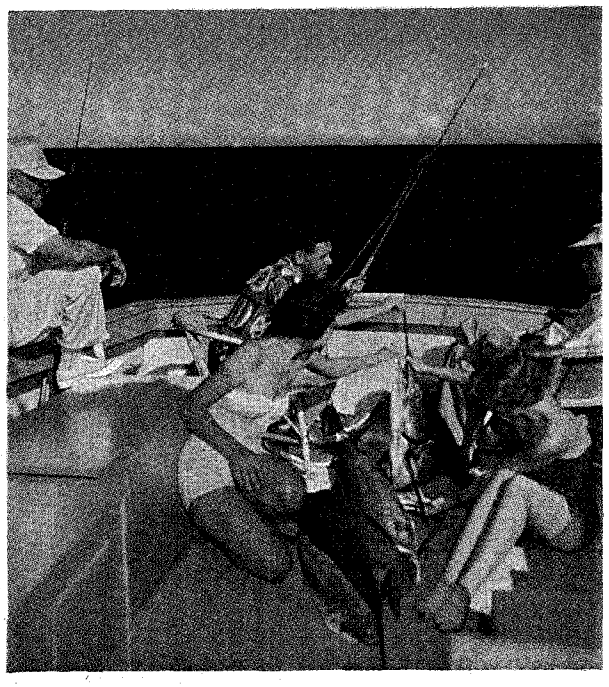


Working from one of his own water-color pictures, Richard Deckert paints the faded skin of a trunkfish.

On a Miami pier one November afternoon, Dr. Luis Rivas, of the University of Miami, saw a fish which he believed to be a small bluefin tuna. This so excited the professor that he whipped out his pocketknife and began to dissect the fish where it lay. Bluefin tuna were not known to be in the waters off Miami at this time of the year, but Rivas' quick count of the gill rakers proved his identification to be correct.

At this point the owner of the fish, one of the local charter-boat captains, took heed of what was happening and inquired of Rivas who the hell he thought he was and what was he doing to that bonito.

Doctor Rivas explained that this was a bluefin tuna, not a bonito, and he wished to buy it. The charter-boat captain said it was a bonito



Aboard Pflueger's boat: Capt. Jack Carpenter, Dr. Luis Rivas, Barbara Harrison, Pat White, Pflueger.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he did not like people who cut up his fish without first asking permission. The discussion grew heated; a crowd gathered, and finally Rivas and the captain made a $100 bet on the identity of the fish. Doctor Rivas explains now that as a college professor he rarely had $100 in his pocket, but on this occasion he did, not yet having paid his rent.

Then arose the problem of who would settle the argument. Someone in the crowd said there was a man named Luis Rivas, an ichthyologist at the University of Miami, who was supposed to be an authority on the subject and who was making a scientific study of the migrations of the tuna.

"I never heard of him," the charter-boat captain said. "We'll send the fish to Al Pflueger. If Al says it's a bluefin, it's a bluefin."

Everybody in the crowd agreed, including Doctor Rivas. Pflueger was called, identified the fish as a bluefin tuna, and Rivas, explaining his own identity, refused the captain's $100. But the incident illustrates the regard that fishermen and scientists have for Al Pflueger. "Al could soon be the greatest ichthyologist in the world if he would work at the scientific side of it full time," says Doctor Rivas. "And if I were asked who now can best visually identify marlin or any other billfish anywhere in the world, I'd say Al Pflueger."

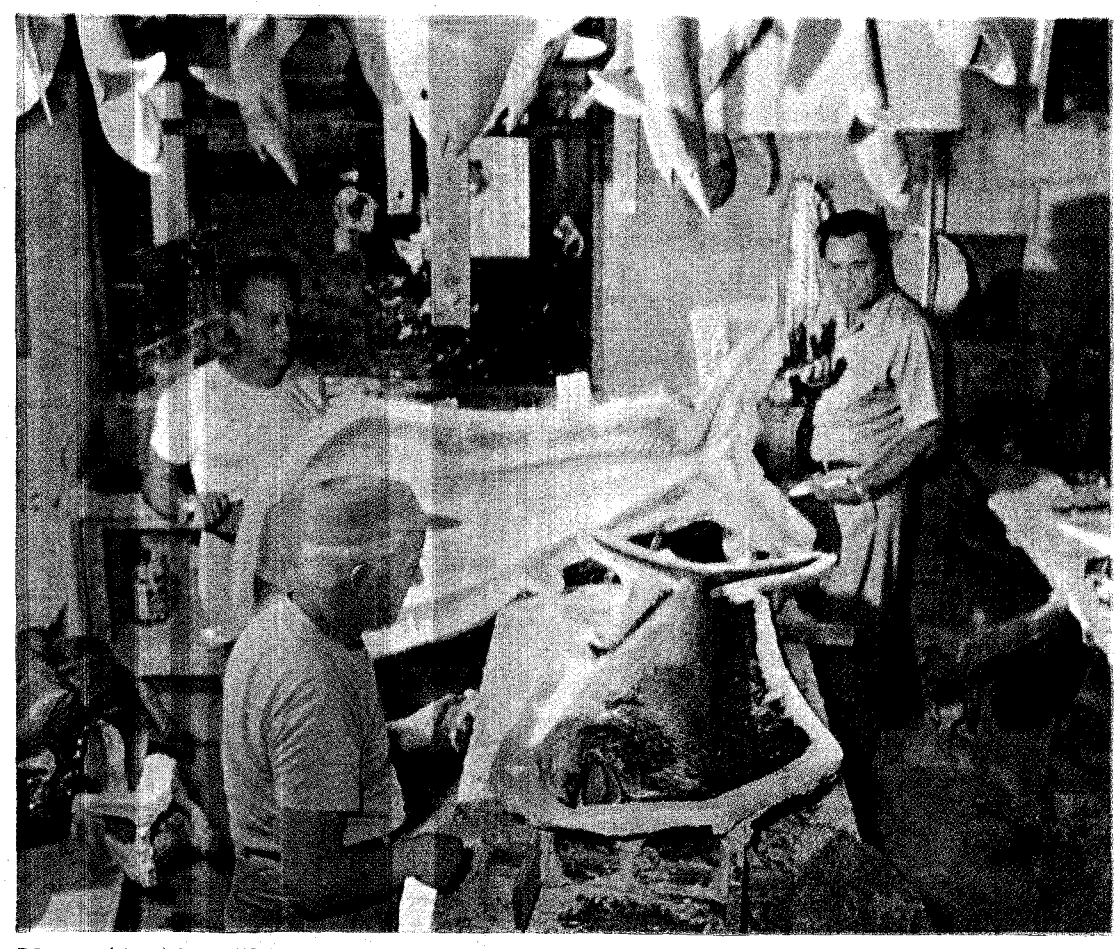
Yet Pflueger has no scientific training in ichthyology, having quit school when he was in the eighth grade. Quitting school, he says now, was the most serious mistake he ever made. Perhaps it was, for it has affected both his personal and his professional life. But it was also the start of a remarkable career. Today Pflueger is generally regarded as the leading fish taxidermist in this country. Last year his business grossed close to $1,000,000; his agents are spread from Ocean City, Maryland, to Acapulco, Mexico, and in his North Miami plant there are always between 1000 and 3000 fish in the process of being mounted.

Even so, taxidermy is no longer Pflueger's main interest. Perhaps he feels that here are no more worlds to conquer, though he does not say that. There is nothing jaded about Al Pflueger. He is still experimenting with new techniques and new materials, plastic especially, in the hope of improving his product. But his most intense interest now—and Pflueger is a man of very intense interests—has passed through taxidermy into the field of ichthyology as a science.

Pflueger was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1902, the son of a German immigrant who was sometimes a butcher and sometimes a bartender. His grandfather, however, was a gamekeeper on one of the Kaiser's preserves, and when Al was six he visited the grandfather for several months. Even now there are moments when, without conscious effort, he will recall in almost total detail the look of the gamekeeper's cottage and the German forest. "And I don't think there was a rabbit or a bird on the place I didn't make friends with," he says. "Or try to, anyway."

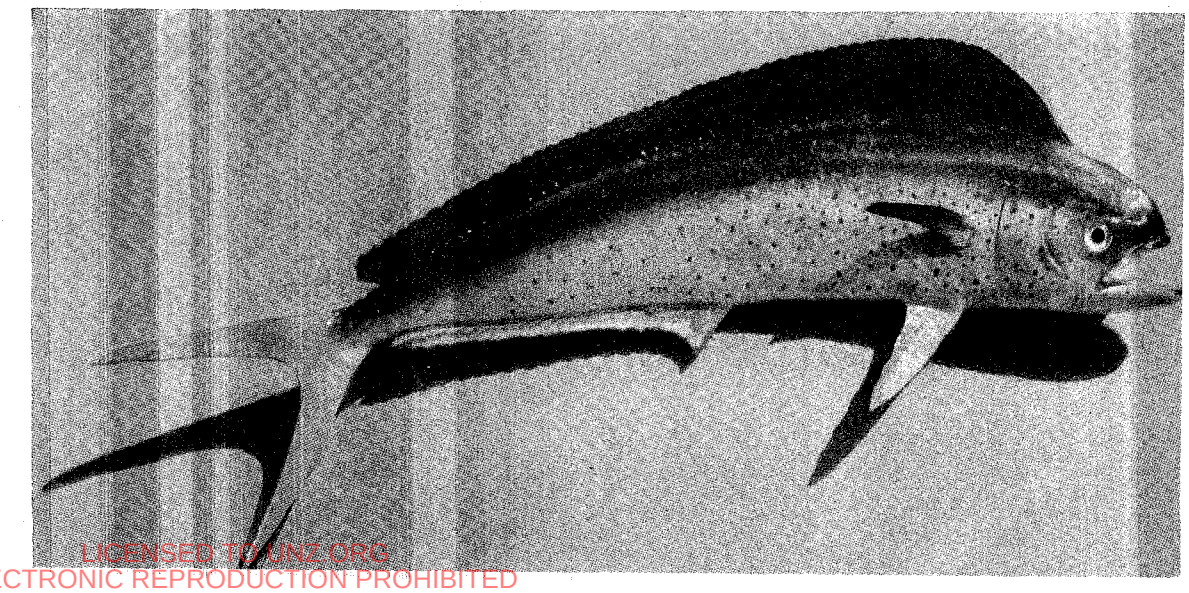
His family was living at Long Branch, on the Jersey coast, when he quit school because "I wanted to make a fast buck." The fast bucks were needed for the purchase of a shotgun and some fishing tackle. And when young Pflueger shot a duck on the Jersey meadows or caught fish in the surf, he wanted to preserve them. Just when he read (Continued on Page 105)

This 70¾-pound dolphin is one of the largest of its kind ever caught anywhere in the world. Holding the fish are charter-boat skipper Jack Brown, Charles Steiner (who caught it), mate Jack Stone and Pflueger.



Pflueger (right) helps Walter Haack, Jr., and his dad make a mold of Steiner's prize dolphin. Later, a hollow laminated paper cast of the fish is made from the mold. The skin of the fish then is glued over the cast.

A Pflueger-mounted dolphin. The average dolphin caught off Florida weighs about ten pounds. It is one of the fastest and gamest of all deep-water fishes and can change hue rapidly from emerald green to bright blue.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GUN AT HIS BACK

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

A cheap stick-up man had robbed him. Now someone was making sure he forgot the hoodlum's face.

Sam Hattan sat in his living room and scowled at the TV screen. On the screen, a stick-up was pointing a gun at the hero. Any minute now, the hero was going to make with a judo trick and throw the stick-up through a window. On the TV it was easy, but not when it was for real. When it was for real and somebody put a gun on you, it wasn't smart to argue.

"They should ask me," Sam said. "I know."

He had an aching lump on his head to prove it—seven stitches, a surgical dressing and tape. He was out of business, a cab driver with no cab to drive. All this because he'd lost an argument with a stick-up and a gun. He could have been the world's champ at judo. No difference. A gun is enough edge for anybody.

"I brought you a beer," Grace said.

She'd come out of the kitchen, a cool and misted can in her hand. His wife of eleven years. She was a plump girl, she had light brown hair and dark brown eyes. She sat on the arm of his chair and lifted the bandage for a look at Sam's lumps.

"Lucky for you," she said, "you've got a tough noggin."

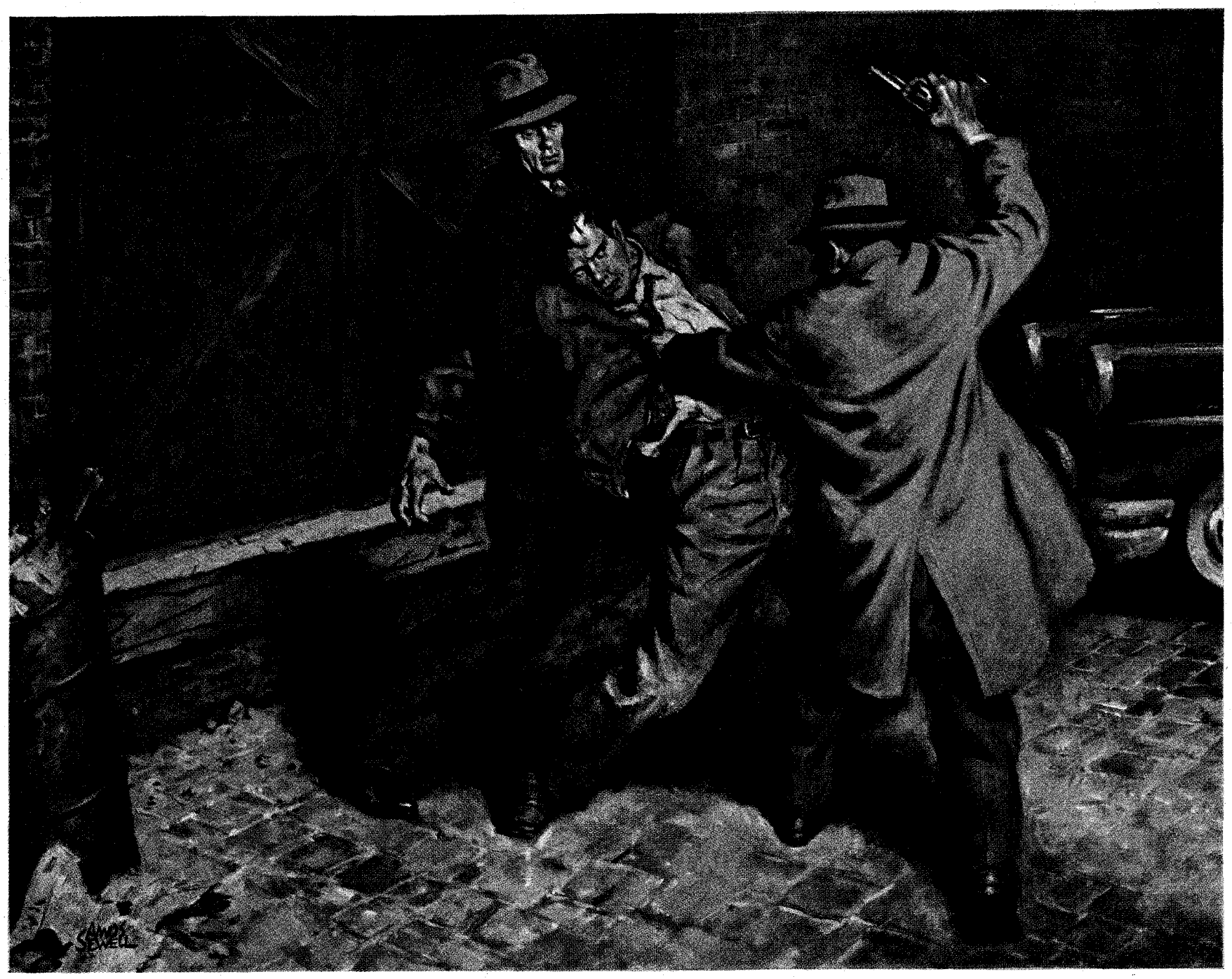
"It's as full of holes as a Swiss cheese."

The scowl left him. He rubbed his cheek against her arm. He was thirty-four, a man of medium build with wiry dark hair and angry dark eyes. His face was friendly, tough and stubborn—all three at the same time. He loved his wife, he loved his kids—two boys, Roy and Perry—but he had no very high regard for himself. "I'm about half-bright," he always said.

"Any news?" Grace asked.

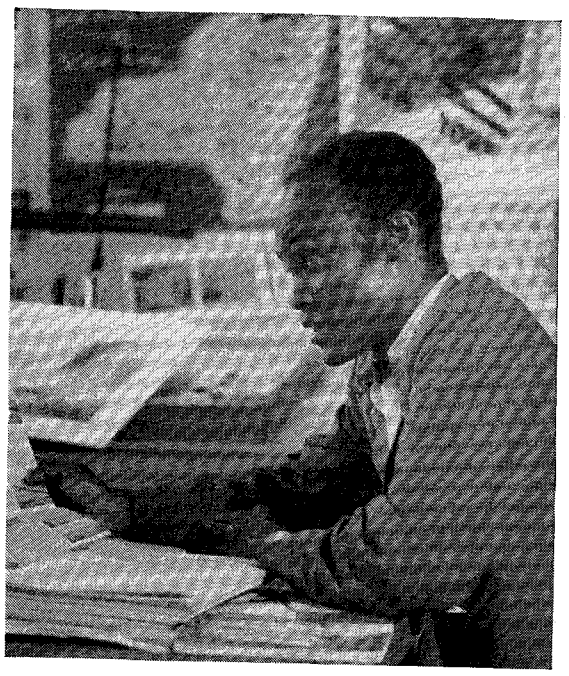
"No news," he said, scowling again. "You can starve to death, I can starve to death. That insurance adjuster, he's eating—should he care about us?"

(Continued on Page 114)



"Think it over," they said. Then they clubbed him down.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Frederick Arkhurst, of the African Gold Coast, came to America to study publications, radio, other means of communication.

Dr. José de Freitas, with his wife, Celia, came from Brazil to examine U.S. engineering methods.

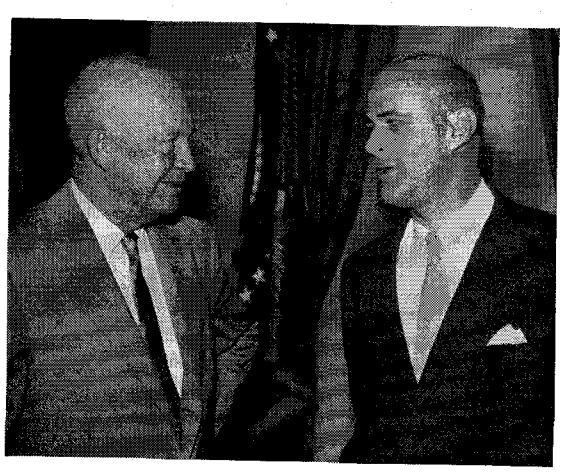
Japanese economist Yonosuke Goto and his wife, Toshiko, saw our free-enterprise system in action.

Little-known but generous grants called Eisenhower Fellowships have brought some of the world's brightest citizens to visit us, and perhaps to become our friends for life.

Dr. Gabriel Baldovinos (left) learned techniques that might help solve Mexico's food problems.

They're Learning About America

By John Bird



Theodore Repplier is one of several Americans who have studied abroad as fellows. Here he reports to Ike upon returning.

José Pedreira de Freitas is a bright young man from Bahia, Brazil, who has spent the past year at one of the newest, most pleasant jobs in the world. You may have seen him at his duties, which required de Freitas and his wife, Celia, to drive more than 20,000 miles around the United States in their new station wagon. If so, you probably sized up José as a clean-cut junior executive on vacation. But more likely you looked first at Celia—and well worth it, too, because she is strikingly pretty.

Although pleasant, the mission of Doctor de Freitas—a Ph.D.—was strictly a serious one. Wearing a good-neighborly smile and moving with an efficiency that does crippling damage to the *mañana* legend, he was gathering the latest engineering and industrial knowledge to be found in the United States. He used our whole broad country, from ocean to ocean and from Gulf to Great Lakes, as his research laboratory and classroom. All doors were open to him, and he consulted with many of the top men in his field. Total expenses of his year of travel and study came to more than $10,000, but it wasn't necessary for him to put up a single cruzeiro he didn't wish to spend. A group of United States businessmen picked up the tab.

And the personable Doctor de Freitas wasn't alone in his good fortune, being just one of a number of outstanding young-to-middle-aged men, ranging in professions from corn breeders to propagandists, who have hit or are hitting the educational jack pot known as Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships. Of course, there is nothing new in an exchange of students between nations, but as you'll see from Doctor de Freitas' experience, the Eisenhower plan is perhaps the most unusual international brain-swapping program in existence.

Despite their distinctive name, Eisenhower fellowships aren't well known, as yet. In fact, when de Freitas

(Continued on Page 119)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Football's Biggest Show

By HARRY T. PAXTON

Nothing else in the world of sport can quite match the historic Army-Navy game that is being played this week in Philadelphia.

In the whole crowded calendar of American athletics, there are a select few events that mean something to people everywhere, including many who ordinarily pay no attention to sports. In baseball it is the World Series. Horse racing has its Kentucky Derby, and golf its National Open. In college football there is no exact parallel. However, there is one game that stands apart. This is the star-spangled finale between the Army and the Navy, now about to take the stage for the fifty-sixth time this Saturday at the Philadelphia Municipal Stadium.

Unlike the big annual fixtures in other sports, the Army-Navy football game seldom has championship significance. But there are many who consider it the greatest spectacle of them all. Whether the game turns out to be a nonstop thriller, like last year's 27-20 Navy victory—or inept and uninteresting, as must happen occasionally—this is always a show with a unique flavor and emotional wallop.

If it is true that football is the sport most closely resembling military combat, then it is at the Army-Navy game that football has the perfect setting. Here the alumni are men who wear the uniform—and have elected to wear it for life. They sit together by graduating classes, except for those who bring parties of guests. One of the most warming sights of the afternoon is the reunions that go on between old classmates who haven't seen each other in years—the one serving perhaps in Europe and way stations, the other in the Far East.

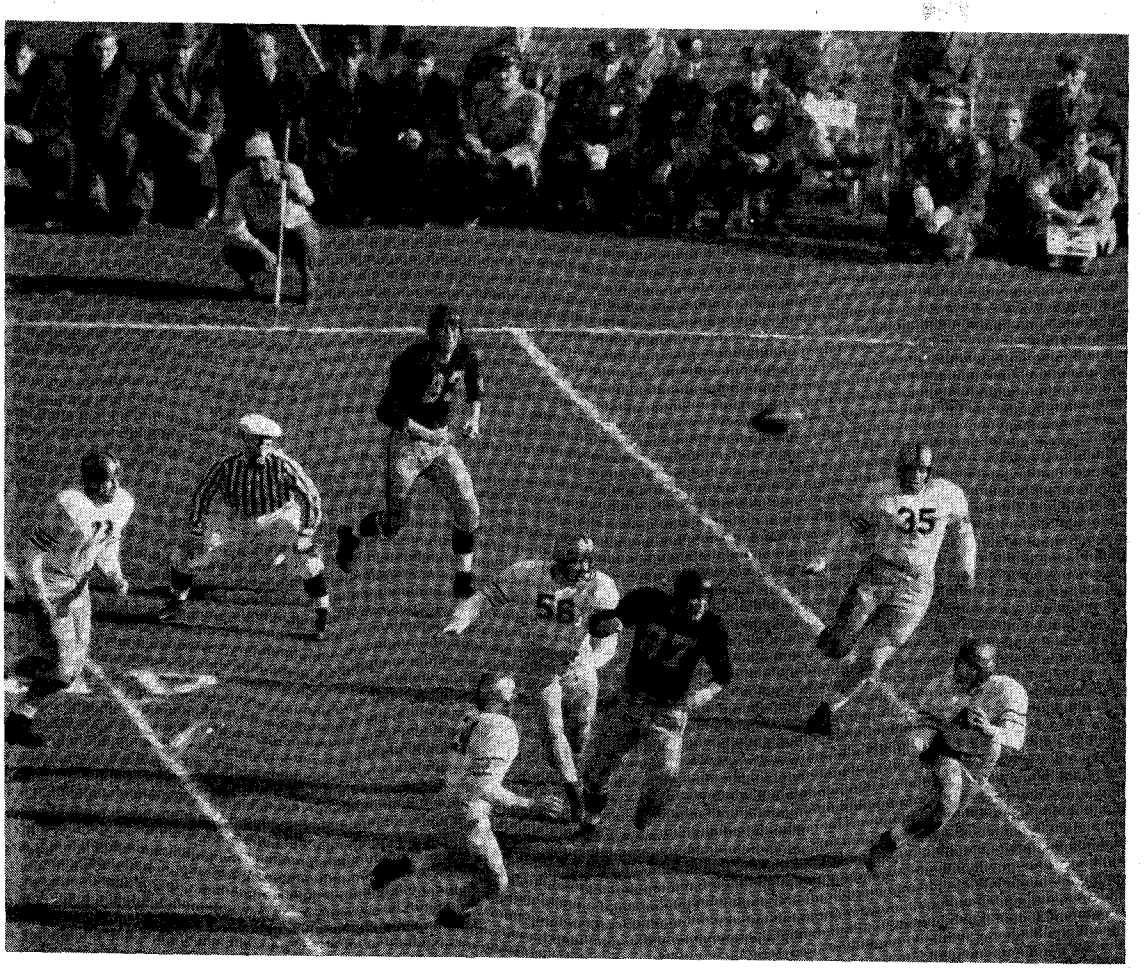
Insignia of high rank are commonplace. This is the top sports affair in attendance by military and governmental officials, including Presidents—Teddy Roosevelt was the first in 1901.

Then there are the young gentlemen and officers-to-be of the brigade of midshipmen and the corps of cadets. You don't need to be any passionate admirer of the military way of things to respond to this feature of the afternoon. When those erect, disciplined ranks come swinging in turn onto the field, it is a scene that does something to the normal American pulse.

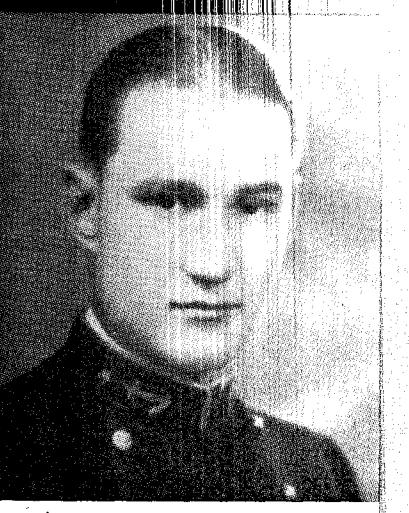
After the football teams take over the premises, many in the stands will have sobering thoughts of certain (Continued on Page 120)

Philadelphia Municipal Stadium during last year's Army-Navy game, which Navy won, 27–20. Army leads in the series, 28 games to 23. Four games have ended in ties.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

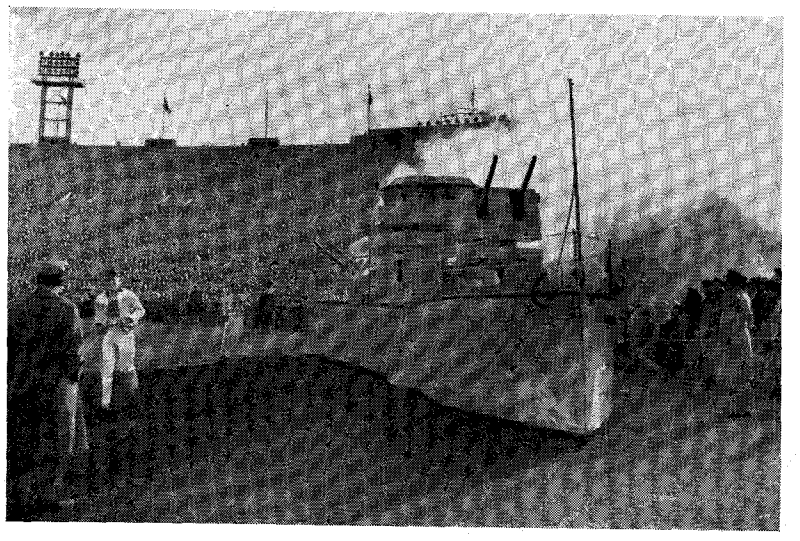


One of the greatest combinations in the game's history consisted of Felix "Doc" Blanchard (35) and Glenn Davis (41), shown here in a successful 1946 pass play that helped Army edge Navy, 21–18.



Harold Bauer, Navy, '30.

Tom Lombardo, Army, '45.



It's not just football that makes this game a great show. Competition extends to elaborate between-the-halves stunts.

Henry Mullinix, Navy, '15.

The President of the U.S. frequently shows up. In 1945, Harry Truman was attended by General Eisenhower, Field Marshal Alexander, Admiral Leahy.

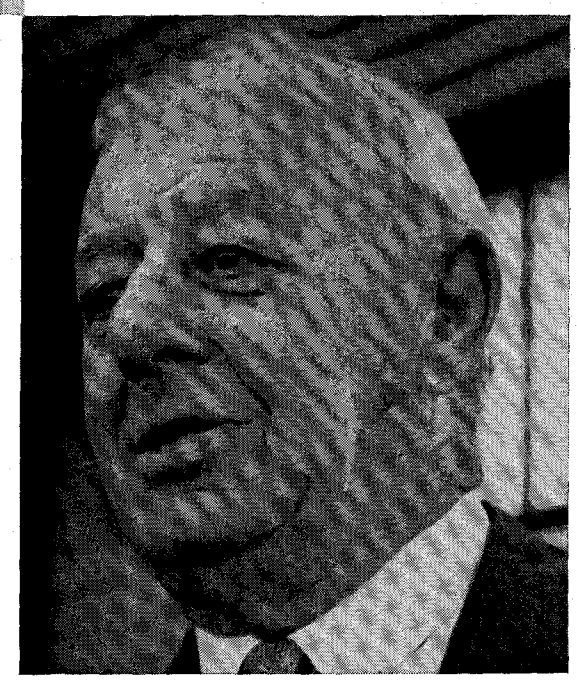
Two Navy men in column at right were Annapolis players who lost their lives in World War II. West Point's Lombardo and Trent were killed in Korea. At least 20 Army players have been killed in action, and Navy lost 13 squad members from the 1935 class alone.

Army's coach Blaik with John Trent, '50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mayor Richard Daley pitched his campaign as a clean-living family man. Right: Thomas Walsh, who has been Democratic captain of Daley's precinct since Daley was three years old.

Who Really Runs Chicago?



Bright Young Reformer versus Tough Old Pro—the winner to get Chicago! A report on the tricks of winning a tough election.

By John Bartlow Martin

Loser Robert Merriam labeled Daley "the machine candidate." Daley replied, "Big-lie technique!"

CONCLUSION

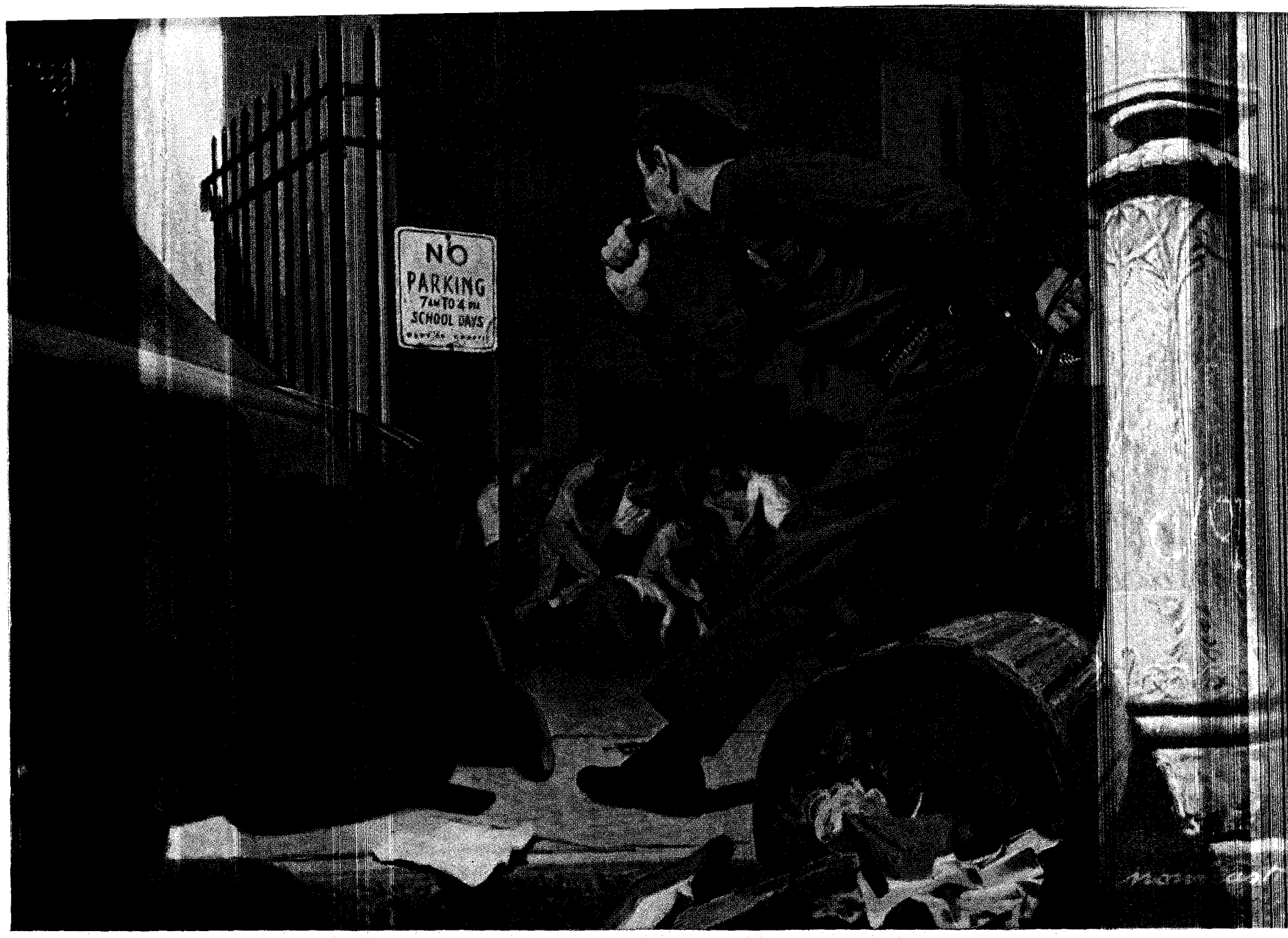
Robert E. Merriam, of Chicago, was only thirty-six years old in 1955 when he was sent forth by the Republicans to do battle with the Democratic machine for the highest office in the second city of America.

Already Merriam had passed eight years in City Council as the alderman from the 5th Ward. This ward includes the University of Chicago. From here Prof. Paul H. Douglas went to Council before he went on to the United States Senate. Merriam's father, a professor of political science, represented the 5th Ward in Council and also was a candidate for mayor.

The biographical sketch issued by Bob Merriam's campaign headquarters described him as a "lecturer, teacher and author." It listed prominently the books he has written, including a textbook on government. Bob Merriam is an expert in municipal government. It has been his only career. He received his master's degree in public administration; he worked for several Federal and local housing agencies.

Now, running for mayor, Merriam seemed the very epitome of the decent young man in politics. He smiled quickly and often. His clothes were vaguely collegiate—button-down collars and knit-wool ties, topcoats with raglan sleeves. He had a high forehead, black hair, wide-open eyes. He liked to swim and play tennis. His manner, curiously formal for one so young, was that of a boyish young man eager to please his elders. Clubwomen loved him. Among young men eager to improve government, he inspired devotion little short of idolatry. To businessmen he seemed an ideal candidate, being intelligent and progressive without any unfortunate radical tendencies. (Continued on Page 144)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When he swung around the corner, Mike saw that the battle lines were closed.

The Street Fighters

By JOE ARCHIBALD

The gangs were on the prowl. Was there no way Mike could stop them before they blundered into murder?

Like many cops before him, young Mike Sweeney walked his beat and wondered why. The pay for wearing a badge and a uniform certainly did not compensate for the risks involved, particularly in this territory where citizens were not very polite to gendarmes. If you believed Giant fans, no part of Brooklyn was quite as safe as Mau Mau country, but such prejudice naturally had to be discounted.

It was a humid early-summer's night and Sweeney walked slowly along the street, trying to look pleasant and also as tough as he knew he had to be. The taverns were jumping. He stopped for a moment or two in front of Chappy's Bar & Grill, for this was a place where, on most any given night, heads were opened along with bottles. The atmosphere inside appearing comparatively congenial, Sweeney went on his way, aware of the pressure of myriad unfriendly eyes and grateful to one Roy Campanella, who had belted one into the seats that afternoon to beat the Phils. The mood of these people ebbed and flowed with the fortunes of the beloved Bums, and tonight it was passingly mellow.

Adult behavior, however, was not worrying Mike Sweeney on this particular night, and he knew he would feel much relieved if, when he got to Solly's stationery store, he should see certain youthful citizens playing the jukebox or pawing over the comic books. If not, then rumors that had reached him through devious channels known only to himself might prove anything but idle. Only a week ago a teen-age gang hassle had brought a flock of cops to the neighborhood, but the battleground was deserted when they arrived, save for one minor casualty. The alleged delinquent, minus an eyetooth and mopping at a bloodied nose, told the law less than nothing. A frisking of his adolescent person brought to light nothing more incriminating than a ticket stub from a Canarsie moviehouse, and the cops finally let him go.

Sweeney, like any good citizen, naturally deplored this rampant obstreperousness on the part of minors, and inwardly cursed the myriad causes not all of which he fully accepted. The rumors had it that there was a teen-age gang within his jurisdiction calling themselves the Blue Hornets and that three of the members were named Red Gotowsky, Benny Molwitz and (Continued on Page 100)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is My Story

By ARTHUR GODFREY
as told to Pete Martin

When Uncle Arthur laid down the law
for little listeners, parents screamed, "Get that guy off the air!"
But the kids stuck with him,
and Godfrey began to catch on.

PART FOUR

On September 26, 1931, I was in an automobile accident that not only scrambled my hip bones and my pelvis but reshaped my whole life. Few people who have never been convalescents realize what an intimate companion a little radio set can be. Lying there in the hospital in that cast all those weeks, I really listened. I listened and I thought and I learned. My boss, Scoop Russell, had said my job would be waiting for me at the NBC studios in Washington even if I did have to stick to a wheel chair for the rest of my life. I used to talk to him during his weekly visits about some of the new ideas I had about broadcasting—and he was all for having me give them a try. I learned a lot of things.

Frank Parker and Janette Davis do a song-and-dance routine with their versatile boss on a recent Arthur Godfrey TV show.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arthur, who got out
of bed in the nick of time,
struggles valiantly to stay awake
in the midst of broadcasting
a morning radio show from his
farm in Leesburg, Va.

In 1953, Arthur and His Friends telecast a show from their hotel while taking a holiday in Miami Beach. That same year, the Godfrey gang flew to Greenland to stage a New Year's Eve show at Thule Air Base.

The late Graham McNamee was probably the most famous of a whole collection of popular announcers in those days. There were David Ross and Frank Knight of CBS, also Paul Douglas (yes, the movie star) and André Barouche. There were Alwyn Bach and John B. Daniels (deceased); Kelvin Keech and John S. Young; Harry Von Zell and Norman Brokenshire and Ted Husing and Clem McCarthy and Milton J. Cross. I can hear them all now. McNamee would say: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. This is Graham McNamee speaking." Broke would say: "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how *do* you do? This is Norman Brokenshire." Clem McCarthy would roar his famous "r-r-r-r-r-r-racing fans!"

They were good and they were famous and they were all making big money. They dif-

Back in the '30's, Aunt Sue, Uncle Arthur and Polly "brainwashed" youngsters for a baking company.

NEXT WEEK

Arthur Godfrey tells the story of radio's first all-night disk-jockey program, and how it bounced him into the big time.

fered from me in another way, too: they had talent. All I had that I could lay my hands on was a God-given voice that wasn't too unpleasant to listen to, just so-so diction and a deck hand's vocabulary. Kindlier folks credited me with "picturesque speech" and an "earthy sense of humor." Others said I just plain stank.

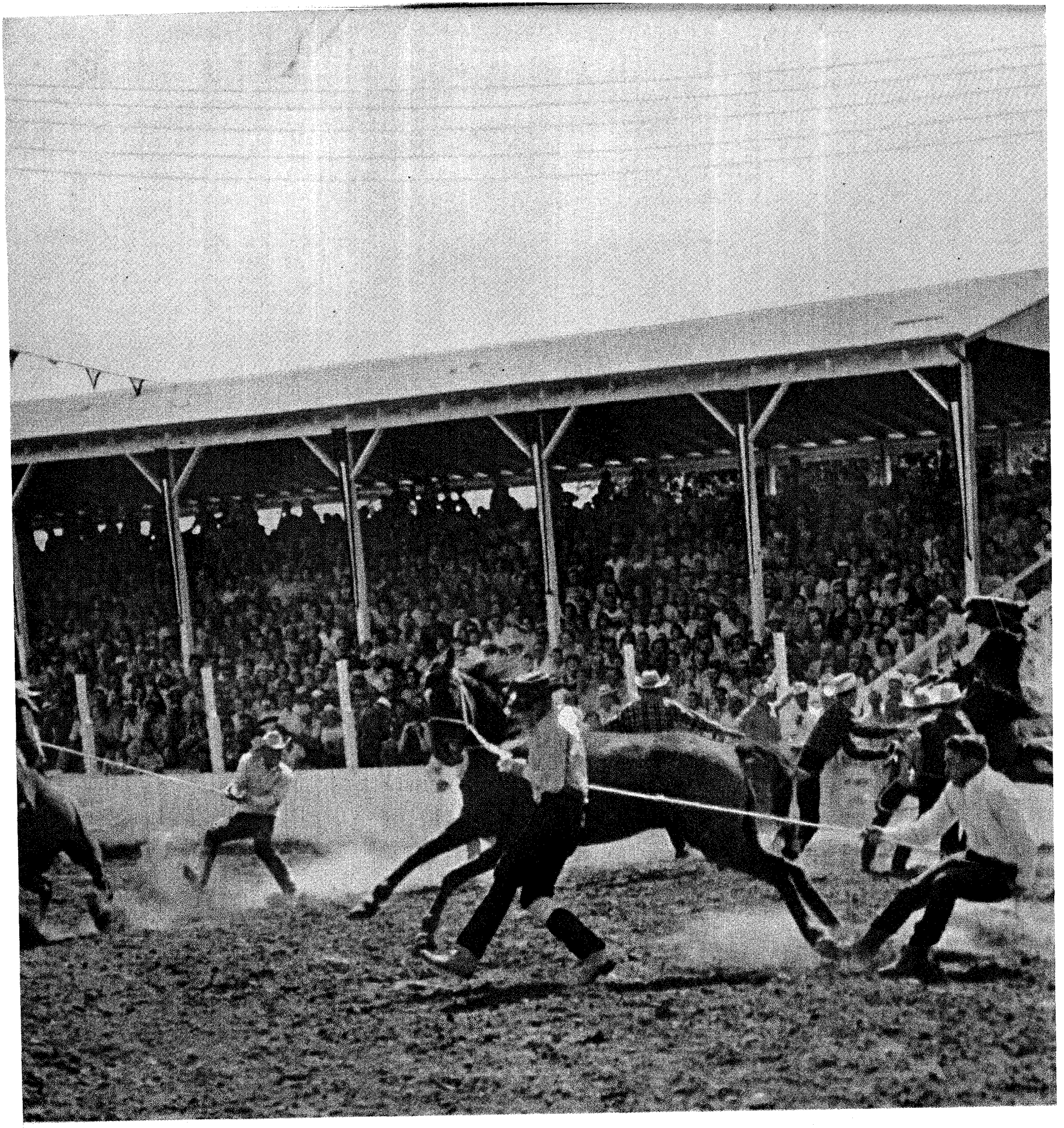
But I lay there mimicking those guys by the hour. I studied their inflections and intonations, mastered their little tricks with words; imitated their affectations—the broad "a's" and rolled "r's," etc.—copied their diction and generally drove my nurses nuts. And that's how I learned the secret, if there is any, of my success in broadcasting. For one thing, I learned what not to do.

I noticed that no matter who or how well known the announcer was, visitors to my hospital room seldom paid any attention to the commercials. They'd listen closely as he introduced the stars of the show—and they'd listen avidly to the songs of Rudy Vallee (he was the big boy of the day) or to the Mills Brothers (who were just (Continued on Page 73)

Rudy Vallee and Ruth Etting were the rage as vocalists in Godfrey's early days as an announcer, but Arthur found that Will Rogers was the only "speakin'" man people listened to.

Copyright 1955 by The Curtis Publishing Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Face of AMERICA

Furious Ride

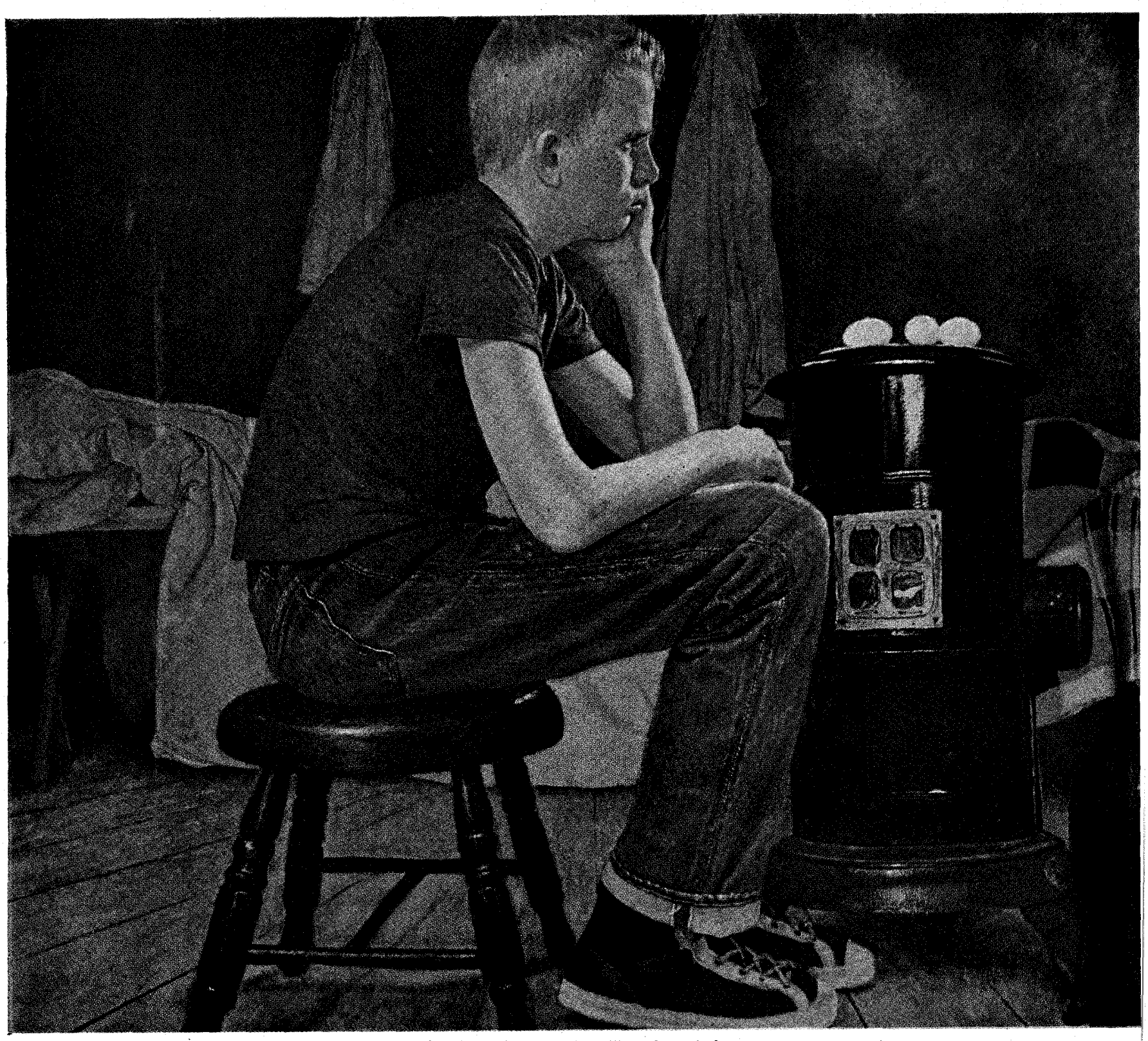
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Six wild horses plunge from the chutes, a three-man team dragging on the rope halter of each. It's the Wild Horse Race, a rare, dangerous rodeo event. First you wrestle the bronc to the ground. Next you saddle him, mount while he's down, and get him to his feet. Then your teammates jump clear. Their part is over—you ride the critter. He bucks, whirls and sunfishes—rears up so far the sun shines on his belly—and you've got 200 yards to go.

If you make it to the finish line, you unsaddle and race to the judge in your high-heeled boots. If you're first, you win top money: sixty dollars. You split that three ways—a double sawbuck to each teammate.

No event on the circuit causes more gasps than the Wild Horse Race, which helped draw this sellout crowd of 12,500 to the state championship rodeo in Sidney, Iowa, last August. Three men in the group above had broken arms when the race was over. Another, Johnny Hastings, the red-shirted boy in the middle with his arms outstretched, made it to the finish line, but hung one foot in the stirrup when he dismounted. The horse dragged him twenty feet and broke unlucky Johnny's leg. ● Photograph by F. S. Nelson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Could—could you do it, sir?" the boy asked.

YOUNG MAN ON HIS OWN

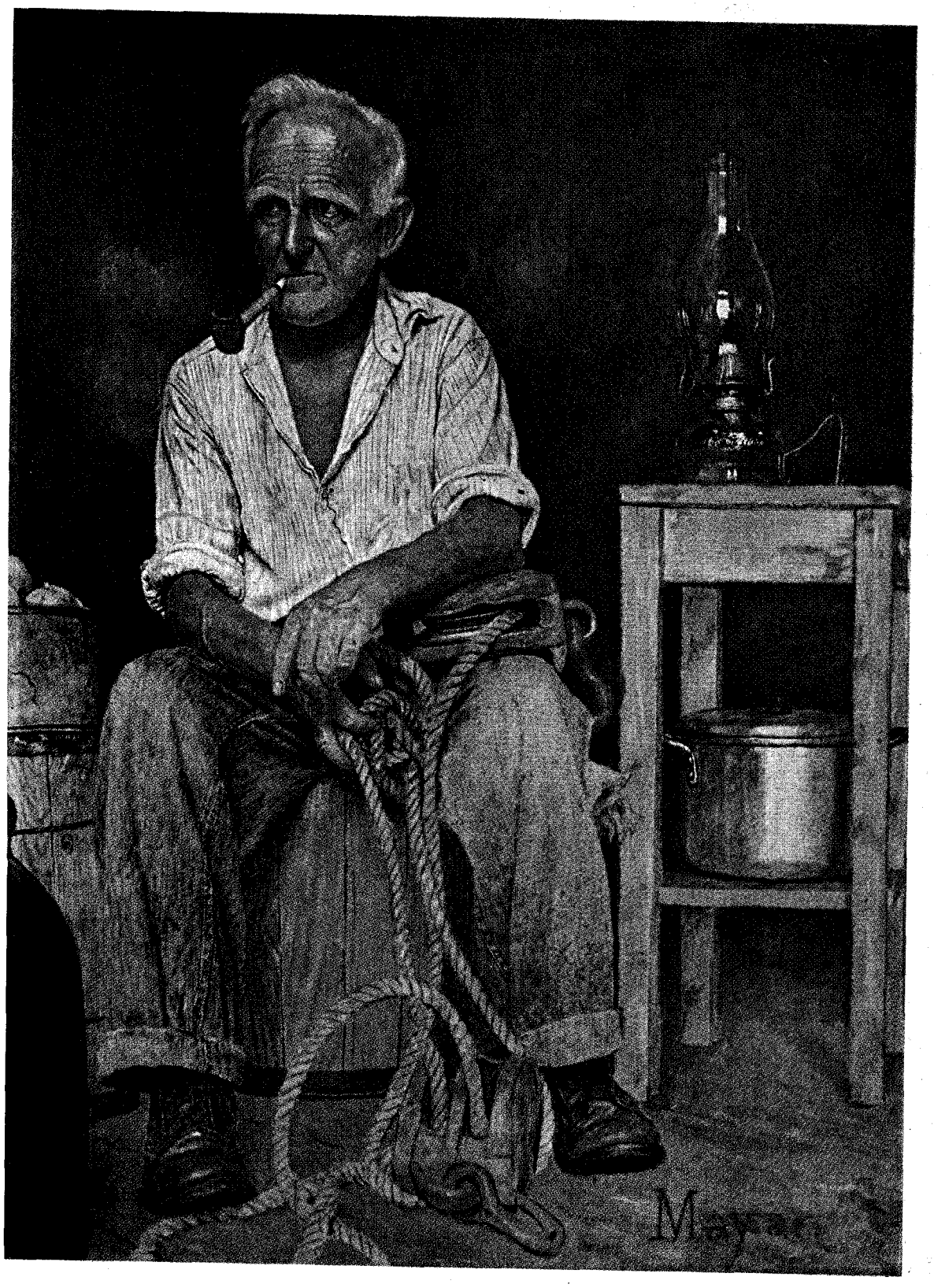
When a boy has a problem, and his father can't help him, he usually turns to someone like Ned....

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

The hurricane was surely coming, the radio said. It was moving very fast and would cross the coast at Nantucket Shoals and be into Maine by dark. It would have increasing winds up to ninety miles an hour, accompanied by very heavy rain.

The boy slipped out of the living room where the radio was and ran across the barnyard in the rain. He slid one of the doors of the leaning old barn and squeezed inside. Angled down the middle of the big building, a jury rig had been strung. It was a length of chain well up on the barn's mid-post and a twofold block and fall hooked into a rusty ringbolt that had been set long ago into a flat outcrop of rock ledge on the barn's far side. The rope in the blocks was new hemp that shone out white and stark in the gloom. Digging in his heels, the boy lay back on the fall, the pulling end of the tackle, with all his small boy's strength. He accomplished nothing, barely swaying the slack that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



sagged in the chain leading aloft. Whimpering at his failure, he ran into the middle of the big empty building.

"Wait until my father comes!" he cried up into its height. "Don't blow down!"

His boy's voice was a shrill supplication in the emptiness. The barn, with its high open middle space like a nave, might have been an old cobweb-festooned cathedral brooding in its dusk and memories. Its framing had a Gothic loft and grace. The rooftree, the principal rafters, the posts and studs were all single sticks.

To gauge them was to marvel that trees had ever grown that tall and straight, so free of knot or flaw. They had been squared out of the round by broadax. That hewing was the work of master craftsmen. The edges were as straight as any saw could cut. The sharp round-honed axes had left saucer-shaped ripples in the wood that gave it a cast of brown, watered silk, and it had a polished sheen where cattle and man had rubbed for all its years. Generations of pioneer farmers had used it as the one essential institution of their hard-working, vital American lives. A parade of the yokes of oxen, the horse teams, the milk cows that had sheltered and fed and given birth and died in it would circle the moonlit, ghostly track at county fair. Now, with a piteous, aged lean southeastward where something had dry-rotted or settled; with chinks of the darkening sky showing through its shingled roof, and all its faithful usefulness forgotten and past, it was waiting for the hurricane. Only the boy cared anything at all about it now.

It belonged to his father. He was an editor who had come down Maine from New Jersey, following the trend of the well-to-do away from cities and crowded living in this noisy, overtaxed atomic age. He had bought the old farm as a place to which to retire and write as soon as his editorship was done, which he hoped would be within another year. Still working in New York, he had moved into the Maine place as soon as it was ready, and joined his family on weekends when he could. He had spent a great deal of money modernizing the two-story, nine-window-front house and the ell, but he had been advised to tear down the old barn.

"I'll have nought to do with that old barn," Hiram Bisbee, his contractor, had warned him in the very beginning. "'T aint wuth it. She's sagged out of plumb. Got a bad cant to her. What does a writer—a city feller—want with an old cattle barn anyway? Tear her down when you get around to it and build yourself a nice gayrawge."

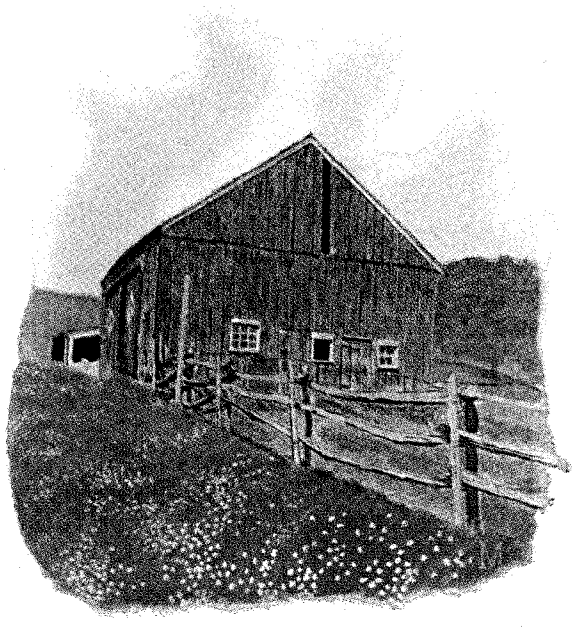
Known after that as "Old 'T aint," the barn awaited its doom. The boy had been given the task of getting it ready. He was a fourteen-year-old, lonely, city kid; a transfer from No. 29 Grammar School, of Montclair, New Jersey, to the Village School at Jefferson Town, a ten-minute ride in the yellow school bus from his new home. He was very well-mannered and well-spoken, and he had had a rugged time at first in his new school. He had weathered it behind quietness and loneliness. He came into summer vacation and did a great deal of solitary worm fishing, and then, still quiet and shy, he had found a job in a neighborhood haying crew, driving team. By early fall he had acquired two inches of growth, a flock of freckles under bleached tow hair, and strong, never-clean, country boy's hands. His father, drawn and white from the city heat and the hard drive down east, beckoned to him the last Sunday in August.

"Roberto," he had said, "Old 'T aint out there is worrying me. All that hay and trash is a fire hazard in this dry weather. It's got to be cleaned up, even though we are pulling the old thing down. Start at the front and rake it out back and get it in a pile. What say?"

"Aw, sir," the boy pleaded, "don't tear it down. Old 'T aint is, too, wuth it. We're going to need that barn when you get up here every day. No State-o'-Mainer ever lost his barn that he didn't cry harder than if he lost his house. We're State-o'-Mainers, sir."

"I know," his father said. "That haying crew of yours was

(Continued on Page 134)

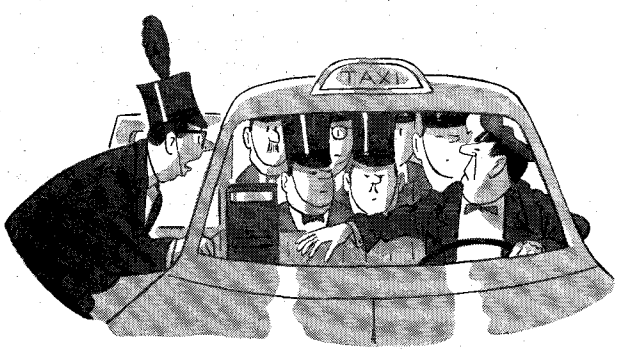


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONVENTION

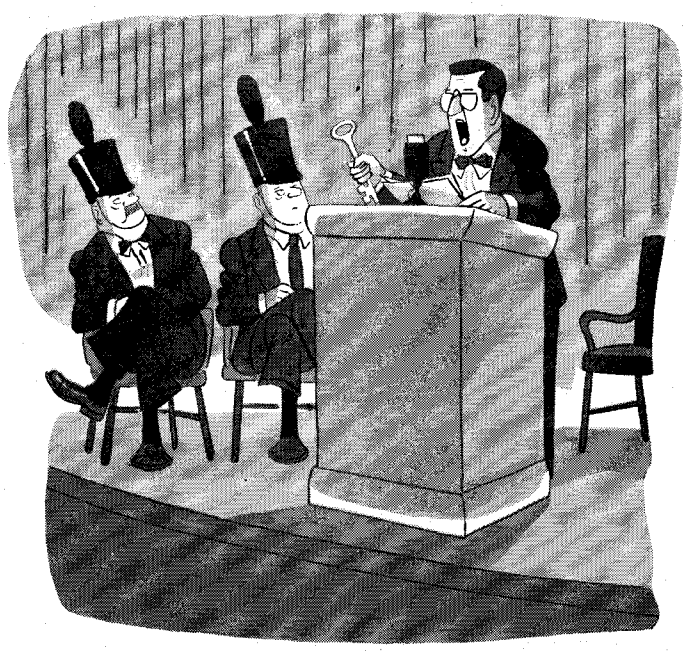
By Ted Key

"You sure you made reservations?"

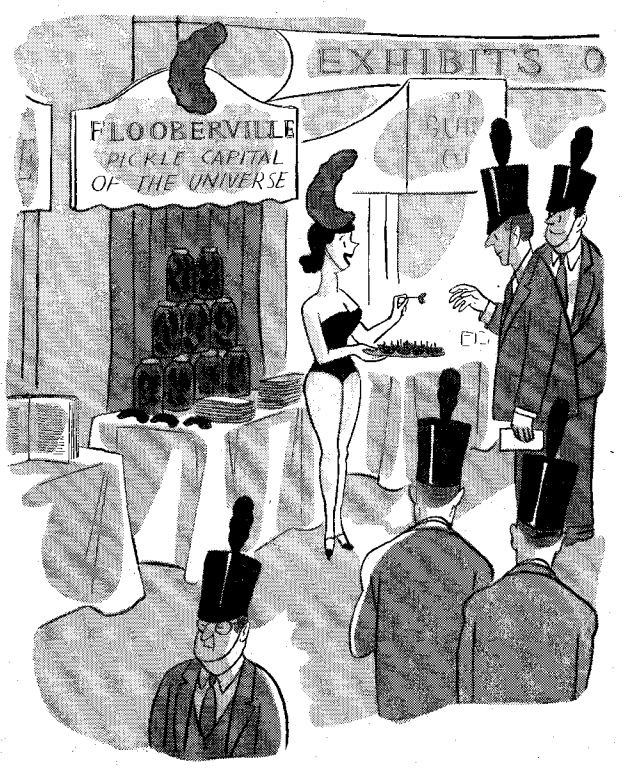


"Convention Hall."

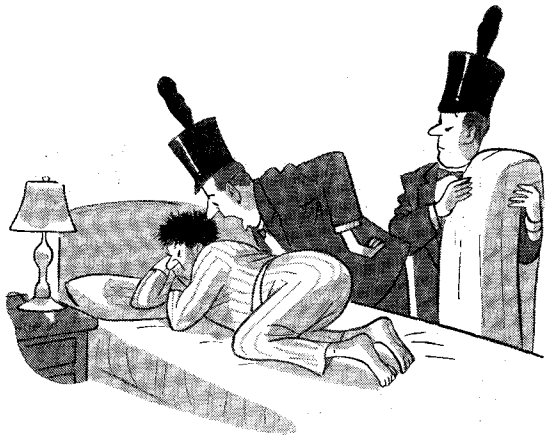
". . . just try to comport yourselves so when we return to Flooberville we can say proudly . . ."



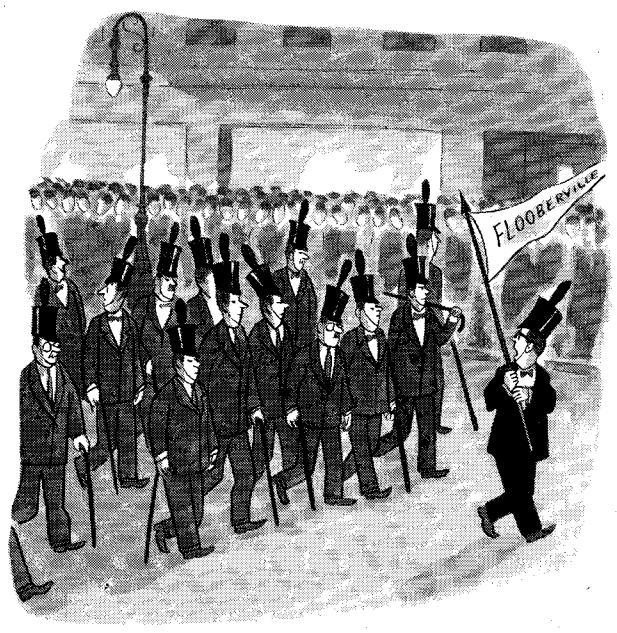
". . . would bid you welcome himself, but unfortunately, pressing civic problems keep the mayor at his desk. He has sent me here personally . . ."



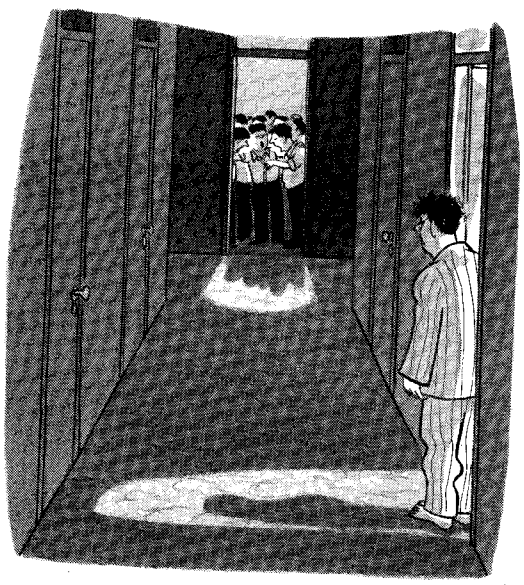
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



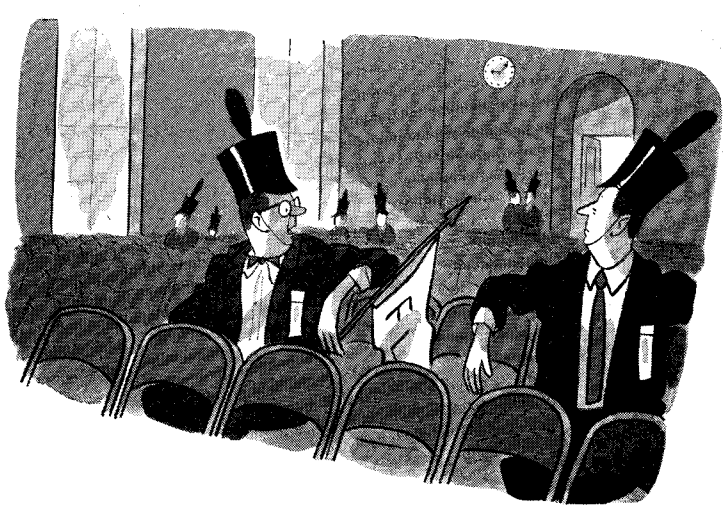
"There's a little thing called a parade."



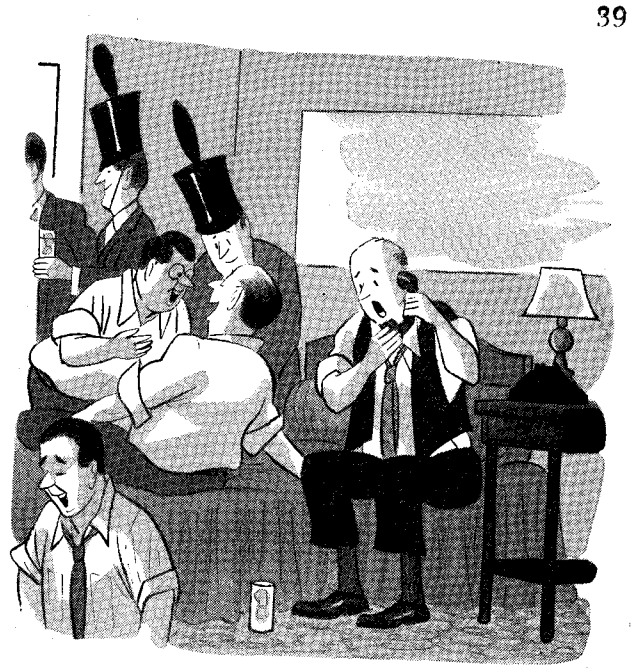
"C'mon, fellas, dress it up."



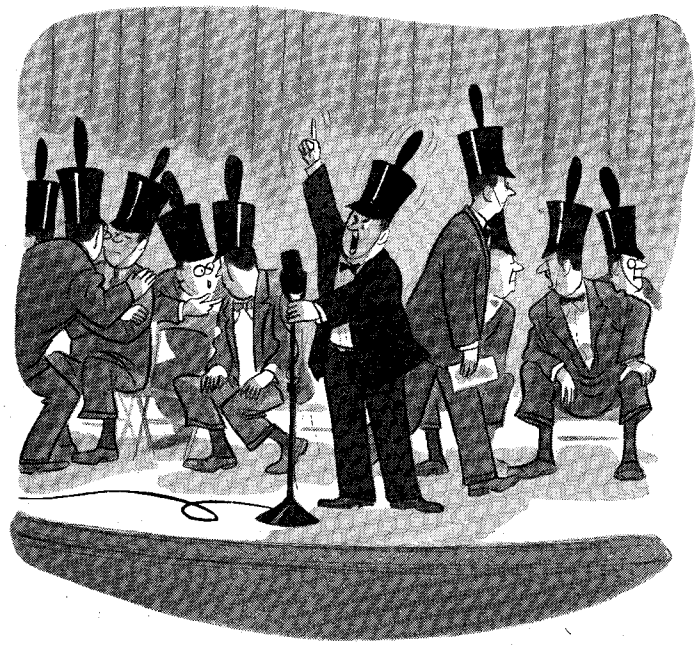
"For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow, for he's . . ."



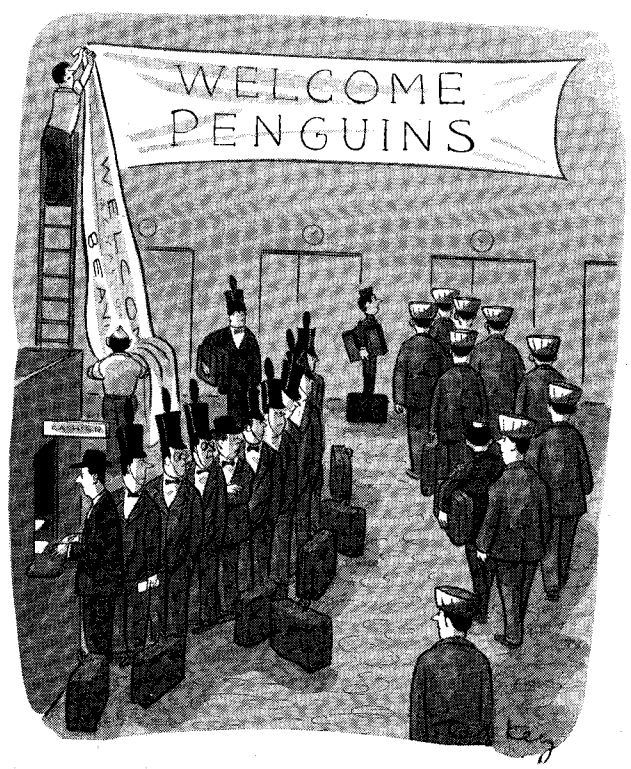
"Where's everybody?"



". . . not until our business is finished, dear . . . we hope tomorrow, dear . . . I said we hope . . . what, dear . . . listen . . . dear . . . now, dear . . . dear . . ."



". . . need a man who is honest, forthright, and willing! Charles Korngall is such a man! Charles Korngall is honest! Charles Korngall is forthright! Charles Korngall is willing! Elect him your treasurer and you'll . . ."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

City Hall in Johannesburg. Behind this Westernized façade linger symbols of the Dark Continent—witch doctors, tribal conflicts and the illegal skokiaan parties.

CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 14

JOHANNESBURG

Built on the richest gold mine in the world,
Jo'burg is a puritanical boom town of fabulous wealth
and incredible squalor, where black men and white
coexist in a fearful truce.

By PETER BIRD MARTIN

On Sundays, natives put aside their miners' head lamps and gather for tribal dances.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Students from the University of the Witwatersrand hold an annual "rag procession" to benefit native charities. But an occasional charity drive can do little to alleviate the squalid conditions (see below, left) under which most of the black population lives.

There's an intensity in the air of Johannesburg that affects men like cheap brandy. Perhaps it's the altitude—Johannesburg sprawls across ninety-five square miles of veld more than a mile above sea level—or it may be the mining-camp tradition. Whatever it is, the city has been embroiled in a series of disturbances grown into riots, celebrations become pandemonium and brawls ending in murder since the first gold mine was dug sixty-nine years ago.

A case in point is the recent arrival of one Danny Kaye, a comedian from the United States. At first the city seemed to be taking the event in its stride, as though it were only natural for one of the world's great comics to include Johannesburg, largest city in sub-Saharan Africa, in his itinerary. Advance ticket selling dragged along and a "greet Danny Kaye" campaign died on the vine as Johannesburg set out to prove that it was just as sophisticated as London or New York—it would take a lot more than Danny Kaye to stir up any real excitement.

Even the day of Kaye's arrival was quiet under an early-winter sun blazing down from a dead blue sky. It was one of those days when the post office, a blunt square pile of brownish rock, stood out starkly and you got the feeling you could reach out and touch the yellow mountains of waste from the gold mines that run along the southern edge of the downtown district. By afternoon, however, the city was on edge, itching for excitement; experienced special-duty policemen watched with growing uneasiness as silent crowds gathered at the gleaming new Jan Smuts Airport and the Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg's answer to the Waldorf.

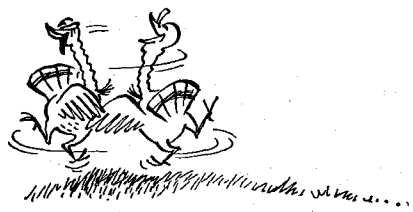
At the airport all went quietly as the plane set down and Kaye stepped out. He shook hands with a few dignitaries and kidded Mayor Patmore about his chain of office before climbing into an open convertible for the long ride downtown. The crowd at the Carlton greeted the news that Kaye was on the way with a shifting of feet and a slow surge toward the street. It wasn't a conscious move; it was the result of the kind of nervousness a bundle of dynamite must feel when someone lights its fuse.

After sweeping through the jammed middle-class suburbia of eastern Johannesburg, the caravan swung into the heart of the city, growing in size as homeward-bound motorists all along the route obeyed the impulse to swing around and (Continued on Page 86)

The native community of Moroka, just outside Johannesburg, was allowed to spring up years ago as a "temporary measure." Today, the shacks are more crowded than ever.

These non-European "natives"—in this case, South Africans of Indian origin or descent—cheerfully go off to jail for violation of *Apartheid* (segregation) laws at a mining town near Jo'burg.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Post Scripts

I'm Way Behind You

Press downward firmly on Lever C, until it barely touches Bolt R. Release Arm D enough to enable Pin F to be hooked into Slot G. Next, maneuver Bar J slightly forward, allowing Spool M to ——

Victoria is sore at everybody in the club, because they don't feel that Gertrude ought to play the piano, and she won't sing unless Gertrude does, and she claims that she doesn't care what anybody thinks, because the very same thing happened last year when they had that speaker from South Dakota, and everybody in the club seems to feel that ——

You're the murderer, Hawkston, and I'll tell you why. You tipped your hand when you signed Bodley's name to the letter which requested cancellation of the plane tickets to Rio for Pattridge and Pryor, little knowing that Pierce was on his way to Baltimore at the time, and that Diffensworth had been threatened just a half an hour earlier. Sedgwick was in Newark when you tried to reach Hartung by telephone, and ——

Let's see, now—I owe you a deposit of forty-four cents on the bottles you returned, and you're buying two bottles of Zip Pop, which are three for a quarter, two bottles of Orangey Fizzle, which are six cents each, and two bottles of Grape Delite, which are a nickel straight, and I'll deduct twelve cents for the new bottles from the forty-four cents. Now, then, two Zip Pops, at three for a quarter, come to ——

Well, Willmer's maternal grandmother and Hobart's father were first cousins, which means that Hobart, who is Willmer's grandmother's cousin once removed, and Irmaline—that's Hobart's daughter—who is Willmer's third cousin, are ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

"Frankly I hadn't intended to go this steady."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It started innocently enough with a sweet potato in a quart jar of water."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Language Lesson

*Iknow*thesledisyoursdearbutwemust*share*...
JUNIORhowmanytimesmustIsay*don'tjumponthat couch*...
Dothat*once*moreandnoTVfor*onesolidweek*...
Idon'tcare*who*kickedwhofirst...

This language, often shouted,
Snapped or shrilly sung,
Is known (at least where we live)
As the mother tongue.

ELEANOR RYDBERG

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Honey, I'm so glad you insisted that we drive over to spend this nice long Thanksgiving weekend with your mother and dad! You're right, Thanksgiving is one occasion when you really ought to be with the folks."

"My goodness, the amount of time your mother has to spend grocery shopping, not having a freezer like ours! I certainly agree with you about modern conveniences, dear; in spite of occasional minor annoyances, they do save such a lot of trouble and money in the long run."

"I was just thinking, honey, about the difference between you and your dad. Of course, he's a wonderful man, but have you noticed how sort of crabby he is, lately? I mean, he's getting along in years, and little things bother him that wouldn't bother a young man like you at all."

"Darling, isn't it amazing how fast we covered that five-hundred miles driving over here? It's like you said; five hundred miles is hardly more than fifty these days—and of course, you're such a wonderful driver that I never think of getting scared, no matter how fast you go!"

And the fast break:

"It just occurred to me, dear—after I disconnected the freezer to scrub it out before we put that half a steer in, I think I remembered to connect it again, but ——"

PEG BRACKEN

Horoscope

Sunday. Concentrated on loved ones. Did inward thinking. Said nothing when children spilled cocoa at breakfast. Dull in forenoon, but brightened later. Full of charm by eleven P.M., but no chance to use it. Everybody in bed.

Monday. Checked early to see if I was headed in wrong direction. Unsure. Decided to start again. Got lost on way to office. Good day for play or work. Chose play. Went to movie. Movie plot headed in wrong direction. Girl never would have married man old enough to be her father.

Tuesday. A day for cautious steps. Took several and found them slow going. Barked shin on bedroom chair. Speeded up and slipped on soap in shower. Decided to use head. Banged head on closet shelf. Asked for criticism from loved ones. Got it. Ears ringing by noon.

Wednesday. Good day for new activities. Decided to become best tennis player in world. Learned tennis courts closed for winter. Nothing open but bowling alley. Decided to become best bowler in world.

Thursday. Prospects excellent for financial betterment. Found thirty-six cents in old jacket pocket. Bought nine shares uranium stock at four cents. Sold out at noon for five. Bought fifty-five-foot cabin cruiser and villa at Hobe Sound. Disillusioned. Found money isn't everything.

Friday. Recalculated. Made adjustments. Retrenched. Thought of others first. Did what had to be done without misgivings. Worked and played in moderation. Odd sort of day.

Saturday. Found horoscope in old jacket pocket. Burned it. Took loved ones to football game. Cheered wildly. Cured self of moderation.

DICK ASHBAUGH

Inside Job

I bought a murder mystery book
And found I couldn't shun it;
I read it fast from first to last,
But not to learn whodunit.

Oh, no, my friend, a deeper crime
Absorbed this mystery lover:
What happened to the redhead who
Enthralled me on the cover?

DICK EMMONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL NEW!

Illustration shows contents of two cans

A new thin-strand spaghetti with tender beefy meatballs—by Franco-American

IF YOU can take your eyes away from that appetizing picture, we'd like to tell you about our newest FRANCO-AMERICAN pride and joy.

It's Spaghetti with Meatballs, and it really is *all new*—completely different.

The newest news is the *meatballs*. They're tender, beefy meatballs. Expertly seasoned. And they're *already in the spaghetti*.

The sauce is new, too. A tantalizing tomato sauce that looks good, smells good, and tastes just wonderful! Even the spaghetti is new. It's the thin-strand kind you like so much.

This new Franco-American dish is a meal in itself, you know. Mighty satisfying eating for everybody in the family. And nutritious! Every serving supplies *proteins* and *energy* which children and mamas and papas need every day of the week.

Easy? Sure! You can fix it in about the time it takes to set the table. Simply heat for three or four minutes—and serve.

Everything about our all-new Franco-American Spaghetti with Meatballs is so irresistible you'd probably love it at any price. But it costs *less than 15¢ a serving*. Need we say more?

Spaghetti with Meatballs

by Franco-American

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL-AMERICAN WEAPON

By ASHLEY HALSEY, JR.

The Kentucky long rifle helped win two wars and opened the West.

It still outshoots some modern firearms. . . .

When the Society of Massachusetts Arms Collectors decided to give Elizabeth II a coronation gift fit for a queen, they presented her with an antique Kentucky long rifle akin to those used in the Revolutionary War against her country's soldiers.

In due course, John S. du Mont, of Greenfield, Massachusetts, president of the society, received a formal acknowledgment from the Lord Chamberlain: "By the Queen's Command, I am writing to express Her Majesty's gratitude for the kind gift of a Kentucky rifle, which you have made. Her Majesty is most interested in the Rifle and has directed that it shall be preserved at Her Tower Armouries. She also values your kind expression in making the gift."

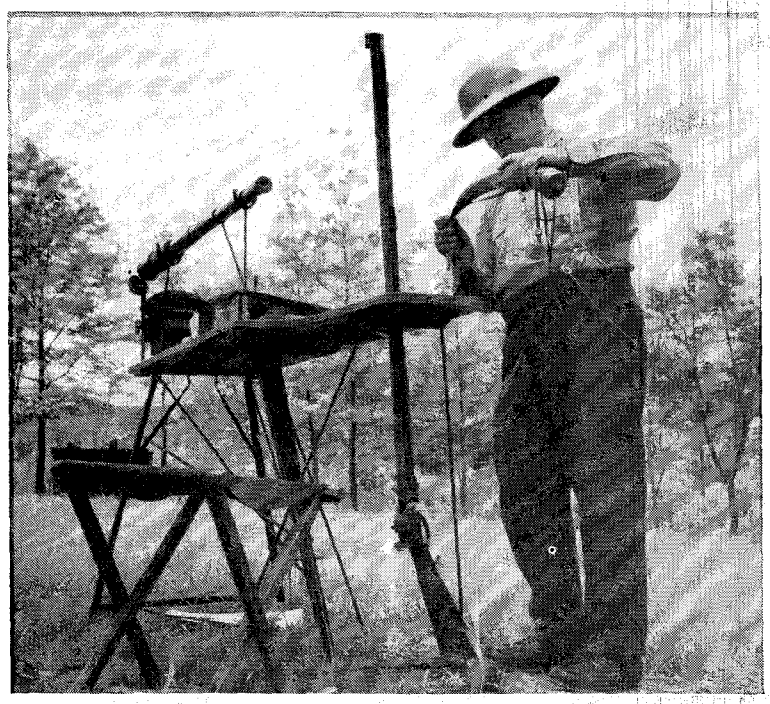
Royland Southgate and a few other gunsmiths still make Kentuckies. Price: $140 and up.

The queen's ladylike handling of the masculine gift of a gun was exactly what du Mont and his fellow collectors hoped for. Ever since a 1948 visit to the Tower of London to do research in its vast weapons collection, du Mont had known that Sir James Mann, Master of the Armouries, wished an early Kentucky rifle to pair off with its Revolutionary contemporary, the Ferguson breech-loader flintlock rifle used by a few hundred redcoat marksmen.

The British Embassy's capacious diplomatic pouch not being able to accommodate a weapon with a barrel three and a half feet long, the coronation gift was shipped by express from Boston. Thus for the second time in 178 years, the British Crown obtained a

Bearded Joe Kindig, Jr., of York, Pa., has more than 500 long rifles. The weapon originated in Pennsylvania, but was named for the state the sharpshooters came from.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



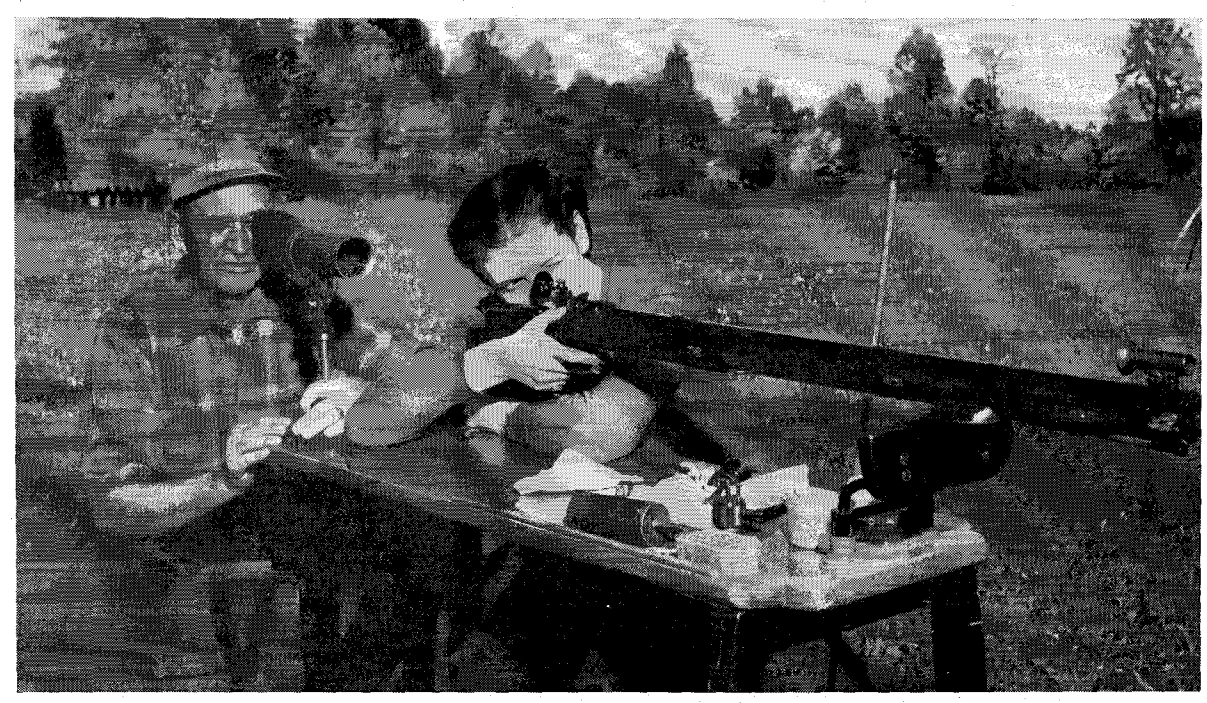
Charles Demport loads, then fires a Kentucky long rifle in a shoot at Shartlesville, Pa. He uses old-fashioned black powder. Modern, high-pressure powder could blow his rifle apart.

genuine Kentucky rifle from Boston. On the previous occasion, it was a lot harder to get. The Minute Men, armed mostly with smoothbore guns of European pattern, had chased the redcoats into Boston and the newly rallied Revolutionary Army was besieging the place. What most annoyed the British general was the way that certain uncouth American frontiersmen who wore their shirttails hanging out down to their knees picked off his sentries and officers at outlandishly long ranges. Forthwith, the general ordered the capture of one specimen each of the marksman and his gun. A raiding party dragged back Cpl. Walter Crouse, of York County, Pennsylvania, with his long rifle.

At that point, the British, totally unversed in what is now known as the war of nerves, made a psychological blunder. They shipped their specimen rifleman to London, to the very Tower which houses the queen's coronation gift. Crouse, commanded to demonstrate his remarkable gun in public, daily hit targets at 200 yards—four times the practical range of the smoothbore military flintlock of the day. Enlistments faded away, so the story goes, and King George III hurriedly hired Hessian rifle companies to fight marksmanship with marksmanship.

Riflemen were as scarce on both sides of the Atlantic in those days as rocket experts are today. Of 30,000 Hessian mercenaries who served in America, only about 600 were sharpshooters armed with rifles. Luckily for these imported marksmen, they never had to shoot it out man to man with American riflemen. For they were armed with a stubby, relatively obsolete weapon which might be termed the European great-uncle of the Kentucky. It resembled the earliest rifled guns in America, brought over by German and Swiss settlers from the Rhineland region where that type of firearm originated. Unlike the more common smoothbore, so-called because the bore, or inside, of the barrel was smooth, the rifle barrel contained twisting grooves. Where the smoothbore bullet pushed through the air somewhat like a modern basketball, the rifle gave its bullet a twist that sent it spiraling like a football. Thus it went farther and more accurately. The Hessians' rifles fired a fat lead ball which literally had to be hammered down into the barrel. The tight fit was essential to prevent the explosive force of the powder behind the bullet from escaping through the grooves. Thumping down an oversized bullet filled the grooves, but it distorted the bullet and made loading slow work. Extra-heavy barrels with muzzles belled out somewhat like a modified blunderbuss were necessary to receive the big bullets and stand the strain of hammering with a mallet.

The slim, elegant Kentuckies, by contrast, could be loaded faster and with far less effort through what might have been termed a Yankee trick, but more probably was a Pennsylvania German one: The greased patch of cloth or buckskin. This was placed on the gun muzzle, greasy (Continued on Page 109)



Laurance MacKeraghan spots the target for his wife, an excellent shot, at Shartlesville. In the 1953 muzzle-loading championship competition, a woman placed second.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

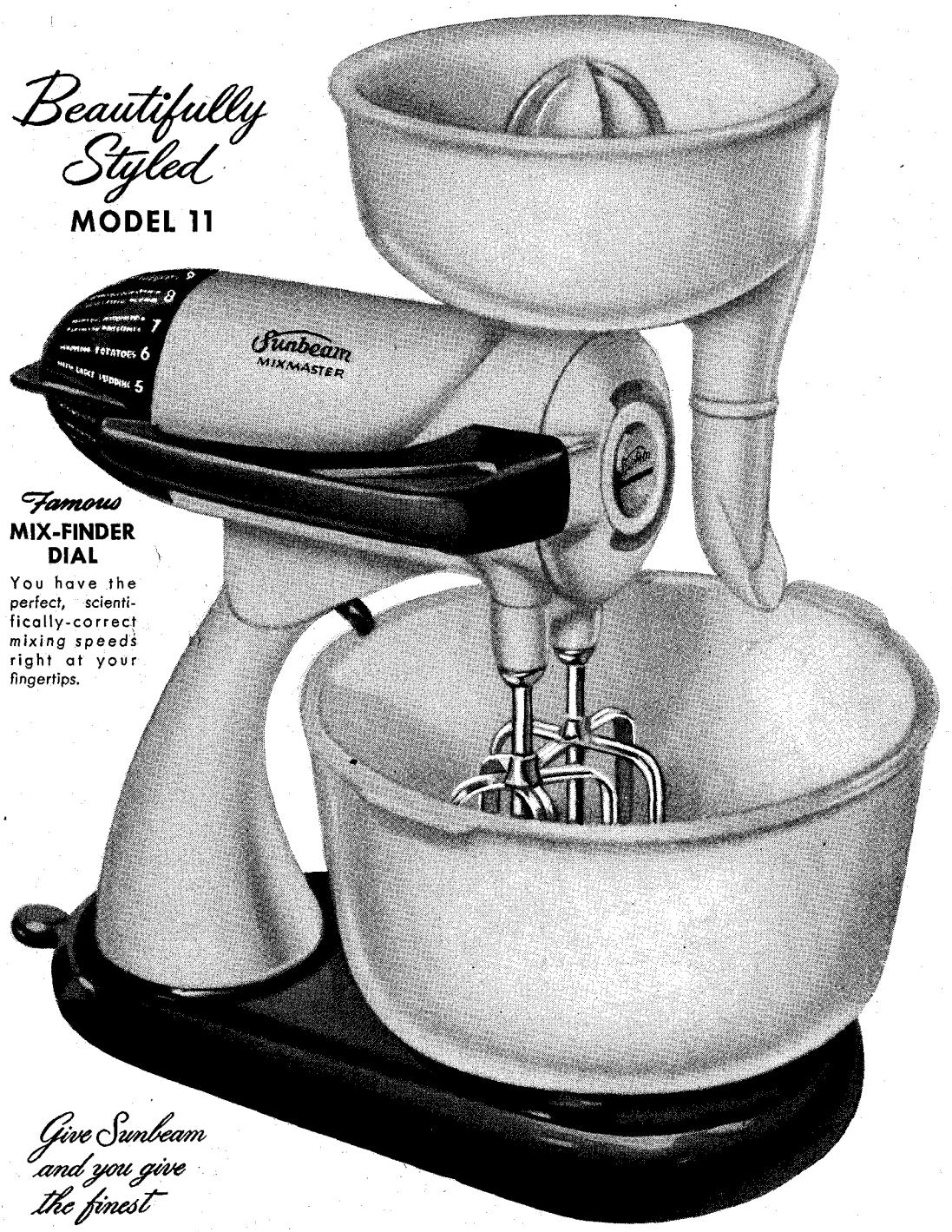
Give the sensational NEW Sunbeam MIXMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

with the exclusive BOWL-FIT BEATERS and Bowl-Speed Control

ONLY SUNBEAM MIXMASTER has all the marvelous features that give you higher, lighter cakes—creamier, fluffier mashed potatoes—velvet-smooth icings and sauces—better, easier food-preparing. Mixmaster's larger Bowl-fit beaters • Automatic Bowl-Speed Control • Automatic Beater Ejector • powerful EVEN-SPEED motor • Automatic Juicer and the famous Mix-Finder Dial are the advantages *you want and deserve* in the food mixer you choose. See your Sunbeam dealer.

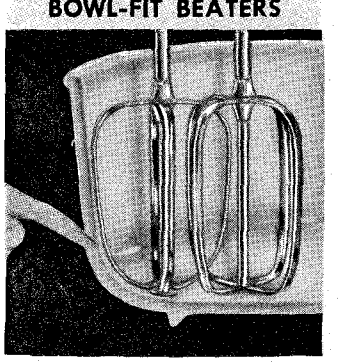
Beautifully Styled
MODEL 11



Famous
MIX-FINDER DIAL
You have the *perfect*, scientifically-correct *mixing speeds* right at your fingertips.

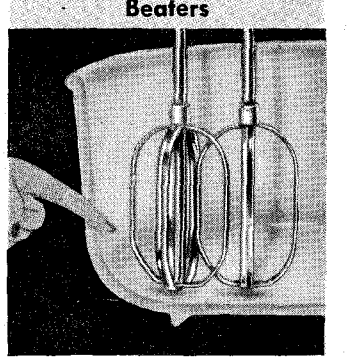
Give Sunbeam and you give the finest

Sunbeam exclusive BOWL-FIT BEATERS



The larger outside Bowl-Fit beater is curved to fit the contour of the bowl, *all the way to the bottom. The larger* inside Bowl-Fit beater is shaped to cover the flat bottom surface of the bowl, to the center.

Ordinary Beaters



Ordinary mixers have smaller beaters set away from the sides of the bowl. Therefore, *most of the batter* escapes their beaters—piles up around the sides of the bowl and is never mixed.

Sunbeam MIXMASTER
Also available in gleaming chromium

See Sunbeam appliances on *these great* NBC-TV shows:
Sunday Night Color Spectaculars; Milton Berle and Martha Raye Tuesday Night Shows; Dave Garroway's TODAY *(morning)*; *Arlene Francis'* HOME (noon); Steve Allen's TONIGHT (night); Consult your local TV schedule.

The ONLY food mixer with this marvelous Blender Attachment

Enlarge your Sunbeam Mixmaster's usefulness by doing the chopping, shredding, grating for the cakes, icings, and pastries that are mixed to perfection in *the Mixmaster. Easily attached* to the Mixmaster. Wonderful for fruit drinks, eggnogs, malteds and cocktails, for chopping raw carrots, cabbage, nuts, cheese. Perfect for puréed baby foods, pulverizing, etc.

only Sunbeam MIXMASTER JUNIOR has all these advantages

Just as the famous standard Sunbeam Mixmaster is completely outstanding among regular-size food mixers, the new Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior is completely outstanding in the junior mixer field. Gives you more advantages than any other junior mixer with *features that save time and armwork. So be sure your* junior food mixer is a Sunbeam Mixmaster Junior.

- **BIGGER BEATERS**
- **THUMB-TIP CONTROL**
- **EASY BEATER EJECTOR**
- **CONVENIENT HEEL REST**
- **HANGS ON WALL**

MIXMASTER JUNIOR is also available in beautiful chromium

© Sunbeam Corporation. 1955

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death in the Wind

It took a small boy to find the clue that could break the case.

By EDWIN LANHAM

It was true that Brad Davis had a motive for killing his ex-wife: Ruth had divorced him and had left a million dollars in trust for their adopted son, Pierre. But Paula Trent couldn't believe Brad guilty. While Brad was overseas as a correspondent, Paula had become attached to little Pierre. Now she loved Brad too. What bothered Paula most was that she had found Brad's watch near the sea wall where Ruth's body had been found.

Ruth's second husband, Porter Bellows, had a perfect alibi. But either Alex Fawcett or Mort Brewster could have killed her. Both had tried, unsuccessfully, to win her affection. Now both seemed to be making a play for a glamorous widow named Muriel Parker.

A little man known as Frenchy had attempted to sell Brad information. By the time Brad decided to buy it, Frenchy had disappeared. In the little man's shack, Brad and Lt. Vern Gray, of the Connecticut police, found a photograph with a set of numbers on the back.

Pierre owned a copy of the same photo. Ruth had received Pierre's copy from a stranger, who told her that the people in it were Pierre's real parents. Pierre said he had overheard Ruth and Bellows discussing the photo. However, Bellows denied that he ever had seen it before.

"Porter Bellows was lying," Brad told Lieutenant Gray later. Brad believed that Bellows had paid Frenchy to kill Ruth and that Frenchy, after receiving his money, had cleared out.

V

A photographer had set off his flash bulb as Paula left the barracks with Pierre, and reporters had crowded around them, asking, "Is this the boy? Is this Pierre?"

Pierre looked at Paula with big, frightened eyes and she hurried him on to the car. As they drove away, he asked, "Paula, are they going to put my picture in the paper?"

"You should have combed your hair," she said. "I'm afraid it won't be a very flattering picture."

Pierre sat on the edge of the seat, leaning forward with his finger tips resting on the dashboard. There were circles under his eyes and he looked exhausted, she thought. The scene in the lieutenant's office had not helped.

"Dad-dee is very angry," Pierre murmured. "Paula, I didn't tell a lie."

"Honey, of course you didn't," she said. "Nobody thinks that."

"It was true," he said. "I heard *maman* talking. Dad-dee has forgotten."

"But are you sure she was talking to him, Pierre?"

He hesitated a long time, then said doubtfully, "I was pretty sure it was dad-dee."

"You should be absolutely sure before you say anything, darling," she said.

They had reached the shady street on which she lived, and as she stopped the car at the curb her father rose from a rocking chair on the porch and came down the steps.

Horace Trent waited until the boy had moved out of earshot before he asked, "Did you tell the lieutenant about that watch?" He saw the expression on her face and added, "You didn't, did you?"

"No."

"Paula, I'm not going to interfere," he said. "I've always let you make your own decisions, but I wonder if you know what you're doing?"

"I think so," she said.

"I'm kind of curious to meet this fellow Davis," he said. "He must be a pretty smooth talker." She met his eyes and glanced away, and he reminded her, "You met him only three days ago."

"Yes, but I know a lot about him, dad."

"What do you know about him?"

"He's Pierre's father, for one thing. And look, dad, if you believed a man was innocent, what would you do?"

(Continued on Page 126)

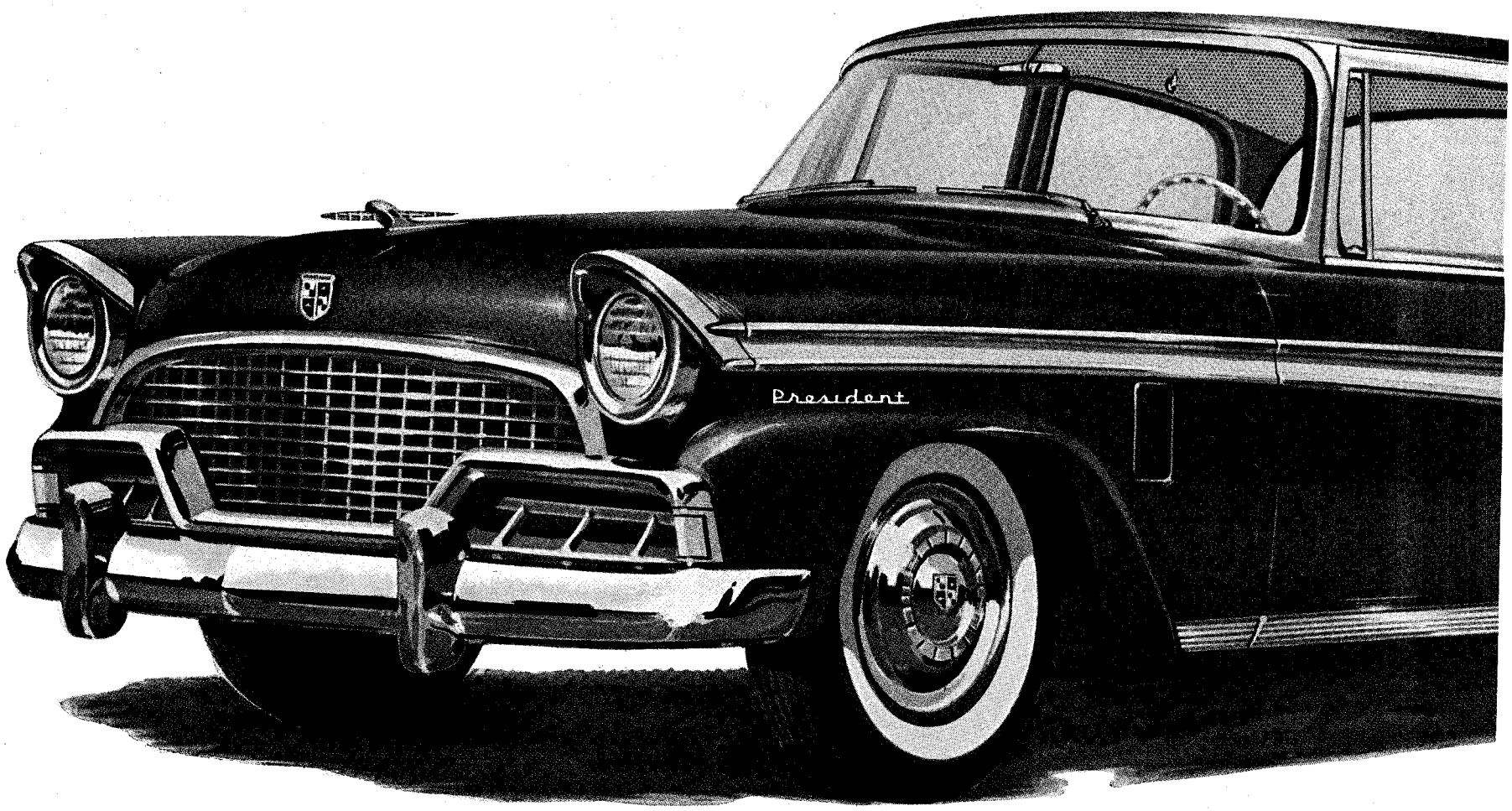
The digits of the neatly stenciled number leaped out at him. Pierre felt as if his heart would burst.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

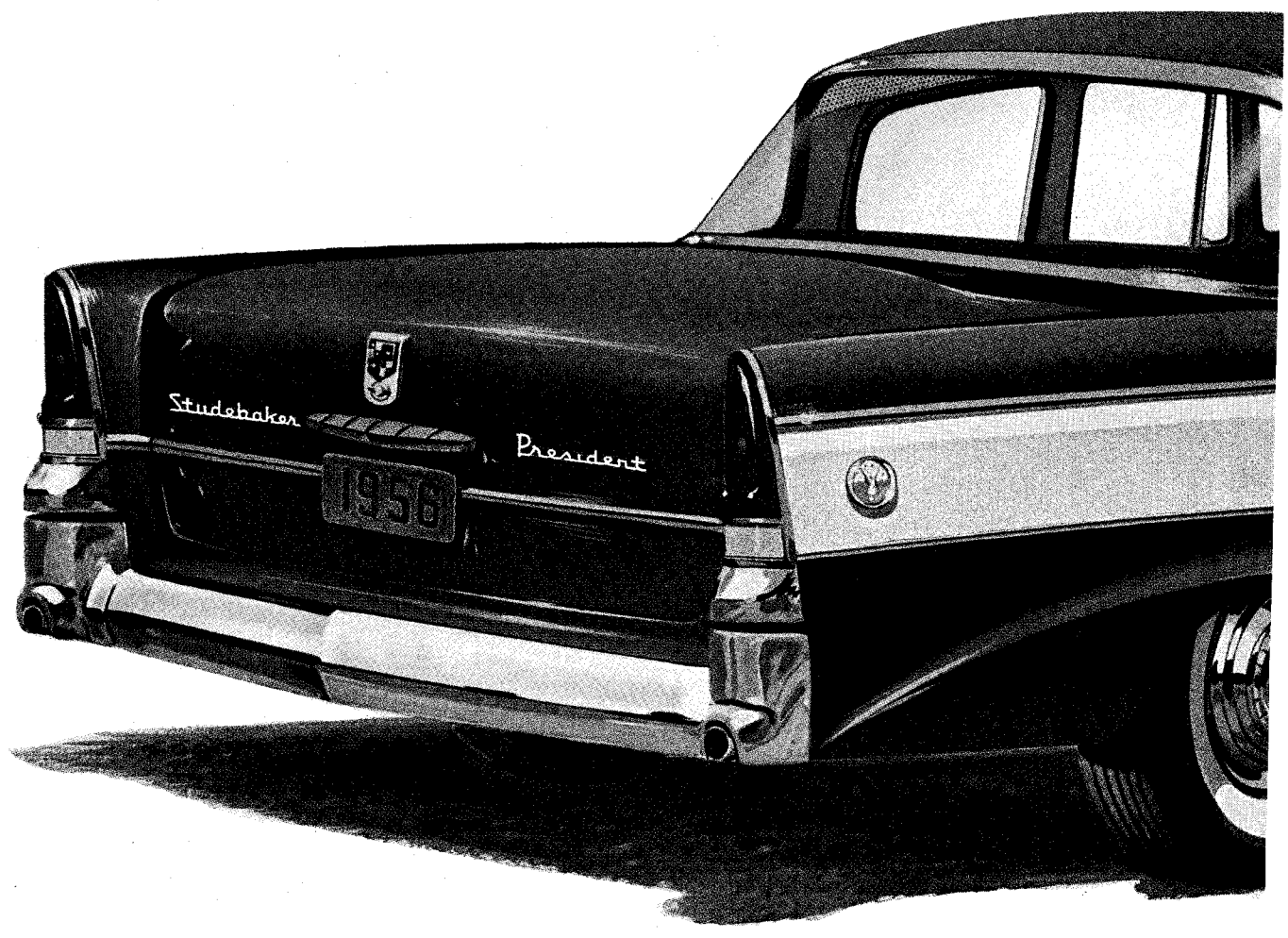
The big news in the low price field

big new Studebaker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



is the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANDOUT CAR in the low price field.

Meet the *big new* Studebaker—the one *really new* car in the low price field! Look how it stands out wherever it goes. That's Studebaker *craftsmanship with a flair!* See that longer, wider, *bigger* look . . . in dramatic sculptured-steel styling.

Look how it stands out in traffic. That's Studebaker Take-off Torque—the newest word in "go"! Yours in three new Sweepstakes engines . . . powerful team-mates with Studebaker's sensational new Flightomatic, the smoother, faster-starting automatic drive.

Look how Studebaker stands out in new ideas. Flightstyle inst ment panel . . . Cyclops Eye, fastest-reading speedometer . Safety-action brakes, husky enough to stop a car twice the s . . . exclusive, Safe-lock doors . . . and sound-conditioned ceilings.

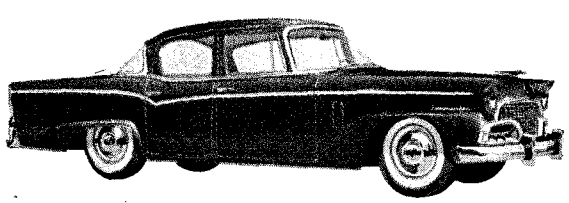
And how Studebaker stands out in choice! Five exciting seri Sixteen big new Studebakers—in the smartest colors—with dec ator-matched interiors, luxuriously styled. See your Studebal Dealer. See and drive the Standout Car *in the low price field!*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

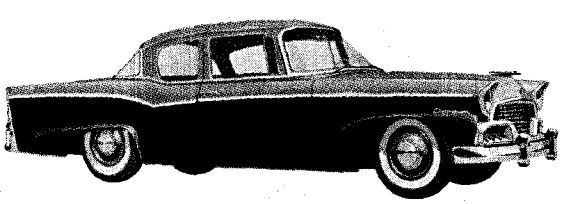
with a flair

The Studebaker President Classic—longest, roomiest sedan in its field—210-hp.

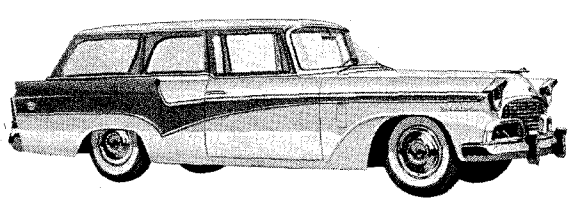
ne BIG NEW STUDEBAKER!



The new Commander 4-door Sedan



The new Champion 2-door Sedan



The new Pinehurst Station Wagon

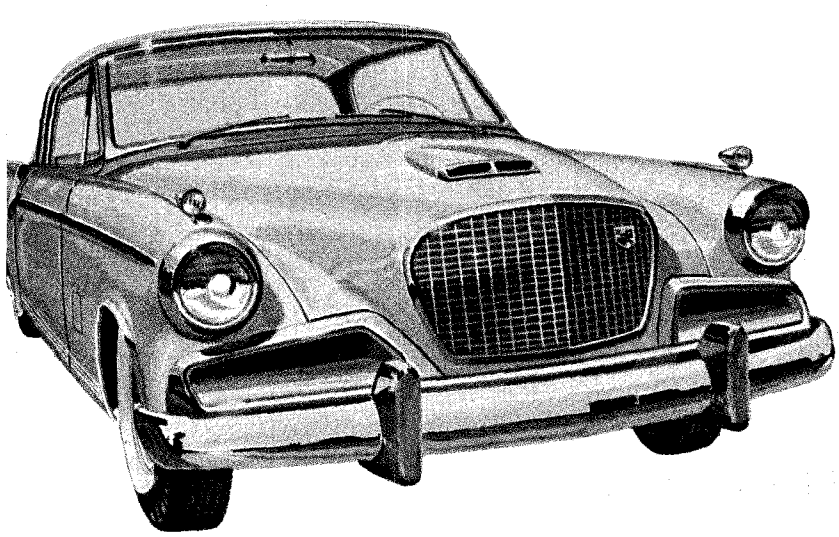
Studebaker
DIVISION OF STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORPORATION

Where pride of workmanship still comes first!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the big news in sports cars

Studebaker presents the first full lir



Breathes there a man who hasn't pictured himself behind the wheel of a sports ca putting it through its fanciest paces? Yet, despite our dreams, most of us *must* consid the whole family when buying a car. Well, Studebaker's got the answer—with t most exciting car news of the year—the Studebaker Hawks.

Here *are* sports cars. With sports car good looks and low-slung styling . . . with real sports car instrument panel . . . with undreamed-of responsiveness . . . with almc unbelievable power, getaway and roadability.

Yet, wonder of wonders, these are *family cars*, too. With room for five passenge . . . with matchless Studebaker safety and comfort . . . with luxurious decorate designed interiors . . . with *all* the power assists*—power steering, windows, sea brakes, and Ultramatic transmission. Hurry to your Studebaker Dealer for the thi of the year—see and drive one of the new Studebaker Hawks!

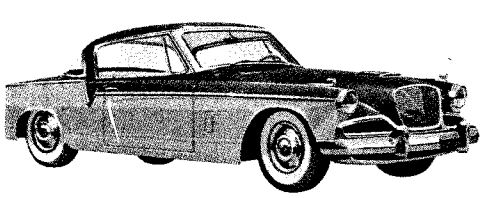
*Optional at extra

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

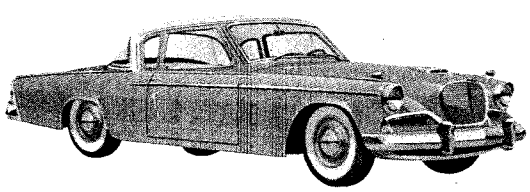
the Studebaker Hawks

family sports cars!

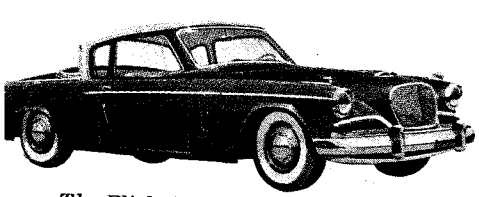
The Golden Hawk, above—new king of the highway—with sensational new Skypower 275-h.p. engine.



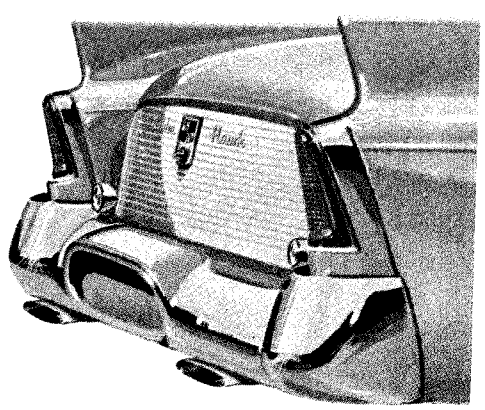
The Sky Hawk 289



The Power Hawk 259



The Flight Hawk 185

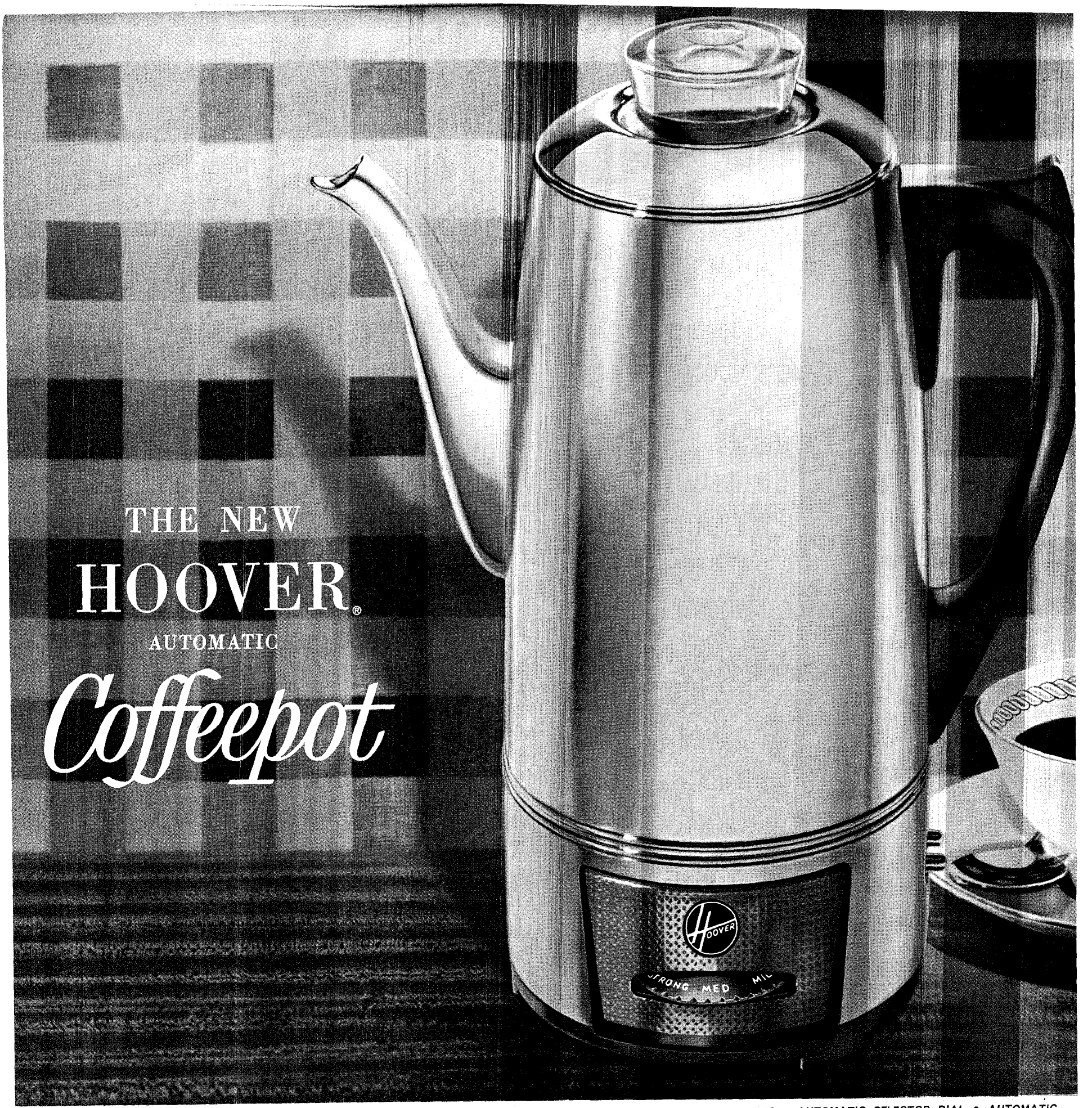


DIVISION OF
STUDEBAKER-PACKARD
CORPORATION

Studebaker

Where pride of workmanship still comes first!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MAKES UP TO 9 CUPS AUTOMATICALLY • CUP MEASURES CLEARLY MARKED INSIDE • FIRM-FIT TOP • WON'T-DRIP SPOUT • AUTOMATIC SELECTOR DIAL • AUTOMATIC THERMOSTAT • EASY CLEANING—LARGE TOP OPENING, SELF-CLEANING PERK PUMP AND TUBE • FINGER GUARD—NO BURNED KNUCKLES • INSULATED BASE, SET IT ANYWHERE

—the most beautiful coffeepot ever put on a table gives you

REAL, OLD-FASHIONED COFFEE FLAVOR

—*AUTOMATICALLY!*

—every time!

Remember the old time "back of the stove" coffeepot—where the coffee simmered and stayed hot and smelled so good (with an egg shell in it to settle the grounds).

Now Hoover brings all that old-time coffee goodness to you—and does it *automatically*—always the same, cup after cup, pot after pot.

In the Hoover Automatic Coffeepot, the coffee *never* boils. (Boiling releases the bitter taste from the coffee buds.) Instead, all the heat is applied to a small amount of water at a time. In a minute or so, it starts perking up the tube, out and over the extra big spreader, down through the coffee at just the right heat. You don't have to "time" it—it stops perking *automatically* when the coffee is just as you "dialed" it—mild, medium, or strong.

Then Hoover's exclusive thermostat holds the coffee at just the right temperature—never lets it get too hot, or too cool. You never have to lose the flavor by re-heating the coffee.

Wonderful coffee! Beautiful coffeepot! Great for a Christmas gift to everyone you know who loves coffee. The new Hoover Automatic Coffeepot—$29.95.

HOOVER
FINE APPLIANCES
. . . around the house, around the world

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bride's Twin

(Continued from Page 22)

At three o'clock she went down to the street. The doorman tipped his cap and asked, "Do you want a cab, Mrs. Kendall?"

Barbie had no idea of what Kit's grandmother looked like. "She'll recognize you, though, from the wedding pictures," she had said.

"Recognize us, you mean," corrected Julia. She was in the wedding pictures too. She had been Barbie's maid of honor.

Amanda Kendall walked straight to her. "You're Barbie," she said, in a warm contralto voice. "It's charming of you to meet me, my dear." Her large horse-chestnut eyes were friendly. "I love to be met and hate to be seen off." She kissed Julia's cheek. "You remember John?"

For a second, Julia wanted to turn and run. She remembered John. She had not lost any sleep in the year and a half since the wedding remembering the tall, attractive cousin who had come East to be Kit's best man, but she had thought about him more than once. She looked up, smiling.

"Of course, I remember John," she said. "This is a pleasant surprise."

They took a taxi to the hotel where Mrs. Kendall had reserved a suite. Julia answered questions about Kit and looked properly wistful.

"I want a bath and a nap," Amanda Kendall announced. She had taken off her smart hat and tweed topcoat. Her gray hair was thick and lustrous, and she wore a string of pearls over her pale cashmere sweater. "John, why don't you and Barbie have cocktails downstairs and come back in a couple of hours?"

Being alone with John Kendall was the last thing Julia wanted until she had a chance to try to recall the three days he had been a guest at her parents' home. She had been alone with him several times then. She had no idea what conversations he had had with Barbie. As they entered the cocktail lounge, she was beginning to suspect that people did what Amanda Kendall suggested.

"She's amazing," she murmured to John. "Even with all that Kit has told me about her, I wasn't prepared. She's so vital and handsome."

"Gran's quite a girl," he agreed. "You haven't seen anything yet. She rides high, wide and handsome on these junkets of hers." His dark-lashed blue eyes met hers. "Where's your sister?"

Julia felt a shiver along her spine. "She's on vacation. She's a teacher, you know."

"I know," he said. "She teaches art. I've thought quite a bit about Julia. When will she be back?" He watched her intently as she answered. Then he grinned. "I'm not so smart as I thought I was. I was convinced that I could tell you two apart."

"Very few people can," she told him.

He continued to look at her. "Which twin has the permanent?" he asked. "The funny part is that Kit and I grew up together—my father's ranch is part of the property that Gran still holds the reins on—and in all our years, we never fell for the same girl."

"That must have been convenient," said Julia dryly. She remembered that she was Barbie. "Did Kit fall for many girls?"

"Maybe it was the other way around," he answered.

She smiled at him. She had liked him a year and a half ago, and she liked him now.

At dinner, Amanda Kendall showed a surprising interest in Julia. "Naturally, I wanted most to get to know you, Barbie, but John has told me so much about Julia that I hoped to meet her too. Isn't there any chance of her getting back while we're here?"

"I'm afraid not," said Julia, with genuine regret.

"Perhaps you can persuade her to come to the ranch when you and Kit come home this summer," Mrs. Kendall added. "We have too many oversized males on the reservation. In my old age I seem to crave some pretty granddaughters."

Julia had an uncomfortable feeling that she was blushing—a thing which Barbie would have had no reason to do. She took a drink of water. John's blue eyes were watching her again. Or perhaps she imagined it. She invited them for luncheon at her apartment the next day. Not her own apartment, of course. Hers was a walk-up studio with a high north skylight. In Barbie's apartment she could perform the role of hostess as well as her twin, or better. She prepared the food, arranged flowers, set the dining table. She dusted Kit's picture and considered it thoughtfully. Her brother-in-law was a good-looking young man, but he was nowhere near so attractive as his cousin. There was more character in John's face, and more charm. When he smiled, the outer corners of his eyes crinkled engagingly, and he had a stronger chin than Kit. . . .

Mrs. Kendall said, "What a pleasant room, Barbie!"

(Continued on Page 58)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"For this we have daughters?"

—now will you reline with

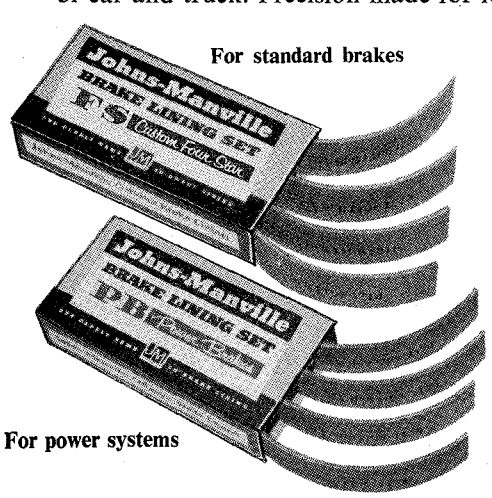
Johns-Manville

Asbestos Brake Lining!"

DON'T GAMBLE with worn-out or inferior brake lining! Records show that three out of every five fatal automobile accidents are caused by high speed and faulty brakes.

When your brakes need relining, you can rely on the high quality of Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining for safe, dependable stops.

Since the earliest days of the automobile, J-M has pioneered in the development of highest quality brake linings. Using selected grades of asbestos fibre, Johns-Manville produces brake linings for every make of car and truck. Precision-made for long life, they are not affected by temperature changes or moisture conditions.



You can get J-M Brake Linings especially designed to fit your car, including the newly developed PB sets that are power-built for power brakes. For safety's sake, have your brakes inspected. When they need relining, for your protection, tell your serviceman you want Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. He can get it for you.

Johns-Manville, 22 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y. In Canada, Port Credit, Ontario.

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

Johns-Manville sponsors "MEET THE PRESS" alternate Sundays on NBC-TV. We invite you to tune in.

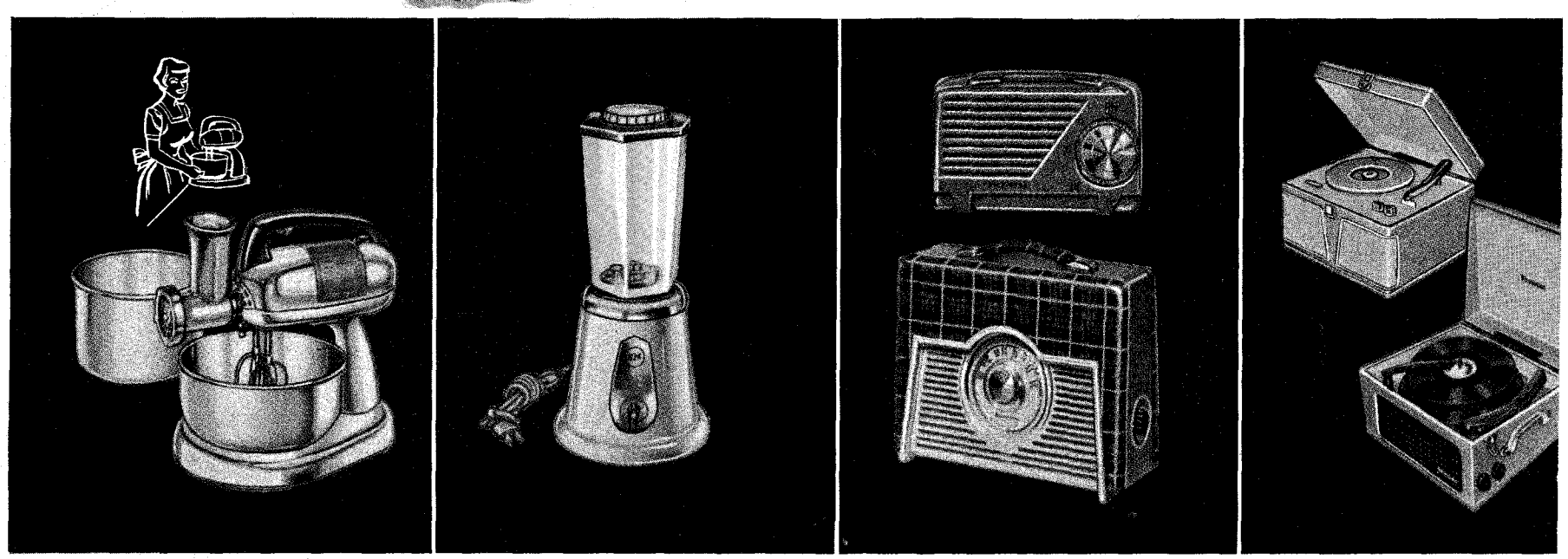
Johns-Manville

THE OLDEST NAME IN BRAKE LINING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE HAPPIEST

BUY *Quality Gifts*



DORMEYER

ALL-CHROME MIXER

Famous Silver Chef complete with two stainless steel mixing bowls, food and vegetable grinder attachment. Lifetime mirror finish **55.95**

KNAPP MONARCH

LIQUIDIZER

Does jobs no other appliance can do — blends, purees, grates, shreds, chops, pulverizes, mixes, stirs, whips, liquidizes! All in seconds! **39.95**

Firestone

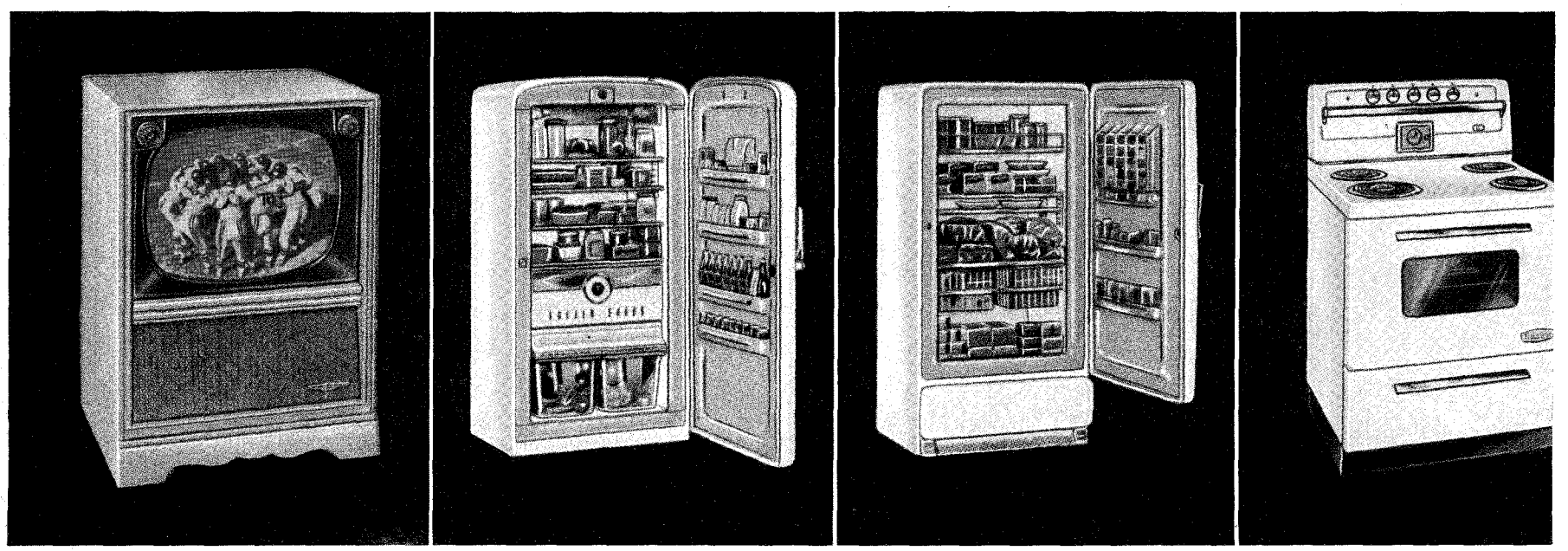
PORTABLE RADIOS

(Top) THE ATOM — 5⅞ inches long yet packs tremendous power! **29.95**
(Bottom) THE VACATIONER — Plays on AC, DC or batteries! **44.95**

Firestone

PORTABLE PHONOGRAP

(Top) HI-FI — Plays all size speeds. Beautiful tone **3**
(Bottom) CRESCENDO A MATIC — Plays all records. **5**



Firestone

NEW 1956 TELEVISION

All the newest, most-wanted features — top tuning, smaller cabinets, magnificent styling, rich mahogany or blond finishes .....From **129.95**

Firestone

REFRIGERATORS

Wonderful Christmas gift for any home! They have everything you want from automatic defrosting to handy Door Pantry shelves. See them!

Come In, Get Our Low Prices

Firestone

FOOD FREEZERS

A lifetime investment in convenience and economy. Upright design saves floor space, makes it easy to reach food. Chest-types also available.

Come In, Get Our Low Prices

Firestone

GAS AND ELECTRIC RAN

Streamlined beauties . . . every From the compact 30-inch wit giant-size oven to the Fire Supreme, with every latest fe

Come In, Get Our Low P

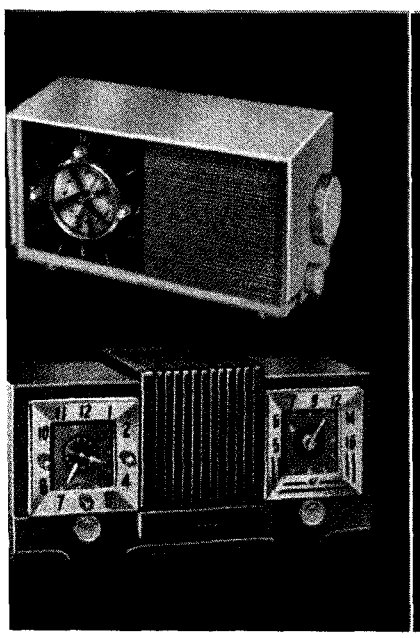
Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on Radio or Television every Monday evening over ABC

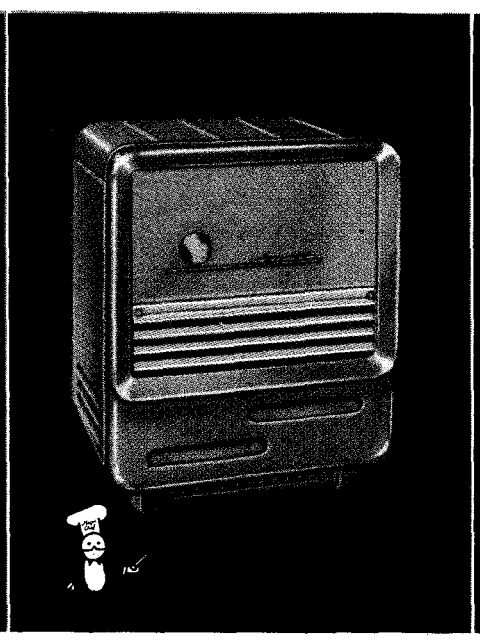
This (or similar) merchandise av

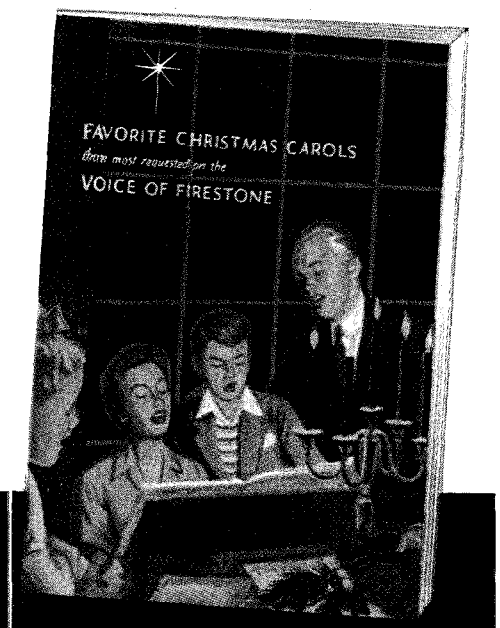
THREE CONVENIENT WAYS TO BUY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTMAS EVER AT Firestone







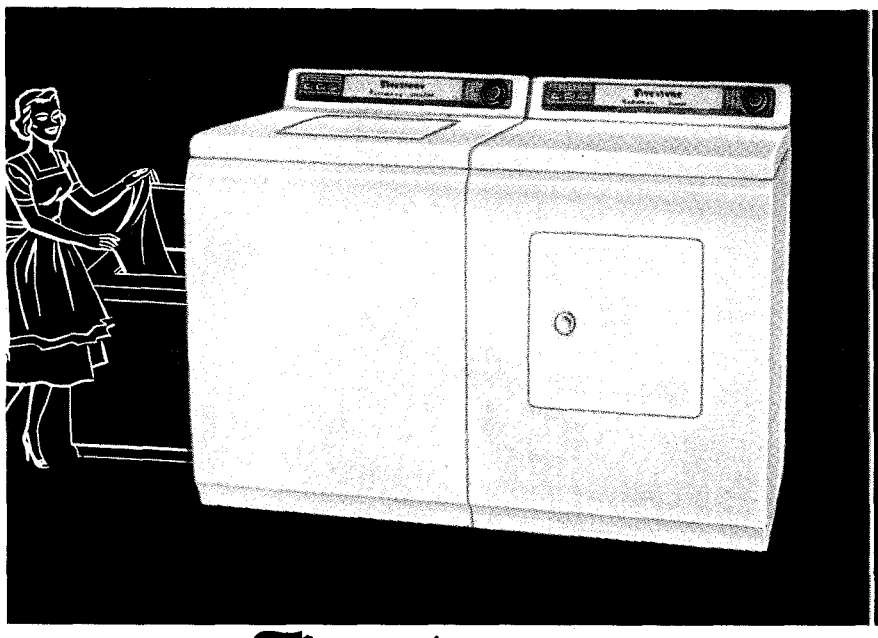
Free!
BEAUTIFUL 24-PAGE BOOK FAVORITE CHRISTMAS CAROLS

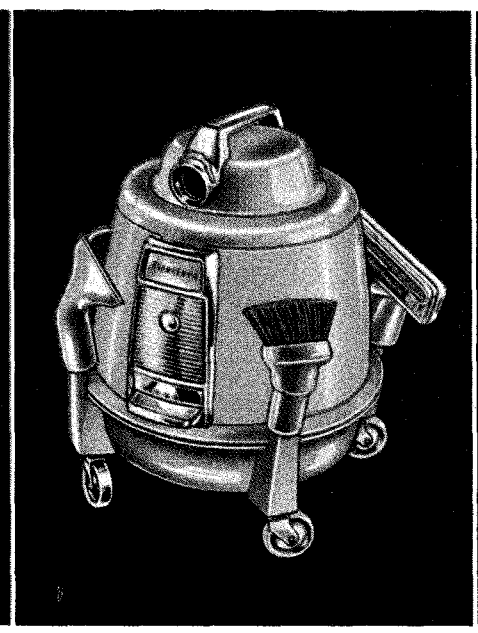
The whole family will enjoy this beautiful book containing words and music of best-loved Christmas carols. The supply is limited so come in soon and ask for your free copy.

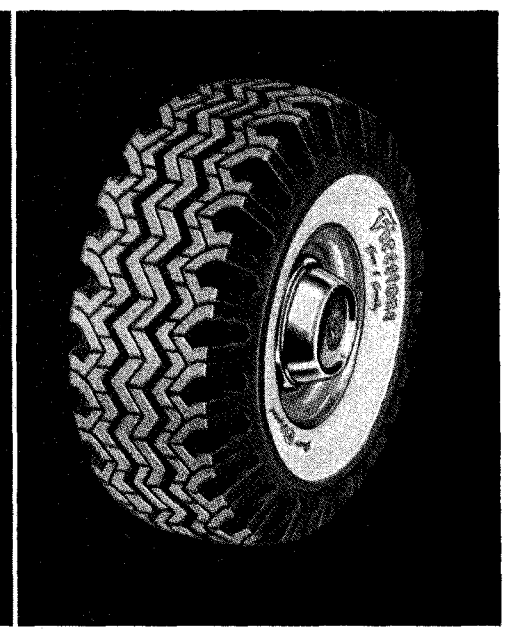
Firestone
CLOCK-RADIOS
(Top) THE SUNRISE — Modern ivy plastic cabinet 24.95
(Bottom) THE MELODY — Radio turns on automatically 44.95*

Magic Chef
CONSOLE HOME HEATER
Smart, modern TV styling! Provides Magic-Aire circulation in mild or cold weather. Produces more heat per fuel dollar .....From 89.95

Remington
"60 DE LUXE" SHAVER
Gentle, rugged, powerful! Shaves easier, quicker, smoother. Gives a lifetime of shaving pleasure. Perfect gift for a lucky man 29.50







Firestone
AUTOMATIC WASHERS AND DRYERS
Washday is a breeze for the lucky lady who owns a matching Firestone washer and dryer. Fully automatic . . . your work is as easy as pushing a button. The washers feature agitator action, the only action that gets clothes really clean. Dryers provide right temperature for every fabric.
Come In, Get Our Low Prices

Firestone
EZE-ROLL CLEANER
New! Wonderful! Swivel top rotates in a complete circle and plastic wheels enable you to roll it easily from room to room. Only 69.95

Firestone
TOWN & COUNTRY TIRE
The amazing winter tire that lets you stop when you need to, go when you want to in mud, in snow or on ice. And with no noise, bumps or whine!

Canada at slightly higher prices

BUDGET TERMS, 30 DAY CHARGE OR CASH

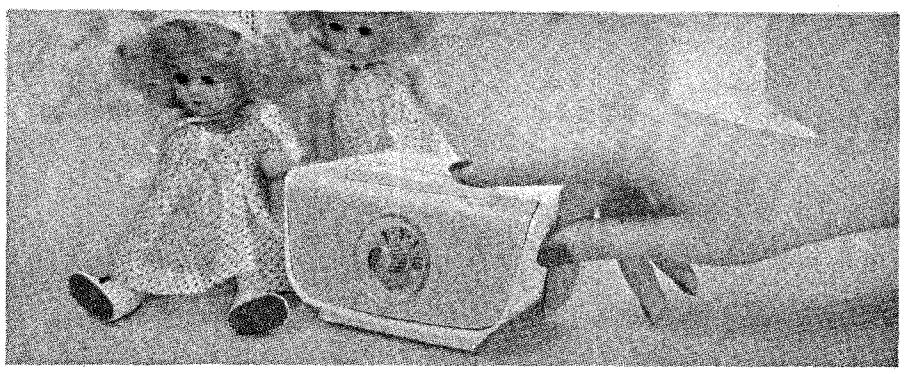
Copyright 1955, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

*Prices subject to change without notice. *Slightly higher in sections of the South and West.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

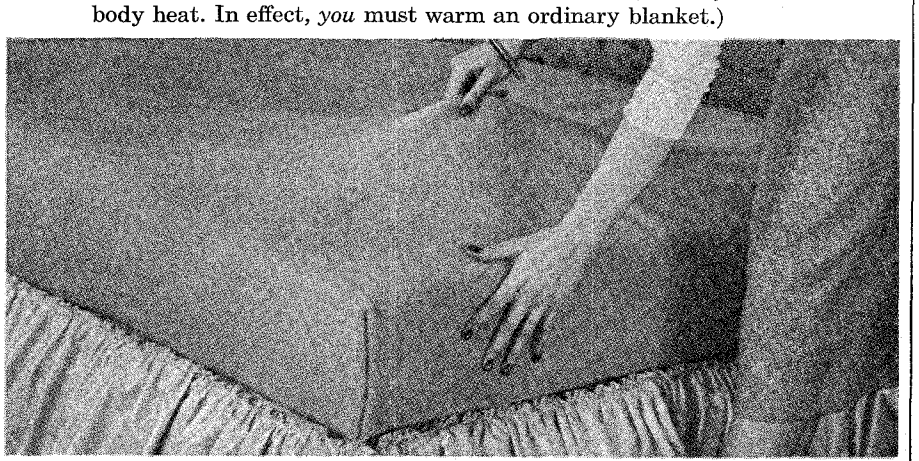
Warmth without weight ...more restful sleep

with a G-E Automatic Blanket! New low prices from $34.95*

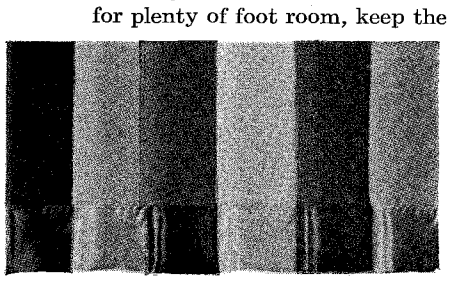


Just the warmth you like! Select it yourself on the G-E Blanket's Bedside Control. G. E.'s miraculous *Sleep-Guard* delivers just that much warmth all night long, adjusting itself automatically. You're never too warm, never feel cold. *Perfect* comfort always!

Complete relaxation! A G-E Blanket creates your own little world of comfort, warming the entire sleeping area, so your *whole body* can relax. (Ordinary blankets do not produce warmth, merely hold in body heat. In effect, *you* must warm an ordinary blanket.)



Bedmaking's easier! One G-E Blanket takes the place of three ordinary blankets. Custom-Contoured corners allow ample "give" for plenty of foot room, keep the blanket neatly in place.



Six high-fashion colors, in luxurious fabrics by Chatham, with bindings by Skinner. Guaranteed washable. Automatic Blanket and Fan Dept., Small Appliance Division, General Electric Co., *Bridgeport* 2, Conn.

and for year round automatic comfort
G-E SLUMBER COVER

Light enough to leave on your bed all summer, yet effective enough for winter coziness, too. Featherweight, textured mothproof fabric; same *Sleep-Guard* system as G-E Automatic Blankets. Fine for wool-allergy sufferers, apartment house or mild-climate dwellers. Priced from $27.95.*

* Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade prices.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 55)

John moved with an unerring instinct to a water color on the wall. "Julia do this?" he asked. "It's darn good." He carried the picture to his grandmother. "I saw some of her work when I came East for the wedding. She's a very talented girl."

"Do you paint, too, Barbie?" asked Mrs. Kendall.

Julia laughed. "No! I can't draw a cat sitting back-to!" It was Barbie's phrase, and she spoke it easily and naturally.

"John is the artistic member of our family," Mrs. Kendall told her. "I think some of his pictures are as good as Charley Russell or Remington."

"That's my grannie!" said John, grinning at Julia.

She had not known that he was interested in painting. "It's a pity that Julia isn't here," she murmured. "She could take you to museums and exhibitions and stuff like that."

They had luncheon. Mrs. Kendall said, "Barbie, at my age I have a right to be selfish. I know that you must have many young friends, but I hope I can see a lot of you while we're here."

"I'd like it too," said Julia truthfully.

"High, wide and handsome" had been John's description of his grandmother, and Julia discovered what he meant. She had theater tickets for every night of her visit. She wanted to see the night clubs. "It's too bad that Kit and Julia can't be with us," she said. "What's the last news from him, Barbie?"

Julia glanced, wistfully, at the silver-framed picture and told the last news.

At midnight they were seated at a table in a night club. Amanda Kendall looked handsome and distinguished in a gray chiffon dinner dress, and John, Julia decided, looked handsome and distinguished in anything he wore. From Barbie's closet she had selected the dress least like herself, a slim sheaf of chartreuse satin, with which her twin wore black gloves and slippers and onyx earrings.

John had looked amused when he saw her. "Very Toulouse-Lautrec, Barbie," he commented.

"Very what?" she asked. The effect was a trifle too Toulouse-Lautrec for her own taste, but she was doing her utmost not to be herself.

He grinned. "There was a movie about him recently," he explained indulgently.

Mrs. Kendall wanted champagne. The cork made a loud report when the waiter drew it, and a man in evening clothes several tables away glanced up, saw Julia, and rose, smiling. She had never seen him before in her life, and she watched him come toward her in panic.

He said, "Barbie! I thought you were in the Caribbean!"

"I changed my mind," she answered.

He had a small mustache and small, speculative eyes, and she did not like him. "That'll be a body blow to Freddy," he told her. "He flew to Nassau this morning."

John had risen. Mrs. Kendall was looking up.

"Kit's grandmother, Mrs. Kendall," Julia murmured. "And his cousin, John Kendall."

There was an awkward pause.

"I didn't get your name," John said pleasantly.

"Everett—Bob Everett. . . . I'll give you a ring, Barbie." He bowed to Mrs. Kendall. "So nice to have met you." He returned to his own table.

"Barbie, did you change your mind about a trip because of me?" Amanda Kendall asked.

"I really didn't want to go," Julia answered. "Some old friends of my parents—it wouldn't have been very amusing."

Mrs. Kendall patted her hand, and exclaimed, "Good Lord, child, what makes you so cold?"

"It's the champagne," said Julia.

"Would you mind if we danced, Gran?" asked John. "Can we trust you not to flirt with strange men if we leave you alone?"

Julia wondered whether he could feel her trembling as he put his arm around her. He did not talk, and she danced automatically, her eyes half closed. At least the unpleasant Mr. Everett had taken it for granted that she was Barbie. She wished that he had not made the crack about Freddy Sloane. She wished that she had never agreed to play this role. She looked up at John, and he was looking down at her with an expression she could not fathom. It was a nice expression, rather tender, a trifle amused.

"It was good of you to stay for Gran's visit, Barbie," he said. "She appreciates things like that. Did Julia go in your place?"

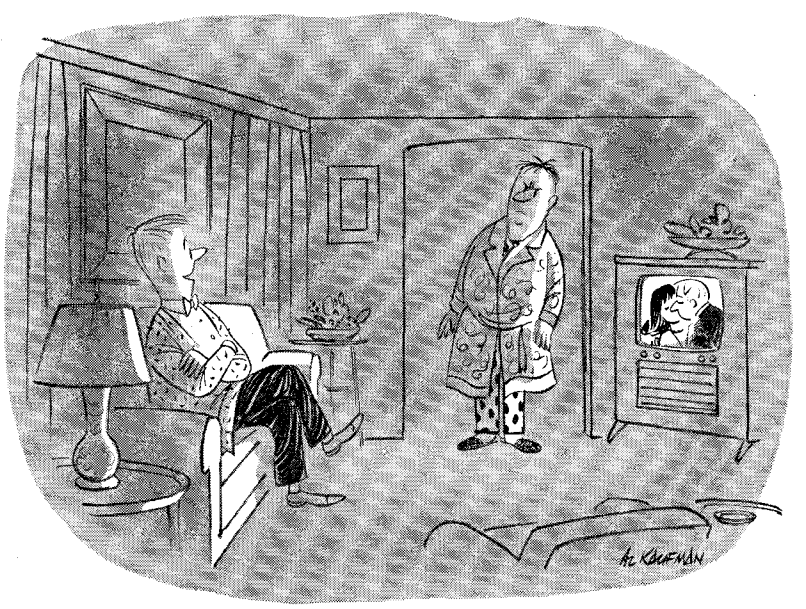
She nodded, and then her heart skipped a beat. What did he mean by "in your place"?

"We were both invited," she lied. "I honestly didn't care about going, but Julia needed the vacation."

"You're very fond of each other, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. Very fond—at the moment, she wished the Bingham yacht would hit a shoal and Barbie would have to swim ten miles.

(Continued on Page 61)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

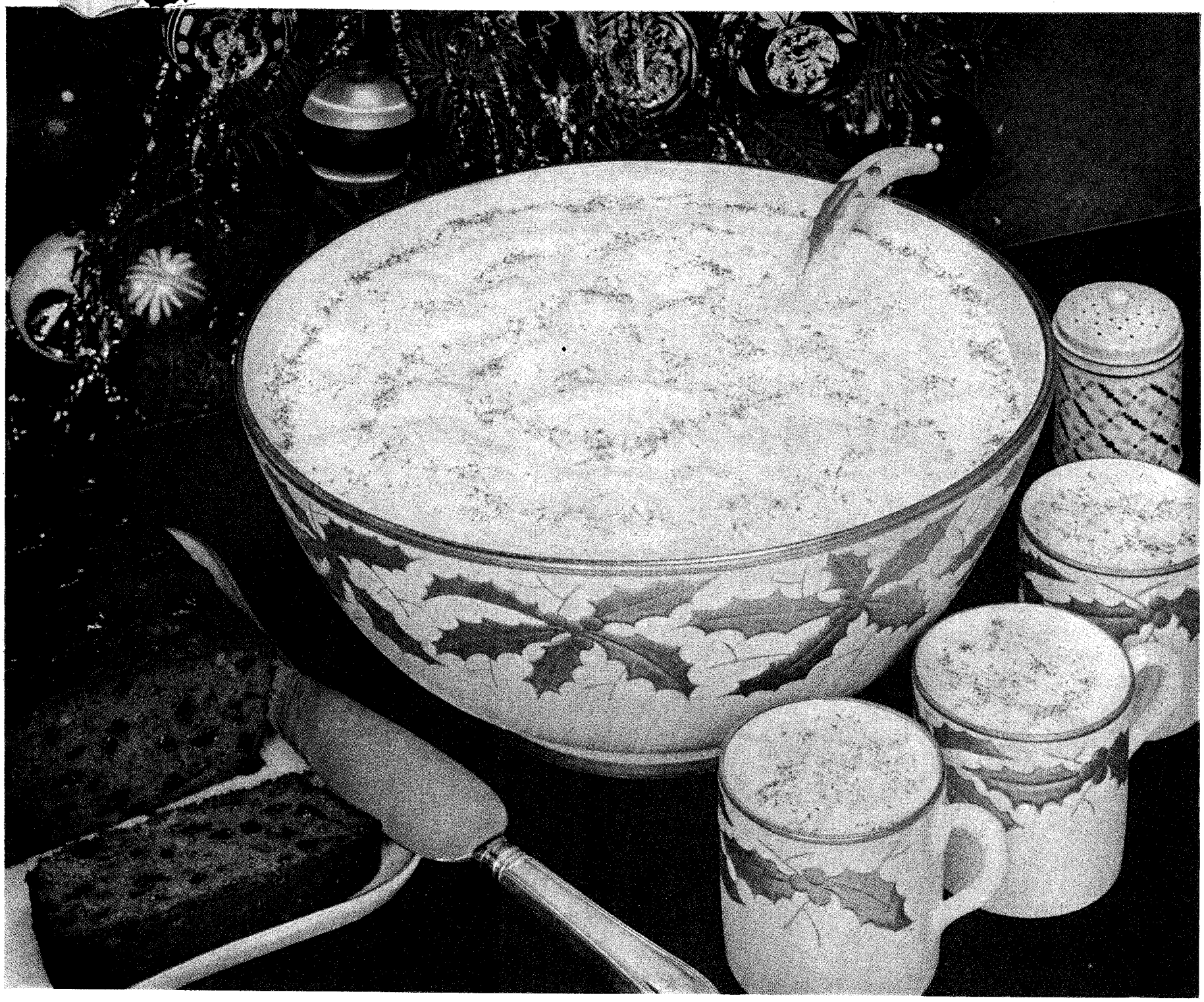
"Your daughter went to bed hours ago, sir."

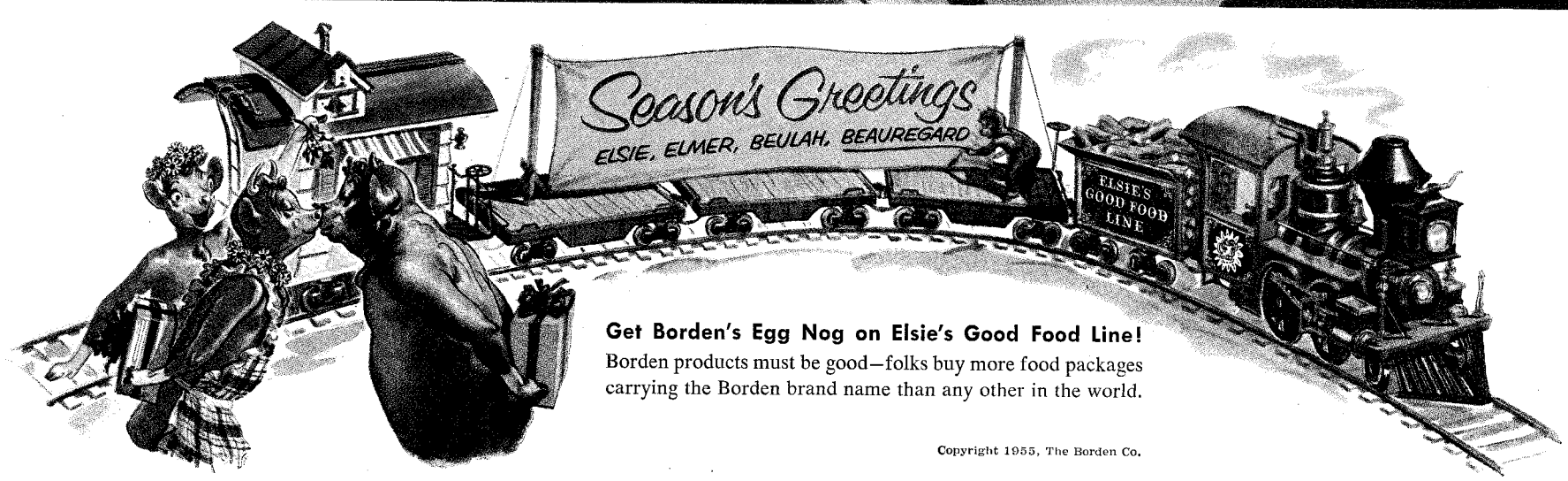
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Extra Festive! Extra Easy to Serve!

Borden's Egg Nog

No eggs to beat! No cream to whip! For the holidays, Borden's brings you creamy-rich egg nog *already* mixed. Non-alcoholic. Buy it at your food store or from your Borden man.





Get Borden's Egg Nog on Elsie's Good Food Line!
Borden products must be good—folks buy more food packages carrying the Borden brand name than any other in the world.

Copyright 1955, The Borden Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll love our *wide-open, spacious* 4-Door Catalinas!

If you like your glamour in a great big package, prepare to lose your heart to our new 4-Door Catalinas—hardtop styling at its beautiful, luxurious, clear-vision best. And if you love performance that sends your spirits soaring, your heart is still in the right place. Trigger-quick, satin-smooth, and loaded with power, the '56 Pontiac matches its smart distinction with the greatest "go"—*and the greatest safety*—ever engineered into a car. You're invited to prove it . . . today.

Pontiac's fabulous for '56

INTRODUCING A BIG AND VITAL GENERAL MOTORS "AUTOMOTIVE FIRST"

New Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic, coupled with Pontiac's new 227-h.p. Strato-Streak V-8, delivers all-new performance so smooth and dramatic it must be experienced to be believed!*

*An extra cost option

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 58) At one o'clock Mrs. Kendall said that she was going to bed. Julia waited in the cab while John escorted his grandmother to the elevator.

"Where shall we go now?" he asked, when he returned.

"It's pretty late," she said. "You really don't have to see me home, John. I'm used to being by myself, you know."

"Be a sport, Barbie," he said. "I don't get to New York often. I don't know about Julia, but I know that if Kit were here, he'd call it the shank of the evening." His eyes were suddenly teasing. "I don't think that Kit would object if you pretended you were Julia for a few hours. I bet it wouldn't be the first time that you girls swapped identities!" He leaned forward and spoke to the driver. "Let's do a real pub crawl," he said to Julia. "Let's see what's cooking below Fourteenth Street."

... ...

Stout Fellow

By Elijah L. Jacobs

A plodding creature of
gray-white fur
With a spiky tail like a
blunt-tipped spur
Stopped when he heard me.
His head came round;
He bared his teeth and
stood his ground.
For opossums, a slow and
stubborn race,
A traveled road is a perilous
place.
I counseled discretion; I
only incensed him.
He snarled and ignored the
odds against him.
I might have sent him, with
shout and threat,
Into the roadside weeds.
And yet
By what commission do I
compel
Stout fellows to heed me? I
wished him well.

... ...

"For a stranger in New York, you do all right," she said.

"I went to Princeton, too, you know," he told her.

It was John's considered opinion that they should continue to drink champagne. "I'm confused enough as it is," he confided. "If I mixed my drinks, I might get even more confused and think I was Kit!"

Julia smiled. "I wouldn't!" she retorted, and remembered to look wistful. Actually it was not difficult for her to look wistful.

When he took her home, they shook hands formally. "I'll pick you up a little before seven tonight," he said. "Gran hates being late for the theater."

"So do I," she said.

She could not get to sleep. She lay, awake and restless, in Barbie's bed, thinking about John Kendall and what a wonderful week they could have if she told him the truth. She thought of Mrs. Kendall. It would put Barbie in a very poor light, and it was Barbie who was her grandson's wife, who was going to Montana to live. Even if John kept the secret from his grandmother, she suspected that Amanda Kendall would sense a mutual attraction which was not cousinly. She could not risk it.

After the theater, Mrs. Kendall again suggested that she go on with John for the rest of the evening.

"It doesn't seem right," Julia protested. "With Kit on the other side of the world ——"

Kit's grandmother smiled. "Barbie, you're a sweet child. I didn't know that they made girls like you any more. Kit's a lucky young man. He'd want you to go with John. I can answer for that."

Julia smiled back feebly. Kit would want his wife to entertain his cousin. Barbie might be frivolous at times, and at times irresponsible, but Kit Kendall knew how deeply she loved him. "It's sort of a miracle," Barbie had told her once. "Being in love and married. I suppose there are other men in the world as wonderful as Kit, but they all look like paper dolls to me now. You wait, Jule. You'll understand someday."

She was beginning to understand right now, thought Julia grimly. Dancing with John was not in the least like dancing with a paper doll, and it frightened her.

"Tell me about when you and Kit were boys," she said, when they returned to their table.

"We were quite a team," he answered. "I'm two years older, but we've always been companionable." He looked across at her, his eyes bright. "You know that long scar on Kit's hip?"

Involuntarily, Julia blinked. She nodded.

"That happened when he was ten and I was twelve," John continued. "We decided to go hunting—or has he told you about it?" The orchestra was playing a rumba. "Come on; let's dance."

They did not talk, dancing. Her steps followed his, lightly and easily, and she did not look up at him. She wished that she knew whether Kit Kendall had a scar on his hip.

She slept late the next morning, and when she awakened, the sun was high and church bells were tolling. She was having breakfast in her pajamas when the doorbell rang. She slipped into a dressing gown and opened the door.

"It's a beautiful day," said John. "I've been walking for hours, and suddenly I realized that I was on your street and wondered if you'd have lunch with me?"

She said, "Come in, John," turning her head away because she was so glad to see him. "I'll get dressed," she added. Her hand was on the bedroom door when the telephone rang.

The operator said, "Just a moment, please." It was long distance. She sat down at the desk, her back to John. It was very long distance. "Go ahead, Miami," the operator's voice ordered. It would be Barbie, of course. Why did she have to telephone now, when John was here? Her hand, holding the instrument, was shaking, and she shifted it to her left hand, leaning her elbow on the desk, while her right hand absently picked up a pencil. "Just a moment, madam." She continued to wait.

Barbie was in Nassau. She said, "Hi! How's it going?"

Julia said firmly, "Hello, Julia. Having a good time?"

Barbie's laughter sailed across miles of space. It sounded so close that it seemed as though John must hear it. "I gather that you're not alone? Mrs. Kendall with you?"

"That's fine," said Julia. "I'm so glad, Julia."

Barbie was giggling. "I'll be back in about a week. She'll be gone by then, won't she?"

"Yes," said Julia. "You remember Kit's cousin, John, don't you, Julia? He was best man at my wedding ——"

Barbie whooped. "Oh, no! You don't mean he's there? In the apartment?"

"Yes, I do," said Julia shortly.

"Oh, that's priceless!" said Barbie. "He had quite a case on you." She was still

EXTRA DEPENDABLE

New Goodyear Heavy-Duty
DOUBLE EAGLE

needs filling only 3 times a year
in normal car use

For the best in batteries and battery service,
see your Goodyear dealer

GOODYEAR BATTERIES

Look for this sign—there's a Goodyear Dealer near you

Double Eagle—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

giggling. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do," she added.

"Very funny," said Julia. She could not remember ever having been so angry with her sister. "I had a lovely long letter from Kit yesterday," she said.

"You didn't read it?" Barbie demanded, her laughter gone.

"He sent you his love," said Julia. "Good-by, Julia, dear." She hung up quickly. "That was Julia," she said, turning her head.

John was standing behind her chair. "So I gathered," he murmured. "I hoped that you'd let me speak to her." He was looking down at the desk, and Julia Haverford felt a cold chill.

"I can't draw a cat sitting back-to," she had told him. Her hand came down on the memorandum pad, covering the deft, professional sketching, the small dancing figures which she had drawn while she listened to her sister's voice.

"I'm sorry, John. I didn't think," she said. Rising, she tore off the top sheet of paper, crushed it in her fist. "I'll get dressed," she added, and went into the bedroom, the crumpled paper squeezed tight in her hand.

She had not trusted herself to meet his eyes, and she had not the faintest idea whether he had seen her sketches.

She was wearing Barbie's most frivolous hat when she returned to the living room. He was sitting on the couch, reading the Sunday paper. He rose, smiling.

"Would it bore you frightfully to go to the Art Museum with me this afternoon?" he asked.

She shrugged. "I guess I could stand it—for a visiting cousin," she answered. "Probably do me good to absorb a little culture."

"That's the right attitude," he told her. "Where would you like to have lunch?"

"We can have it at the museum," she said, and added hastily, "Julia says the restaurant there is quite nice."

"'Julia says,'" he repeated. "You talk about her as though she were years older than you."

"She's fifteen minutes older," she informed him. "But we're quite different, you know."

"That was what I thought, at the wedding," he retorted. He looked at her intently. "Barbie, I don't mind admitting to you that the reason I came East with Gran was Julia. I haven't been able to get her out of my mind. It was only the fact that I was in the Army that kept me from coming before."

"Oh?" murmured Julia.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he added soberly, "if I was in love with your sister."

"Really!" said Julia. "It's too bad that you never gave her any indication of how you felt."

"It is," he agreed. "I could have written her, but when you're in the service —— You know how it is."

"I'm afraid that I don't," she answered. "Kit writes me."

"That's a little different," he said. "Did she ever say anything about me, to you, Barbie?"

"Not that I can remember," she said shortly.

In the museum restaurant they sat on a salmon-colored banquette, back from the rectangular pool with its tinkling fountains. John smiled at her. "Museums have always been the traditional place for lovers' meetings," he said, "but this is better than the Egyptian room, isn't it?"

"It's very pretty," said Julia. "I must bring Kit here."

"He gets back in July?" She nodded. "I do hope that you can persuade Julia to come West with you. Montana's lovely in summer. We could all take a pack trip up to Flathead Lake ——" She listened silently. Neither she nor Barbie had ever been west of the Mississippi and it sounded wonderful. "Shall we look at some pictures now?"

Walking beside him through the familiar galleries, she made no comments, and tried to look as bored as Barbie would have been.

"You know," he said, "Botticelli could have painted you and Julia. Your hair, and especially your eyes. You both have that dreamy look."

"They all look alike to me," she said flatly.

He laughed. "I won't make you suffer too long. I do want to see the French Impressionists, though."

A girl in a lilac smock was copying a small Degas, and John looked at her canvas and said, "You're doing all right." She lifted her head, smiling, and saw Julia.

"Miss Haverford!" she cried. "Gosh, I'm glad to see you!"

Julia looked at her best pupil blankly. "I'm Miss Haverford's sister," she said. "You're one of her students?"

The girl's mouth opened and closed. Her face was incredulous. She said, "You ——" and swallowed.

"We're twins, you know," Julia added.

The girl looked at John. Bewilderment and complete disbelief were in her eyes.

"It's a fact," he reassured her. "They are twins. I wouldn't be surprised if sometimes they don't know which is which, themselves." He took Julia's arm. "O.K., Barbie, we'll go. I'll come back by myself some other time."

Julia did not speak or look at him as they descended the stairs. He must know, now, or at least suspect strongly, that it was Barbie who was lightheartedly cruising the Caribbean, Barbie who always chose pleasure before duty. On Fifth Avenue he hailed a taxi.

"Where to?" he asked.

"I think I'd better go home," she said. "I have a headache."

He put his hand over hers. "Barbie, I was a brute to drag you up here. Making you pinch-hit for Julia again." He gave her address—Barbie's address—to the driver. "You and Kit are so alike," he added. "Gran took us both to Europe when we were in our teens, and Kit could get a headache just passing the Louvre."

Julia smiled back thinly.

On Monday morning she went shopping with Mrs. Kendall. "High, wide and handsome" had been John's phrase, and it applied equally well to her buying. Mostly, she bought presents for her grandson's wife. Julia tried to protest, and Amanda Kendall cut her short. "You're my only granddaughter, Barbie, and you have been charming to an old woman. Besides, I'm having a good time. I'd have adored the sort of clothes girls wear now, when I was your age." Her brown eyes were warm. "I hope that you and Kit have a family soon, my dear. Six little girls. We've had nothing but bull calves on the ranch for two generations. If John will only get married ——" She was smiling. "You know, Barbie, he isn't joking about your sister. Since I've come to know you, I can see why."

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Kendall was still, in her own words, raring to go. "I wouldn't live here if they gave me the town, and a week is as much as I can stand," she told Julia, "but when I'm here, I like to see as much as I can."

"Train's in from the West," John murmured.

His grandmother laughed. "Powder River, let 'er buck!" she added. "After the play, I'd like to hear that French girl—what's her name? Sounds as though she had the croup."

They heard the French girl. Julia said, "Will you drop me off on the way back to the hotel, John?"

"So early?" he asked.

"So early," she answered firmly.

In a little more than twenty-four hours they would be gone. In three months Kit would take Barbie to Montana. Three months might be long enough for Mrs. Kendall to forget the differences between the genuine granddaughter and the false one, but she was not so sure about John. From the moment of his arrival she had not been sure about him. He was Kit's cousin and Kit's friend, and he was their own generation. He might easily jump to the conclusion that the Caribbean cruise was less innocent than it was. He might even persuade Kit that there had been something which needed covering up.

Mrs. Kendall telephoned her at noon the next day. "That Frenchwoman's croup must have been catching," she announced. "I seem to have got a cold, and I think I'll stay in bed. John wants to speak to you, Barbie."

John wanted her to have dinner with him. "Let's not dress," he said. "Unless you'd rather. This is my last night, and I thought we might just talk quietly."

"Why don't I fix us something here?" she suggested.

It was John's last night in New York and it was going to be her last night in Barbie's apartment, she thought grimly. Tomorrow he would be gone, and she could be herself, Julia Haverford, again. She wished that she could be herself this evening.

"Gran sent you a message and a present," he told her, when she opened the door to him. "She thinks it's bad luck to say good-by and says to tell you that she's looking forward to your coming West." He gave her a tissue-paper package. "She says the more you wear them, the better."

Julia looked at Amanda Kendall's pearls, and then at John. "Oh, no!" she said. "I can't take them!"

"She wants you to have them, Barbie."

She felt close to tears. "I'd rather she wore them. If she wants to leave them to me later ——" Her voice broke.

"Put them on," he said. "They'll be becoming."

Her fingers shook as she fastened the clasp. Neither John nor Amanda Kendall would ever know the irony of this gift. Barbie did not like pearls, but Julia could not bring herself to say so.

"I'll make us a cocktail," she murmured. The necklace felt like a noose about her neck. Mrs. Kendall must never know, now, that her grandson's wife had not stayed for her visit. John Kendall must never know either.

(Continued on Page 64)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the things that help him grow up...

like camping in summer...a dog of his own... and LIONEL trains for Christmas!

Quite a guy now, that son of yours! Quite the guy you promised yourself he'd be. Knows how to pitch a pup tent and teach tricks to a puppy. Ready, at last, for his next boyhood step... his first very own set of Lionel Trains. It's so much a part of growing up—the confidence he gains as he guides his real, smoke-puffing Lionel Locomotive up and down grades and 'round the sharp curves... with *Magne-Traction* holding his cars snug and steady on the tracks.

It's so much a part of a boy's training—making split-second decisions to lower the gate, couple and uncouple cars, whistle at crossings, direct the operating Lionel freight cars—*all* by remote control! Sure, this is *the* Christmas to give him his Lionel Train set. And this is just the right time to visit your nearest Lionel dealer, while choice selections of Lionel sets and accessories are still available.

LIONEL® *Trains with Magne-Traction*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

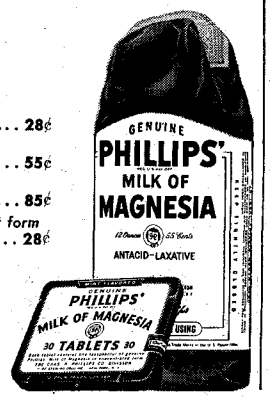
My constipation worries are over!

Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than single-purpose laxatives which have no effect on the acid indigestion that usually accompanies constipation. For Milk of Magnesia relieves *both* conditions. Two to four tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely—without embarrassing urgency. So, when morning comes, you start the day feeling wonderful. Get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

Liquid or Tablets

The convenient 4-OUNCE SIZE ..... 28¢
The economical 12-OUNCE SIZE .... 55¢
The money-saving 26-OUNCE SIZE .... 85¢
Also available in tablet form 30 TABLETS ..... 28¢



(Continued from Page 62) When she brought in the cocktails, he lifted his glass. "Let's drink a toast. To Kit and Julia. To the four of us being together this summer."

Julia managed to swallow past the heavy lump in her throat. She would not go West with Barbie and Kit, and she turned her head away quickly and looked at Kit's picture, because there were tears in her eyes.

"Do you think I'm crazy to think about her so much?" he was asking.

"How do I know?" she retorted.

"I suppose you don't," he said. He laughed. "Seeing so much of you this week has been a very strange experience for me, Barbie. If it weren't for Julia's existence, I'd have run."

"Run?" she echoed.

"You bet. I wouldn't want to fall in love with my cousin's wife, would I?"

She said, "Something's boiling over," and fled to the kitchen.

It was more than she could bear, she thought, but she had to bear it for Barbie's sake. He did not follow her, and she fought back her hysteria. He was reading a magazine when she passed quickly through the living room to the bedroom. Her face, in Barbie's mirror, showed traces of tears, and she washed it with cold water, powdered her nose. Her eyes—Botticelli could have painted them, he had said—were overbright, but she had control of herself. She was not going to blow up in these final hours.

It was not ten when he said, "I think I'd better run along, Barbie. Haven't packed yet." He took her hand. "You've been wonderful to Gran and to me. You're quite a girl."

She said, "Thank you, John. I'll write Gran right away ——" Her voice faded. She had better not write Mrs. Kendall until Barbie returned, since their handwritings were nothing alike. She looked up at him. This was good-by, though he could not know, as she did, for how long. Her mouth trembled, and he bent swiftly and kissed her, a long, hard kiss.

"That was for Julia," he said, and went out.

For a moment, she stood, motionless, listening to his footsteps, her heart hammering. She drew a long, shuddering breath. The sooner she got out of Barbie's apartment and Barbie's clothes, the sooner she could face her own broken life.

It was after midnight when she finished cleaning her sister's apartment. She arranged the presents Amanda Kendall had bought for her grandson's wife on the bed. Her hand went up to unfasten the pearls, and paused. The necklace was too valuable to leave; she would have to wear it until Barbie returned.

She walked through the quiet streets to her own studio. The big room was hot and stuffy, and she opened the windows. Dust lay thick on tables and window sills, and a vase held stiffly faded flowers. She put on dungarees and went again to work. The sky was streaked with dawn when everything was clean. She fell asleep almost as soon as her head touched her pillow.

It was ten-thirty when she awoke. Mrs. Kendall and John were already half an hour on their way. She would probably never see either of them again. She made coffee and dressed. Another week of vacation was before her—and a lifetime of regret. She heard feet on the stairs, and someone pounded at her door.

John Kendall looked at her gravely. "You may not remember me, Miss Haverford," he said. "I was best man at your sister's wedding."

Her knees buckled and she sat down on the couch.

He said, "Julia! Did you really think I didn't know?" He sat down beside her. "I told you that Kit and I never fell in love with the same girls."

Her breath caught. "Does your grandmother know?"

"Not yet. She'll probably crack a rib laughing when we tell her."

"But what will she think of Barbie?"

He smiled. "Gran can take a joke. She's a very tolerant party. If she turns out to have a favorite granddaughter-in-law, that's just her good taste."

She said, "I don't know whether I'm going to laugh or cry. I tried so hard." Her eyes opened wide. "John! Does Kit have a scar on his hip?"

"That was mean of me," he admitted. "But you deserved it."

Her mouth trembled, but she was not going to cry. She was quite sure of that. "When did you know?" she demanded.

He put his arm around her. "The minute I saw you. At the station."

"How could you have?" she asked.

She knew the answer, but she wanted to hear him say it. Kit Kendall had said it to Barbie. Something about the eyes of love.

The Pastor of Bighorn Basin (Continued from Page 21)

drums in dance bands, called square dances, been a small-time prize fighter, seen the seamy side, been broke and hungry—all this gave him extraordinary equanimity when it came to facing trouble.

What takes a man like this into the ministry? In Ray's case it was a locker-room decision made by no less than five members of an amateur basketball team in Tulsa away back in 1945, when Ray was twenty-two. In 1945, World War II was just ending, and lots of young men wanted to make the postwar world a better one. One of Ray's teammates started toward the Catholic priesthood, two took Bible-school training for the ministry of the Church of Christ, while Ray and his closest friend chose four years of college and three years of Princeton Seminary.

The scholastic part wasn't hard—Ray proved to be outstanding at Princeton in Hebrew and theology. Earning a living wasn't hard—on the contrary, it was fun. Ray had been doing it since his graduation from high school, and he supported himself at Princeton by calling square dances three nights a week, fifteen dollars a dance. The hard part was getting people to take a fun-loving, harum-scarum kid like Ray seriously when he said he wanted to be a minister; particularly when he said from the beginning that he wanted to go into the back areas of the West and do missionary work. Not too many young ministers want to do that.

Eight years after that night in the locker room, here was Ray driving up to the church in Shell, Wyoming. Made it, by gravy, after all they had said! How could we know what this moment meant to him!

Ray shook hands all around and introduced us to Nancianna. They had been married just three weeks, and the honeymoon aura was still on them and immediately shed the glow of their radiant happiness onto all of us. Nancianna was tiny, and pretty as a picture. She had piquant features, quick eyes, a lovely generous mouth and lots of character. She had grown up on a big Ohio farm, gone to Grove City College, in Pennsylvania, taught school after graduation while waiting for Ray to finish seminary. She was only twenty-four.

It was like a wedding reception. But all the froth disappeared when our new parson went behind the pulpit and stood up to conduct his first service as an ordained minister in the Bighorn Basin. It wasn't that he assumed more dignity. It was simply that some intangible quality made him grow in stature. His sermon was direct and mature. He didn't throw learning at us, but, thank heaven, he didn't talk down, nor did he treat us as if we had all been wallowing in some sinful revel.

But there was more than light in the room. The miracle had happened again, the curious transformation that always comes when two or three gather together in the name and under the teaching of the obscure and seldom understood Interpreter.

Ray Nott's pastorate is one of the most curious in the world. The only thing that holds it together is the common bond of the Christian faith and the real need for the services of a minister—that, and Ray's personality.

Most people think of missionaries as primarily interested in the conversion of heathen. But there are no heathen in the Bighorn Basin. Those who live in this thinly settled rough country are pretty intelligent and superior people—they have to be to survive. Ranchers, farmers, oil workers, highway and railroad men and their wives and families. A few shopkeepers and a few Government men attached to Agriculture or Interior.

The basin has eight towns, the largest with 4000 people, and in these towns there is a great deal of church activity. For example, Greybull, population 2262, has ten active churches. It is typical both in the fact that practically everybody has a church connection and that these churches represent the full diversity of Christian outlook and philosophy from Roman Catholic to Mormon.

But Ray's activity doesn't deal with the towns at all, since they are already adequately served. His concern is the huge ranching, grazing and oil-field area in between towns, the many families thirty, forty, fifty miles from the nearest church of any description.

When he arrived this large group had fallen into almost complete neglect. True, the people were welcome if they wanted to make the effort to drive to town to church. But it was two years since any minister had been regularly assigned to their area, and most of them had lapsed into religious inertia. How to round them up? Ray found no records, nothing to indicate what activities his predecessor had carried on, no list of church groups, Sunday schools—nothing.

Yet civilized people need ministers just as much as they need doctors and schoolteachers. Before long, Ray had some 300 families, totaling about 900 people, all thinking of him as their minister, the largest single "congregation" in the basin. They are scattered over 15,000 square miles. For church purposes he organized them into seven groups. Each group has a Sunday school for the children, taught by local people, with meetings every Sunday.

Once a month he holds church service for each group. All this, of course, involves many miles of travel—often 300 miles on a Sunday. Two of the groups are in oil camps in desolate forbidding country down in the southern part of the basin. One is in a poor homesteading area, one in a rich valley lined with the enormous ranches of wealthy Easterners; three are in back-country farming and ranching villages.

But it isn't the travel that makes the pastorate unique. It is the formlessness of it. Although (Continued on Page 67)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New York cab driver tells motorists how to give new life to their engines

"Alemite CD-2 is the greatest thing a man can add to a motor"
ALEMITE
CD-2
CONCENTRATE
Add it to the Motor Oil
FOR CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS

Any engineer will tell you that dangerous by-products formed by today's stop-and-go driving are a car's worst enemies. And no car takes a tougher beating from stop-and-go driving than a New York taxicab. Driving in *that* traffic is stop-and-go at its destructive worst.

Abe Rosenstein knows this . . . he knows cars and he knows driving. His living depends on his cab running smoothly. In his own words—on his own hook—without anyone asking him, Abe volunteered this statement about CD-2:

"I am an owner-driver of a taxicab, plying my trade in these boroughs for thirty-nine years. Though I have no mechanical experience, I do know when a motor is percolating tops. At the time you introduced CD-2 to the public, I was one of the first ones to put CD-2 into the motor. Up to that time I used, from time to time, all of the so-called pepper-uppers.

"After the first trial of your CD-2, I have not used anything else. Every oil change I add a can of CD-2. It adds new life to the motor's performance. It is the greatest addition to a motor one could use." *Abe Rosenstein, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Why You Need Alemite CD-2

Today's stop-and-go driving creates dangerous by-products that attack your engine . . . cause sticky valves and lifters . . . and cheat you of the new-car performance you want. *That's why* you need Alemite CD-2. *Six* active ingredients work for you, each guarding your engine from stop-and-go dangers in a different way. No single product matches the multiple protection of CD-2.

Add just one can of CD-2 to your crankcase and see the difference. It's like an on-the-road tune-up . . . new power, lightning reaction, smoother, quieter performance. Thick sludge is dissolved, rust is driven away, corrosive acids are neutralized. Just one can of Alemite CD-2 guards your car from oil change to oil change.

What Other CD-2 Users Say

"Marvelous! Engine knock gone. Valve noise gone! Increased pick-up." *R. C. H.—El Paso, Texas.*

"Car operates smoother, quieter and even shows more power." *C. J. H.—Alexandria, La.*

"I never saw anything like it for improving performance. I even use it in the engine of my 40 ft. cruiser." *W. J. R.—Coronado, Calif.*

The 6-Way Action of Alemite CD-2

1. Dissolves and removes lacquer-like deposits which cause sticky valves, rings, and pistons.
2. Eliminates damaging rust and bearing corrosion caused by stop-and-go driving.
3. Banishes harmful crankcase sludge.
4. Gives oil extra wear-resistant quality—reduces friction!
5. Keeps new engines new—helps avoid costly repairs and overhauls.
6. Gives on-the-road tune-up, lasting protection from oil change to oil change.

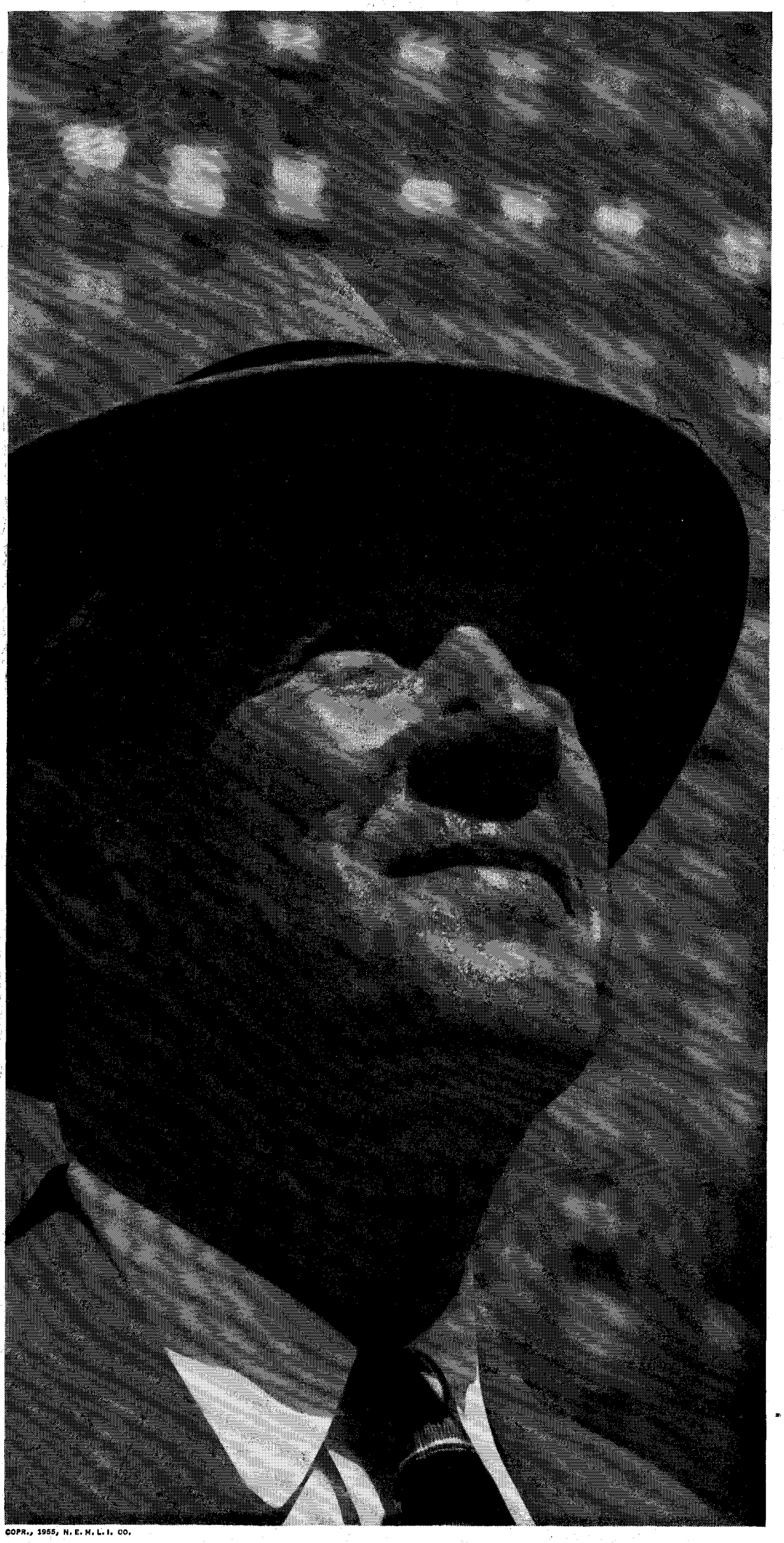
GUARANTEED! Absolute satisfaction or your money back. Try a can today—only $1.35 at your service station, car dealer or auto supply store.

A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER

ALEMITE CD-2

There's nothing else like it on the market!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COPR., 1955, N. E. M. L. I. CO.

Important guy

...his firm insures him in the New England Life

Even a large amount of cash can't compensate a company for the loss of a key man—but it helps a lot to soften the blow. What's the most important thing to bear in mind when buying key man insurance?

Or, for that matter, your personal life insurance?

The heart of the matter is the contract you get. For business purposes or for the vital needs of yourself and family, the liberality of the New England Life contract is unexcelled.

Dividends begin at the end of the *first* year. Cash values build up quickly. They become an important item on a company's list of assets. For the individual they are a comforting cash reserve fund.

Most important of all is New England Life's generous change of plan provision—your *guaranteed right* to convert to a different type policy under most favorable terms.

There are many other advantages in this flexible contract. They can mean *a better life for you.* Ask a New England Life agent for the complete story.

A BETTER LIFE FOR YOU

NEW ENGLAND
Mutual **LIFE** INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA—1835

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 64) Ray Nott is a Presbyterian, the 900 people of all ages who turn to him as minister belong to almost every Protestant denomination or sect.

A few weeks ago, for instance, one of the Sunday-school superintendents, a worthy and devoted Baptist, announced that she could no longer use Presbyterian Sunday-school material in teaching her classes. She didn't believe it should be used at all, because she didn't agree with its interpretation of the third chapter of Genesis, which tells about the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. It took great tact and diplomacy, and a meeting lasting until after midnight, to compromise this one with an agreement that some of the Sunday-school classes in that group will continue to use Presbyterian material while others in the same school will get their future material from a fundamentalist denomination.

Ray holds church services, but his churches have no "members" in the conventional sense. Only one is organized as a Presbyterian church, but that one has no church building—it meets in a schoolhouse, and those who attend it belong, for the most part, to other denominations.

In fact, the only church building among all seven groups is the shabby little church in Shell, which is owned by the Presbyterian National Missions Board, but is run as a community church with a congregation from several denominations. Some of the basin groups meet in private houses, each family taking the service in turn. A couple have community halls, one a former dance hall with a lurid past.

Since Ray's congregations and Sunday schools are so loosely organized, the usual elements of church discipline are lacking. People come to church not because they feel they ought to, but because they want to, and if they stay away there's no way of putting pressure on them. The minister can't name them to committees or boards, and he has no elders or deacons to back him up. Each group pays its own expenses for light, heat, church material, and so on, by passing the plate. Though Ray's salary and travel allowance are paid by the National Missions Board, the travel allowance is never enough to cover the whole year; the last month's car expenses invariably come out of his own salary.

Ray Nott started his work by calling at every house in the Bighorn Basin. This meant several thousand miles of travel by car, often over winter roads made difficult by mud and ice, and usually with thirty or forty miles of rough dirt surface to get in to the back areas.

It meant facing suspicion, sometimes hostility. Many early conversations were conducted through closed screen doors, and at least one of them nearly led to permanent misunderstanding. That was when the new missionary walked into the Lutheran parsonage up on the Emblem Bench without knowing that the Reverend Mr. Temme was a minister there. Ray said he was going to start church services and a Sunday school; perhaps the gentleman would like to come. The Reverend Mr. Temme didn't think it was at all funny.

But Ray is hard to resist. And those door-to-door calls are the reason why he now has 300 families who think of him as their minister.

Inevitably there were calls which demanded early return visits. You can't go from house to house without running into personal problems, and personal problems are a minister's job. Some of them are heartbreaking.

What do you do when you go up to the door of a strange house, meet a man and woman and a couple of kids, and within half an hour learn from the man that you must tell that woman she's going to die of cancer? And realize you'll have to help a weeping husband through the crisis of his life and stand beside two youngsters whose world is falling apart? They tell you in theological seminary what you ought to do to comfort people in trouble, but you feel pretty alone and inadequate when you suddenly face the real thing out at the foot of the Rocky Mountains on a desolate run-down ranch thirty miles from town.

What do you do with the problems of advanced age? The homesteaders alone in isolated cabins, waiting to die? All around them the land they took up forty or fifty years ago, the sheds and corrals, the fences and irrigation ditches, monuments of a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

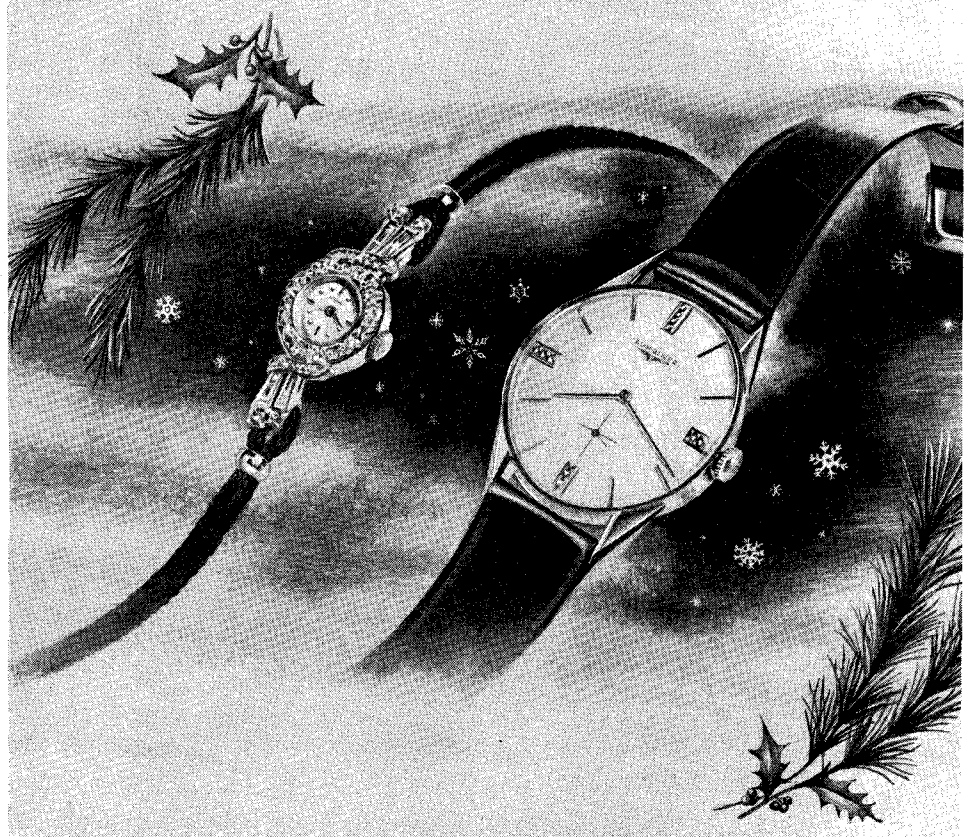
"... turned out every man in the house could lick him."

The World's Most Honored Christmas Gift

Longines

THE WORLD'S Most Honored WATCH

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes
28 Gold Medals
Highest Honors For Accuracy
From Government Observatories
Official Watch For Timing
Championship Sports The World Over
The First Watch
Of Aviation And Exploration



What joy—to receive a Longines watch on Christmas Day! On a Christmas gift, no other name means so much—in world prestige, in pride of possession, in the promise of long years of faithful service. ¶ *The world's finest quality alone made Longines the world's most honored watch.* ¶ Quality is a costly commodity. But happily, in a watch the best costs little more. And every Longines watch, for as little as $71.50 or as much as $1000, is made to the unique standard and styled in the unique good taste that one associates with finest quality. ¶ Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to help you choose your *Longines, the world's most honored watch, the world's most honored gift.*

Longines watches illustrated: left—Starlight E-A 36, 14K white gold, 28 round and 8 baguette diamonds, $550; right—President Wilson R, 14K gold case, $150. Longines diamond watches priced from $125. Other Longines watches from $71.50.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

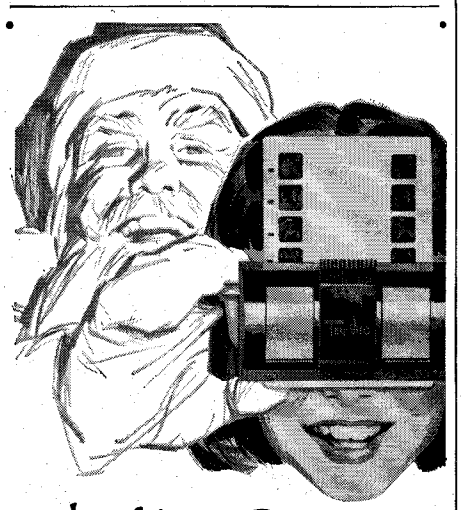
SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Perfect Gift
for Brides-Anniversaries
Birthdays-all gift occasions

No more getting your eggs "too soft one time"—"too hard the next" with a Sunbeam in your home. The degree of cooking depends entirely on the amount of water used. If you use the same amount every time, the eggs will be cooked the same every time. The convenient measuring tube and marks in the lid tell you just how much water to use in the cooker for VERY SOFT, MEDIUM, HARD-cooked eggs, or any degree in between. The Sunbeam shuts off by itself when eggs are cooked to the exact degree desired. By the makers of the famous Sunbeam Mixmaster, Coffeemaster, Ironmaster, etc. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold.

Dept. 84 Chicago 50, Ill. Sunbeam CORPORATION Canada Factory: W. Toronto 18

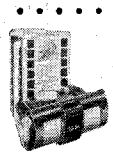


This Year Santa's Giving Tru-Vue

picture stories for children in 3 dimension and color

Yes, Santa knows Tru-Vue provides more happy hours than any other gift. Choose from dozens of delightful Christmas stories, fairy tales and cowboy adventures.

SEE
THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
CINDERELLA • PETER PAN • PINOCCHIO
WALT DISNEY'S DAVY CROCKETT
DISNEYLAND • WILD BILL HICKOCK



BUDGET VIEWER.....$1.49
DELUXE LIGHTED VIEWER $2.98 (Less Batteries)
Picture Stories, 29c each
Three Picture Stories or 3 Story Album, 85c
For more happy hours give Tru-Vue. At Variety, Department and Toy Stores Everywhere
TRU-VUE COMPANY • BEAVERTON, OREGON

lifetime of work—all too much to handle now. Should you tell them to try to sell out and go and live in town? Sell out? The ranches are their very lives. Gaunt, wiry, indomitable old pioneers, like hoary trees in the forest waiting for the wind to blow them over. "Don't you worry about us, reverend. We'll be all right." Their clear blue frontier eyes haunt you. There's one thing though: they're not afraid.

Taken by and large, the missionary field is pretty much misunderstood by the rest of the country. Perhaps it's misunderstood even by the National Missions Board, and also by some of the older missionaries who don't realize that 1955 is different from the horse-and-buggy era of 1905.

There was the Christmas in the Shell church, for instance, when the Notts held a Sunday-school Christmas party. Ray and Nancianna had put together a puppet show telling a Christmas story. Ray wrote the script and he and Nancianna carved the puppet heads; Nancianna dressed them, and a group of Greybull people tape-recorded a sound track. It was quite a professional job. We had about sixty people crowded into the church.

Afterward Santa Claus appeared and handed out candy and favors to the kids. The candy was cheap, skimpy stuff that had been sent out to the mission field from somewhere in the East. We looked on the box, afterward, and saw that it was marked: KOREA OR WYOMING. Well-meaning people had put it together, but how little they could imagine the realities of missionary activity in Wyoming in 1955.

In fact, Ray's title, "Sunday-school missionary," is a 1955 misnomer. What he does is bring church, not "salvation," to the Wyoming back country. The prosperous, educated and informed people there would be amused and indignant at the very suggestion that they need "conversion," but they are profoundly grateful to the minister who comes to them to conduct regular worship, even once a month.

During the summers, when the kids are out of school, Ray conducts Bible classes for each of his seven groups, visiting each group for a week at a time. The youngsters turn out in droves and spend morning and afternoon sessions making maps and doing handwork in connection with a program of serious study. Their willingness to go to Bible school is so different from the resistant attitude of my own childhood that I wonder sometimes what has happened. Perhaps the greatest change is in the new educational material, which seems much more intelligible and sensible than that in use a generation ago—though the Sunday schools still give out a gold star for attendance. Perhaps, too, the turbulent world situation is responsible for the change.

Other activities for youngsters up to high-school age are summer camps, Boy and Girl Scouting and trips to conference meetings with young people in other states. Last year Ray drove a station-wagon load of teen-age girls all the way to Chicago and back as part of his missionary work.

One of the most ambitious ventures in bringing church to back-area people is a series of ranch camps, with services held in tents, conducted during the summer months in Nebraska, South Dakota and Wyoming. This Presbyterian program, supported by Congregationalists, Methodists and Baptists, attracts crowds of from 350 to 500 people to campgrounds many miles from town for a new version of the old-fashioned camp meeting. A two-ton truck moves from place to place carrying tents, cooking outfit, chairs, dishes and hymnbooks. The truck driver last summer? Ray Nott, assistant camp manager, who also dug garbage pits, set up tents, umpired baseball games, organized horseshoe-pitching contests and usually had ten or twelve children tagging along wherever he went.

Sensing real adult interest in religious matters, Ray tried an innovation last winter—it was novel, at least, for this part of Wyoming. He asked his church groups to get together once a month to discuss the problems of life and religion.

I visited one of these sessions in a little community called Whistle Creek, eighty-five miles from Shell, the final ten miles over a muddy, rutted road. Every family along the road was at the community hall; there was a fire going in the oilstove, and the women were spreading a supper to be enjoyed after the meeting.

That night we got talking about miracles. What do the miracles in the Bible mean? Are they fact or legend? Could miracles happen today? Men and women sat on hard benches, the older kids feeling important at being allowed to take part. After a slow start, the discussion grew animated, with every conceivable point of view represented. This, I think, is the best part of the community church—learning to live with your neighbors' views, "crazy" as they may seem.

For the first year Ray and Nancianna lived in a basement apartment in Greybull. Nancianna had her first child in the Greybull hospital, and made room in her home for Michael's crib, bassinet and playpen among the clutter of books, tape recorders, Sunday-school material, hi-fi record player and stacks of Louis Armstrong, Artie Shaw and early Goodman records.

Michael is over a year old now and Baby No. 2 is well on the way. The Notts have moved to a larger place in the country near Shell, with a magnificent view of the Bighorn Mountains. This is very convenient for Girl Scouts in need of a well-chaperoned camping spot, also very impressive for occasional visitors from some of the churches back East which contribute to the Bighorn Basin work.

Thanks to Ray, the Princeton Theological Seminary Choir stopped in Shell last summer on its annual tour of the United States and gave a concert here. The church wasn't large enough to hold the crowd, so we used the big log community hall. I doubt that Wyoming has ever heard such choral music before, but equally remarkable was the impact made by our part of the country on the young men studying for the ministry. Two of them want to come out here. I hope they do. We need them, especially in the back areas.

But whoever comes here in the future, Ray Nott has already put a new stamp on the ministry in this field. It's not that he came to fill an empty church, not that he learned how to help people in trouble, not that he's good with youngsters and knows how to reconcile the denominational differences of stubborn oldsters. It is the simple fact that he is a minister, in the fullest sense of the word.

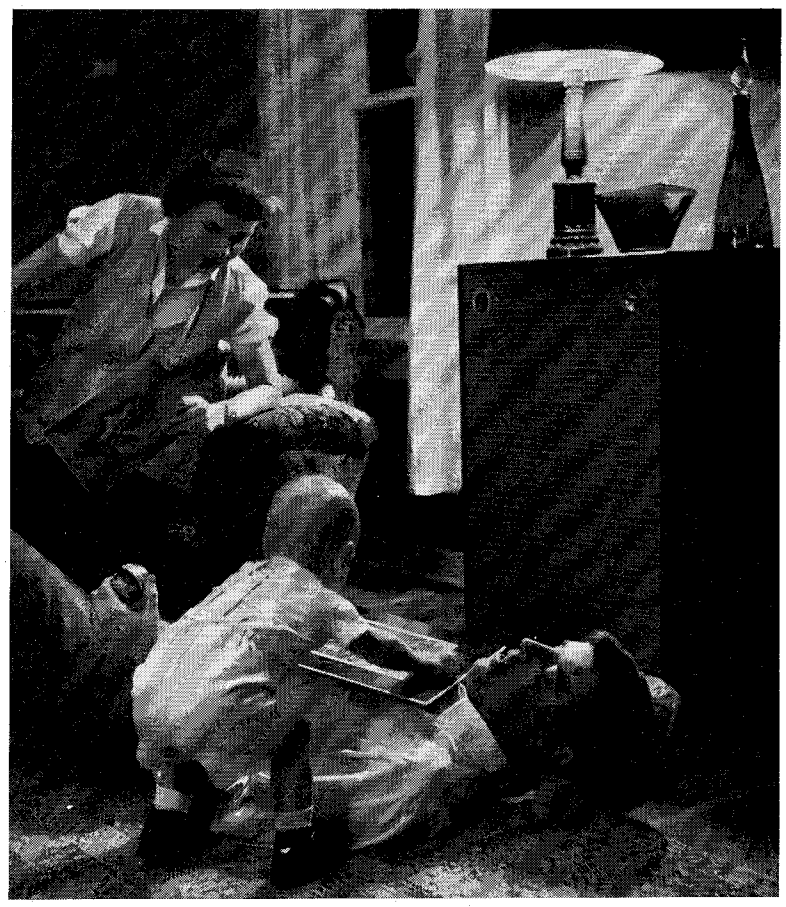
Shell church stood here for nearly fifty years before Ray Nott came. To the best recollection of the oldest old-timer, no one ever took the trouble to hold communion service here.

Communion service? Does it mean so much? It did when Ray brought it on an unforgettable Sunday in all our lives.

I don't want to sound corny, but there are certain things about the Christian faith that are basic, inescapable, unavoidable—either you do or you don't go along.

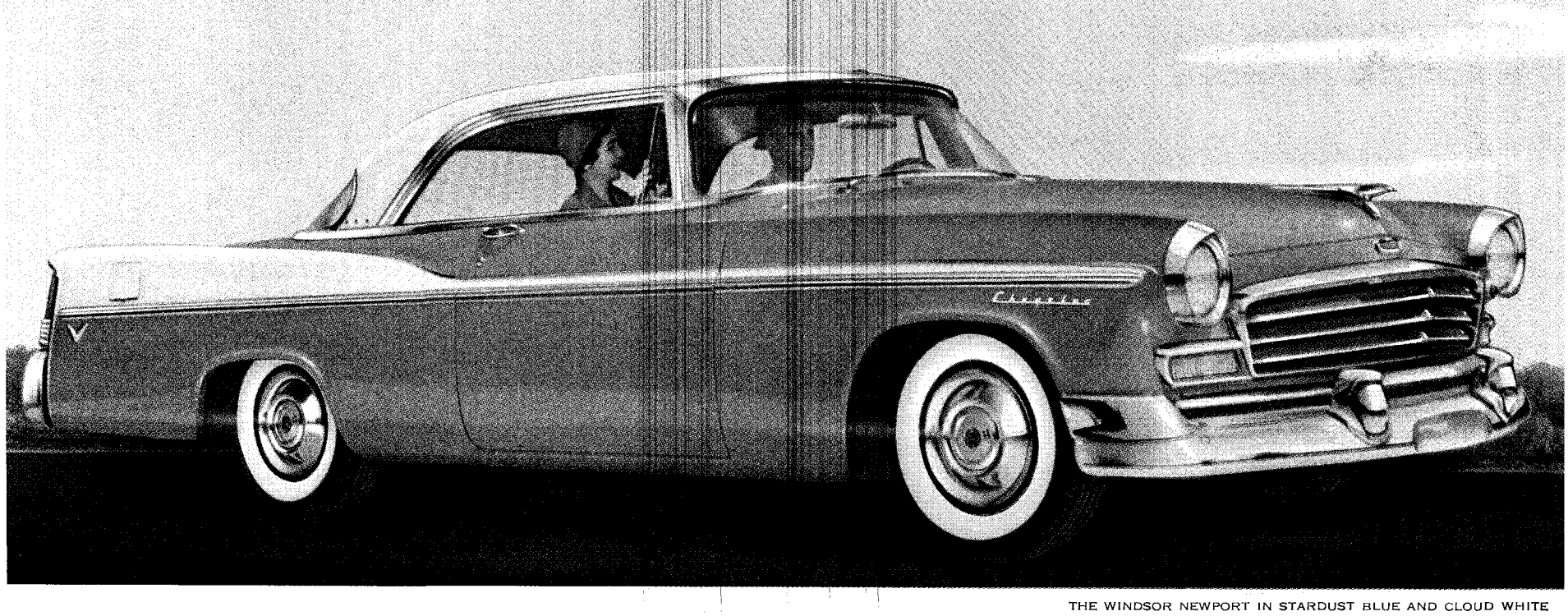
Ray's communion service was one of those basic things. So utterly simple. He served it himself, carrying the vessels from pew to pew, repeating the ancient words, and as he did so time disappeared, and so did space, and we felt the bond with all the groups who have ever taken communion down through the centuries.

If you should be driving through Shell on U. S. 14 on the first Sunday evening of the month, come in and meet one of the new generation of clergymen. I have never known a minister like him before—and I certainly have never known a better minister. He speaks the language of the twentieth century, but what he has to say is as old as time. THE END



At his home outside Shell, Wyo., Ray Nott, "missionary" to the Bighorn Basin, relaxes with his wife and son to the music of his homemade hi-fi outfit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE WINDSOR NEWPORT IN STARDUST BLUE AND CLOUD WHITE

THE NEW "PowerStyle" CHRYSLER FOR 1956

You can actually see the thrilling power in this breathtaking new Chrysler.

See it in every fresh, sleek "PowerStyle" line.

See it in the dynamic, pulse-quickening look that says clearly and unmistakably, "Here is the world's greatest performing car!"

And how brilliantly just a few moments behind the wheel bear out that promise. Instantly, you discover a brand-new sense of driving mastery. A new and exciting feeling of complete control never before possible in any car. *You're the boss!*

For here you command the surging power of Chrysler's exclusive airplane-type V-8 engine with the ultra-efficient hemispherical combustion chamber . . . *plus* new Push-button PowerFlite automatic transmission which you control simply by *pushing* a button on the dash! You get a full-time power-assist from Chrysler's new Power-Pilot Steering — a constant, positive, *pre-dictable* feel-of-the-road. And you get the safest, most velvety braking with still another "Forward Look" advance — new Power-Smooth Brakes that last twice as long as any others.

We invite you now to enjoy this never-to-be-forgotten experience in driving mastery, and we promise you a new sense of conquest over space. Take your first ride in the magnificent new "PowerStyle" Chrysler. See your Chrysler dealer today!

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . AMERICA'S MOST SMARTLY DIFFERENT CAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NESCO FRYRYTE

Automatic Electric Frying Pan. Just dial delicious meals—the Nesco automatic electric way! Exclusive Nescontrol dial glows and shows when heat is on—maintains any preselected temperature up to 400 degrees. King size—full 11" square grills four big sandwiches at one time, gives extra capacity for cooking "hurry-up" buffet suppers—for all types of everyday and special day cooking. Silicone-treated non-stick cooking surface. Handy cooking temperature guide right on handle! **$19.95**

Cover, $3.00

Nesco Tearyte. Compliment-catching beauty in any table setting . . . plus speedy hot beverage serving is the special forte of this lovely new Nesco automatic electric appliance. Serves at a cup-a-minute speed—just right for making instant coffee at breakfast, hot chocolate and tea any time! **$29.95**

NESCO

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

NESCO®

Executive Offices: Granite City, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NESCO COOKRYTE

The automatic electric sauce pan sensation of the year! Cooks everything to delicious perfection because of precise temperature control—just set the Nescontrol dial and you *know* the heat is right! Time-Temp Guide on handle takes guesswork out of cooking. Grand for cooking and serving at the table! Silicone-treated cooking surface prevents foods from sticking or burning—means easy cleaning. Available in both 2 and 4 quart sizes. 2 quart size . **$27.95**

Price includes matching cover

Nesco Fryryte Deep Fryer. "French fries" . . . wonderful chicken and scores of other treats are cooked to a perfect golden brown in this beautiful automatic electric deep fryer. Gleaming chrome finish with illuminated color range selector dial for automatic control. A model to fit every need. Models from . . **$19.95**

Nesco Roastryte. America's best-known name for automatic electric roasters still means the *finest!* Makes every food taste better—from biscuits to beef roasts! Model pictured is the new Nesco Super De-Luxe Fully Automatic Roastryte featuring the remarkable built-in clock timer that "watches" your cooking for you! 3 sizes. Models from . . . **$29.95**

GIFTS

for everyone who loves good cooking!

Looking for a thrilling new way to say "Merry Christmas" to that very special woman on your gift list?

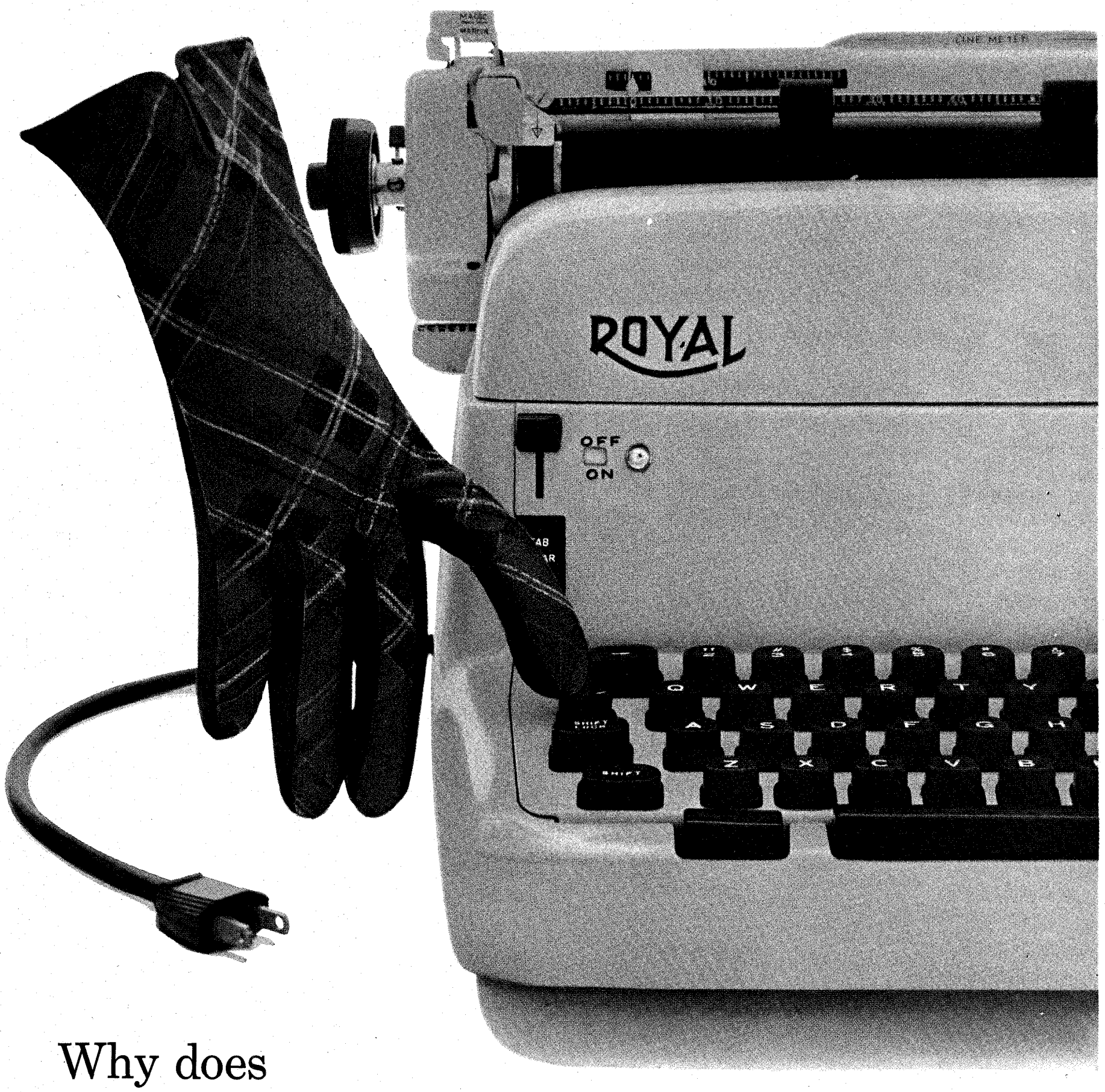
Then look no further than the exciting array of gleaming new Nesco Gifts that are ready for your selection right now—at your nearest Nesco dealer's.

What woman wouldn't be delighted with the luxurious beauty of these newest Nesco appliances? She'll love the unsurpassed convenience . . . the sure-flavor cooking magic of Nesco's automatic heat control, the features that save time and work, the feel of solid quality that makes Nesco the nicest gift to give or receive!

This year, more than ever before, when you give Nesco you give the nicest!

You're Always RYTE with NESCO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Why does this empty glove promise you easy going?

Two ounces is the weight of this empty glove.

And it takes just a little less weight than that to press down one key of the new Royal Electric. It only takes three ounces to depress the carriage return key.

It's 13 times easier to do these familiar jobs on the new Royal Electric than on a non-electric typewriter.

You do your usual quota of work with time to spare.

Your fingers aren't dog-tired at the end of the day. Your letters look clean, clear and sharp. And how proud you'll be to see the boss sign them!

Today isn't just another day. Today's the day to ask for an office demonstration and let the Royal Representative show you five other exclusive conveniences of the new Royal Electric. It's made by the world's largest manufacturer of typewriters.

ROYAL®
electric
standard • portable
Roytype® business supplies

Royal Typewriter Company, *Division of Royal McBee Corporation*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is My Story (Continued from Page 33)

starting out) or to Ruth Etting (who was the big female voice of the era)—but just the second the commercial started, everyone in the room would start talking. They talked during instrumental interludes too. In fact, they seldom listened to anything except the actual entertainment: songs and comedy routines. The only speaker I ever saw them listen to attentively was the late Will Rogers.

Therefore, I reasoned, the only time anyone ever listens to a commercial is when there's no one else in the room with the radio. (Unless of course it's a man and his wife who are so mad they're not speaking, and how can you possibly sell anybody anything under those conditions?) I decided that we who did the broadcasting had the wrong idea entirely. We had no audience! There were no "ladies and gentlemen" out there *per se!* There was no "vast radio audience"! Those who were paying attention were alone in a room with a radio—and were being absolutely unspeaking." She'd slam it in my face and phone for the cops.

And, I said to myself firmly, I must not do anything like that on the radio. I must forget that I'm probably being listened to in several houses simultaneously; I must remember that, for my purposes, there is only one person listening to any one set. I must talk to him or to her just as I would standing on the front porch with my hat in my hand. Some won't like me at all and they'll slam the radio off just like they used to slam the door. But others will: They'll like me and they'll trust me because they'll know I'm strictly on the level. They'll know it because I am and always will be scrupulously honest with myself and therefore with them.

I had learned in house-to-house selling that if you are enthusiastically sold on the merits of something, you ooze confidence and it's contagious! I resolved that when I got back on the air nobody could ever pay me enough money to make a statement on the radio I didn't believe in—and, although that policy has cost me a dime or two and a lot of trouble here and there through the years, it has paid off handsomely in the long run. Even those who violently dislike my programs usually admit that I'm on the level. Lots of letters have said: "You're corny and you stink, but I have to believe what you say!"

I went back to work for NBC in Washington in January of 1932 and I guess I was a considerable pain in the neck to everyone. I hobbled around on crutches and got in everybody's way, but I worked like a demon. I'd come into the studios early in the morning and stay until sign-off time at night. I'd take over the other lads' shifts for them so they could go to the theater or keep a date. I got hold of a triple turntable (one that could spin three records at once), and I built little five- and ten-minute programs with records and recorded sound effects. I sold them to various local sponsors.

I figured a way of using only the fanfare from a record, such as Victor Herbert's Babes in Toyland. I'd mark the record with a red pencil so I'd know where the fanfare came in. I'd put it on a turntable, say: "Grosner's, 615 F St., N.W., home of fine clothes for men, presents . . ."—then give them that old fanfare, dah-dah dah-dah-dah dah-dah, played by a big symphony orchestra. Then I'd work in a record of Ruth Etting singing something like Ten Cents a Dance and, with recorded sound effects—crowd noises, applause, and so on—make it sound like a big show. I got to know the records so well that I could ask a question of an artist and, by starting the record at a premarked place, have her answer me, and then, with a sound-effects record, have an audience giggle at our little joke.

I wasn't fooling anyone, either; I kept faith with my new policy. Rather, I intrigued the interest of the listeners because they couldn't figure out how I did it with records. I used to say things like: "The next number is Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody Number Two. The brass here wants me to tell you it's a record. But I don't think I will."

The engineer in the control room would signal frantically to me to stick to the prescribed regular announcement, and then I'd say into the mike: "There's a man here who still insists that I announce that this is a record. Well, I ain't a-goin' to do it. If there's anyone out there listening in who wants to think I've got the Boston Pops Symphony Orchestra crowded into this little booth here with me this morning, I don't see why we should spoil his fun."

It was far from funny to some people. Every once in a while some grouch would call up and complain: "What is this goofy stuff you're (Continued on Page 76)

• •

Sick Man's Chart

By DORIS E. POGUE

Entering hospital:

Patient feels worse.

Early next morning:

Takes turn for nurse.

Continuing progress:

Sharply uphill.

Until last sad day:

Paying the bill.

• •

moved by some unctuous gent looking down his nose and reading a blurb written by someone who was doubtless a huge success at writing ads for the eye, but who didn't know the first thing about writing for the ear!

Let me restate that proposition—because it's just as true today as it was then: It is my contention, born in that hospital, that you cannot hope to impress a listener with words written by a visual ad writer, to be read aloud by an announcer who is really concerned only with how he sounds!

Having worked closely with advertising men and their clients around the radio station, I knew how much return they had learned to expect from their radio appropriations—about the same as a direct mail or local newspaper campaign. I decided that I could do better than that.

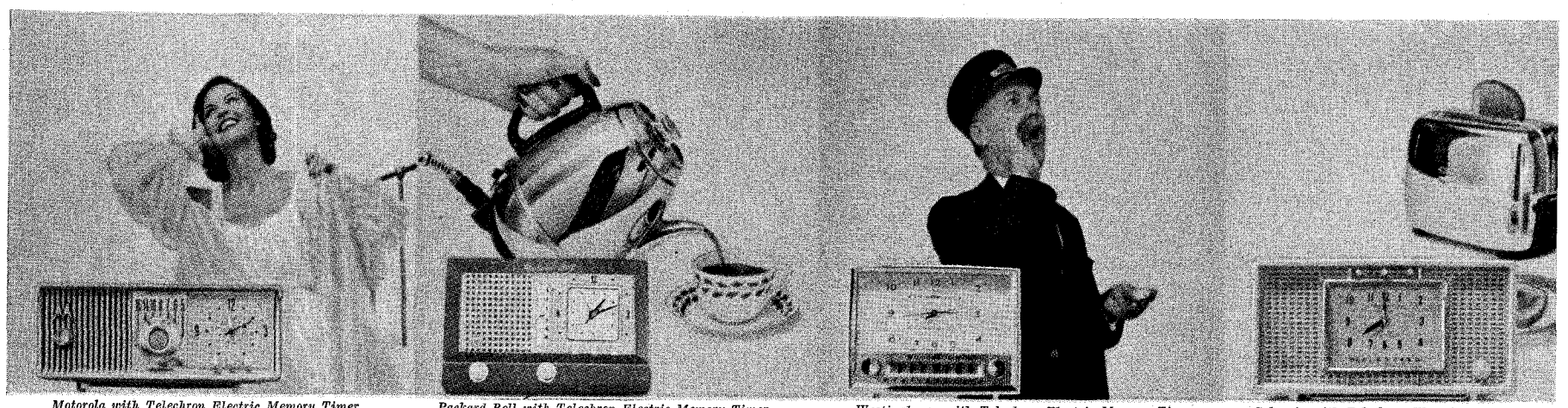
I recalled my experiences as a house-to-house salesman, and I remembered that even where there was urgent need for the product I was selling, I couldn't make a sale unless I first sold my customer on myself. If the lady of the house instinctively had no confidence in me, she wouldn't even listen to me. I'd had too many doors slammed in my face not to be keenly aware of that.

So, I figured that since I had no talent to speak of, the only tack for me to take was sales. If I could sell a man's goods for him, he'd be as happy to pay me as any other salesman. Radio, I reasoned, was nothing but door-to-door selling. I wouldn't knock on some woman's door and when she opened it bellow: "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. This is Arthur Godfrey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

50 ways 1 gif

TELECHRO



Motorola with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to wake you to music...
buzzes if you lie abed

Packard-Bell with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to start the coffee perking...
reminds you of the time

Westinghouse with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers your train time... reports
the weather... tells you the date

Sylvania with Telechron Electric Memory Time
Remembers to tell you the news
operates the toaster

Airline with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to sing for Susie's beau and
tells him when it's time to go

Sentinel with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to switch on the big games,
and buzzes if you're late

Philco with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to signal teens
it's time for school

Raytheon with Telechron Electric Memory Time
Remembers your favorite serial
while you're cleaning house

Stromberg-Carlson with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to sing baby to sleep...
shuts off automatically

Silvertone with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to call Junior
for his music lesson

Hallicrafters with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to start the electric grill...
calls you when it's ready

Crosley with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers your favorite TV prog
times kids' TV viewing, turns off

Capehart with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to alert students for studies,
then sings softly to them

Automatic with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to remind the debutante
it's time for her date

Truetone with Telechron Electric Memory Timer
Remembers to lull you to sleep...
flick off the fan... turn itself off

TraVler with Telechron Electric Memory Time
Remembers baby's feeding hour
entertaining the baby sitter

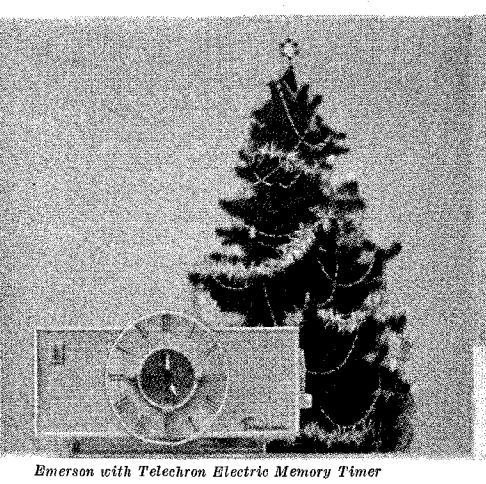
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remembers for you

Electric Memory Timer built into 30 new clock-radios

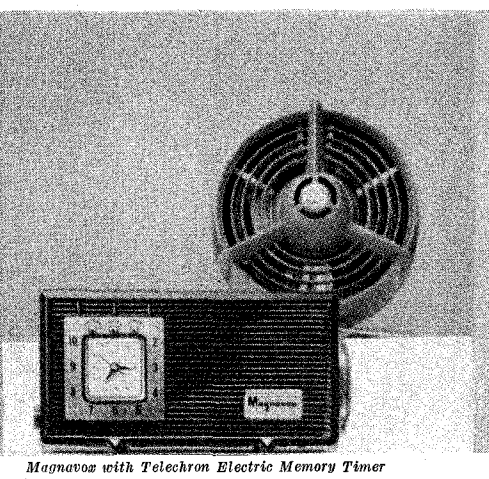
itchell with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to light the lamp to wake early-risers silently



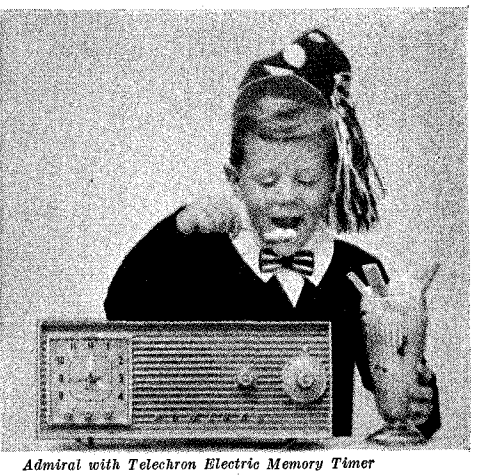
Emerson with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to switch on Christmas tree lights—or turn them off



Magnavox with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to turn on the electric heater on cold mornings



Admiral with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to time the ice cream freezer and entertain the party-goers

ffman with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

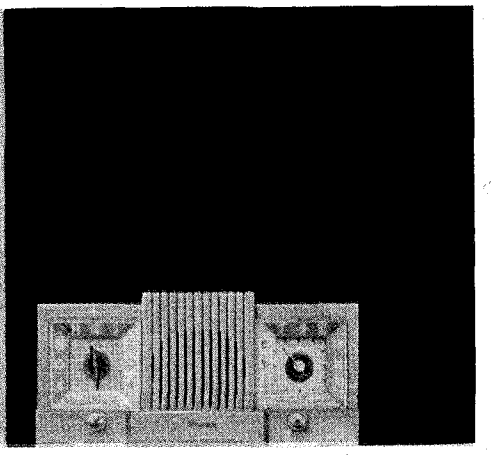
Remembers to heat kids' lunch . . . sounds a signal when it's done

Zenith with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to tune in FM radios . . . or turn on record players

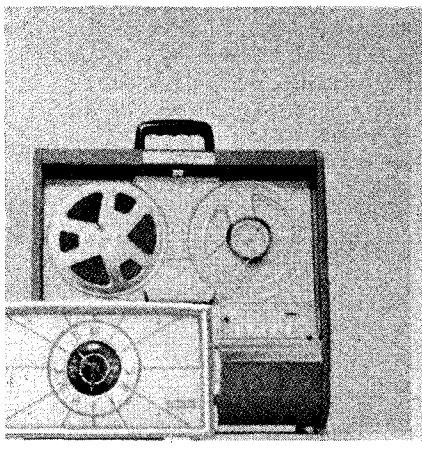
Benrus with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to amuse the cook and calls her when the cake's baked



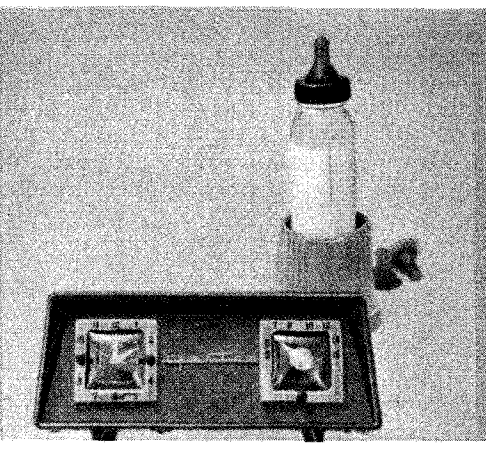
Firestone with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to turn off your reading lamp after you're asleep



ebcor with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to turn tape recorders on, or turn them off



Sparton with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

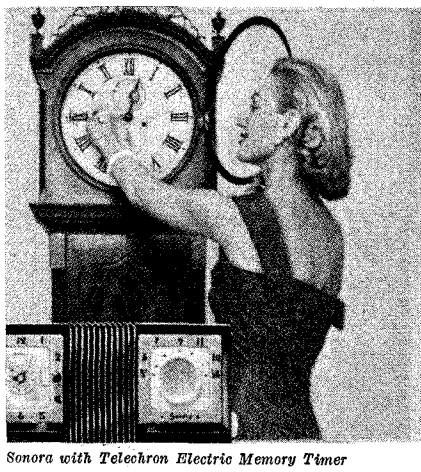
Remembers to heat baby's bottle . . . buzzes when it's ready

RCA with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to tune in dinner music, or turn it off afterward

CBS-Columbia with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to amuse Grandpa, and calls him when meals are ready



Sonora with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

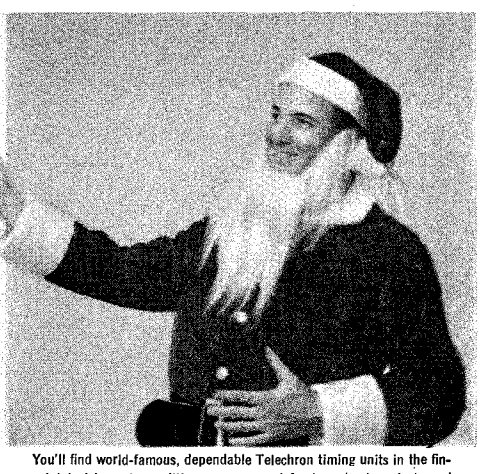
Remembers to give you accurate electric time day and night

Arvin with Telechron Electric Memory Timer

Remembers to entertain Mom, time her appliances, turn on her lamp.

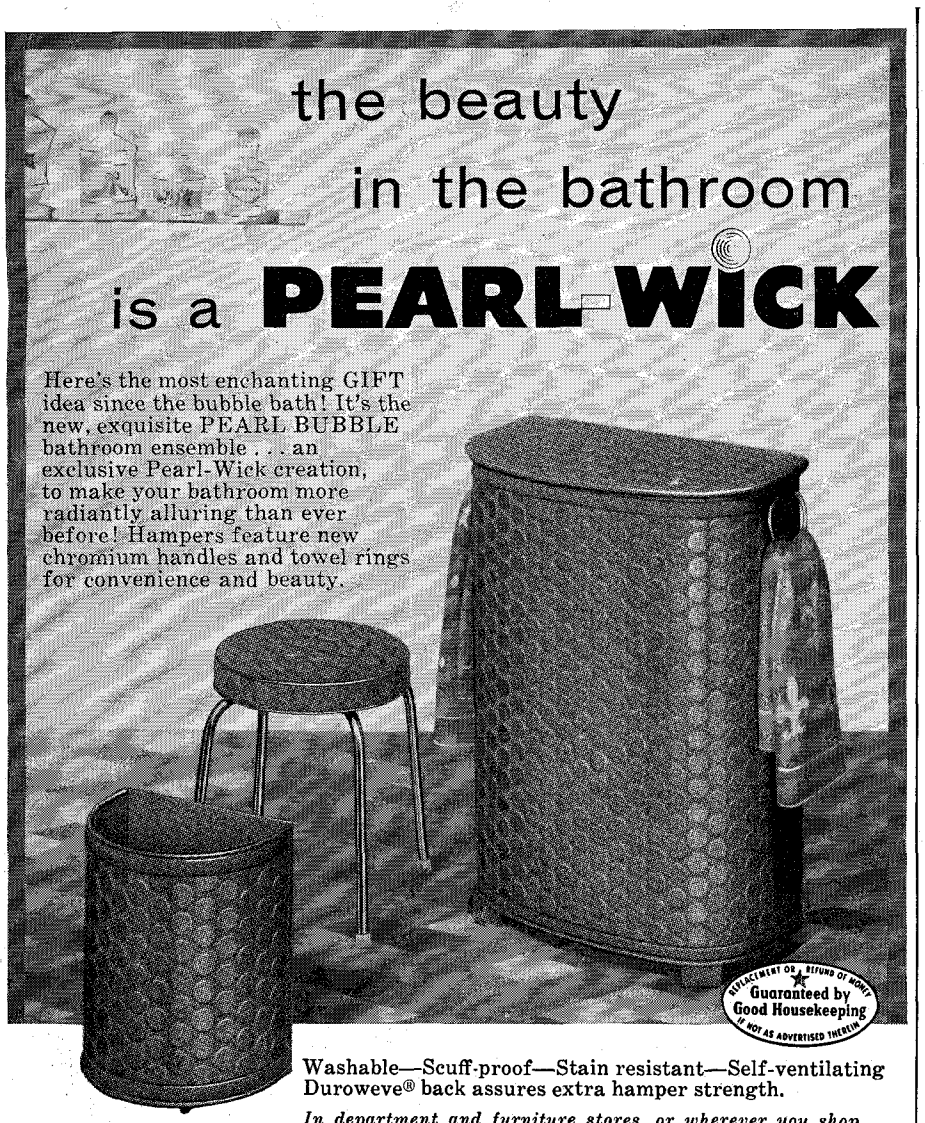
EQUIPPED WITH Telechron® TIMER

Clock-radios with Telechron Electric Memory Timers are sold by dealers everywhere. Look for the Telechron trademark on the dial, or the Telechron Seal of Accuracy.



You'll find world-famous, dependable Telechron timing units in the finest television, air conditioners, ranges, defrosters, heat controls and clocks. Telechron is a trademark for Telechron Timers and Motors, Clock and Timer Dept., General Electric Company, Ashland, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


the beauty
in the bathroom
is a PEARL-WICK
Here's the most enchanting GIFT idea since the bubble bath! It's the new, exquisite PEARL BUBBLE bathroom ensemble . . . an exclusive Pearl-Wick creation, to make your bathroom more radiantly alluring than ever before! Hampers feature new chromium handles and towel rings for convenience and beauty.
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

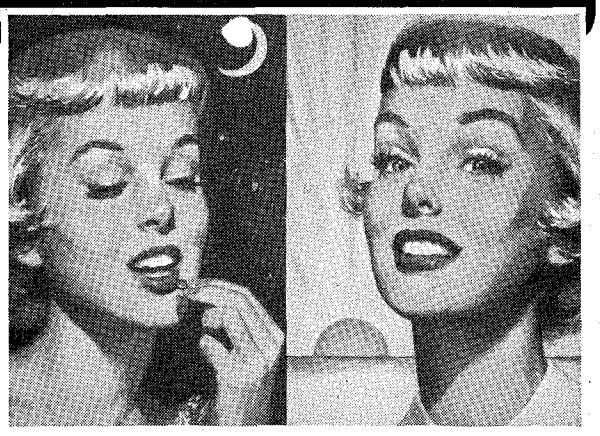
Washable—Scuff-proof—Stain resistant—Self-ventilating Duroweve® back assures extra hamper strength.

In department and furniture stores, or wherever you shop . . . or write for name of dealer nearest you. Hampers *about $12.95*, Stool *about $7.50*, Wastebasket *about $3.95*.

PEARL-WICK • 27-50 FIRST STREET • LONG ISLAND CITY 2, N. Y.

New Hospital Proof

Gentle **EX-LAX HELPS** you toward **YOUR NORMAL REGULARITY!**



NEW SCIENTIFIC TESTS in one of the world's largest hospitals prove it again! The regulating ingredient found only in a laxative like EX-LAX helps, and continues to help the next day, toward your normal regularity! No habit forming routine ever recommended.

Buy The New 75¢ Economy Size and Save up to 45¢. *Also in 15¢ and 35¢ sizes.*

AT NIGHT, take pleasant-tasting EX-LAX for constipation. Its gentle effective action won't disturb sleep.

NEXT MORNING, enjoy the closest thing to natural action. No upset. No discomfort. No embarrassing urgency.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, EX-LAX continues to help you toward your normal regularity! You seldom, if ever, have to repeat EX-LAX the next night!

GOT A COLD *and need a laxative?*
EX-LAX "gets along" with cold remedies you may be taking. Does not carry off fluid and food with their vitamins and minerals.

MORE PEOPLE USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE

(Continued from Page 73) putting on the air? You must be drunk!" I'd answer—in the phone, but in front of the microphone so that everyone listening in could hear: "What's the matter, old boy? You don't care for this program? Tsk! Tsk! Tell you what you do: see that little knob on your radio that turns the dial? O.K., grab it 'twixt thumb and forefinger. Now turn it! So long, pal!" I think it was about that time that Will Rogers devised a much better comeback: "I have no sympathy," he said, "for a man who is too lazy to turn a dial!"

I'm afraid I became quite a problem to my chiefs at the station—especially my immediate superior, the chief announcer. I've told you what a stickler he was for diction and dignity and poise. Well, I had decided in the hospital that diction was important only insofar as it enabled you to understand what I said. I figured if you were conscious of my diction, then you couldn't possibly be listening to what I was saying. For example, when I was scheduled to introduce some dignitary, I presented him just as if I were introducing him to you in your home. I edited the scripts provided by the ad agencies and the continuity department, deleting all the fancy talk. I put myself in the position of a close friend of the family who was calling to talk about Zilch's milk products or Zabrinowski's used cars. I refused to have anything to do with the "Look, peasants: I'm telling you" attitude.

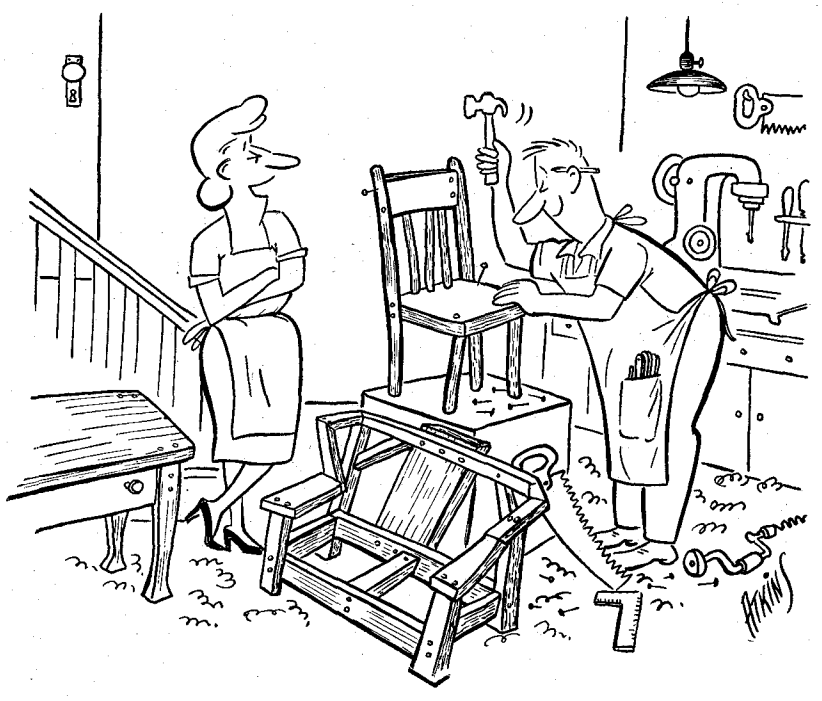
About that time I was awarded a real plum. One of our clients, the Schneider Baking Company in Washington, bought a fifteen-minute program five evenings a week, and the executives of the advertising agency which placed the account immediately auditioned us announcers for the job. Somehow, I was chosen—probably because I hadn't the slightest hope I'd get it and clowned through the whole performance. The program was called Aunt Sue and Polly and I was billed as Uncle Arthur. It went on from five-fifteen to five-thirty every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday, and I got twenty dollars a week for it, extra. When you're making fifty or sixty dollars a week, twenty bucks extra is a lot of money, and I really worked on that show.

Aunt Sue was the *nom de radio* of a lovely Maryland schoolteacher who was married to the principal of her school, and Polly was a fourteen-year-old girl whose last name, I recall, was Spicer. (My golly—she must be forty years old now. I wonder where she is? She was a cutie.) We told nursery stories on the program, sang Mother Goose songs, and I sold Schneider's Dan-Dee Bread to the kids. I'd say: "Do you use Schneider's Dan-Dee Bread in your house? What? You don't use Schneider's Dan-Dee Bread? Oh, my! You tell mommy Uncle Arthur said to get some Schneider's Dan-Dee Bread right away. If she gets any other bread, don't you eat it!"

Well, you can imagine the hullabaloo that was raised about that. Angry parents phoned the station, the FCC, the police, the school board. "Get that Uncle Arthur off the radio!" they screamed. "My child won't eat the kind of bread we give him any more!" But they bought Schneider's Dan-Dee Bread—the kids ate it, grew up and have healthy kids of their own today—and Godfrey began to catch on.

In addition to announcing the various military-band concerts in Washington, we announcers took turns introducing the Washington portion of the National Farm and Home Hour every noon. The musical portion of the show came from Chicago, but most of the speakers were presented from our Washington studios and were usually officials from the Department of Agriculture. The man in charge of the program was a friendly little guy named Morse Salisbury who on many occasions brought his chief, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's distinguished brother, to our studios to participate in the programs. The show started in Chicago at 12:30 P.M. each day, and the switch to Washington for our portion usually came about 12:53. It was an NBC Blue Network program which ran for an hour, and at one o'clock it was the announcer's job to give the cue for the station break. At a prearranged cue from Morse, we'd stalk to the microphone and say, as we dripped with charm: "This is WRC, in Washington." Then we'd wait fifteen seconds to give the other stations a chance to do likewise and punch the channel up again with the statement: "The National Farm and Home Hour resumes," whereupon Salisbury would take over again.

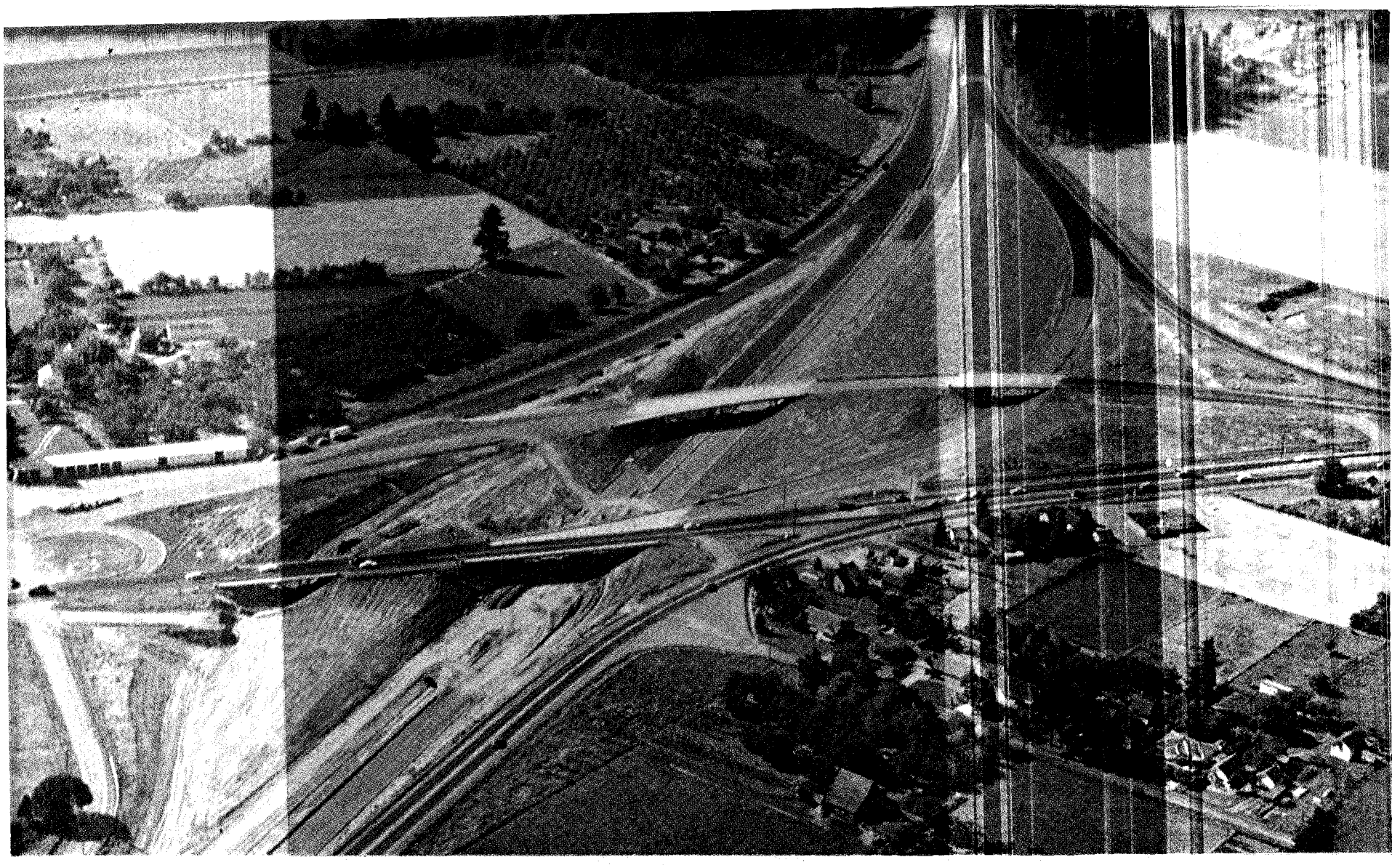
I'm sure that program was well received and did a lot of good for the farmers of America, as well as the administration, but it surely was stuffy. The speakers read from prepared scripts, and most of them were far better at their scientific chores in the department. I don't remember ever seeing one of them smile—except Mrs. Salisbury, who accompanied her husband to the studios once in a while and charmed us. (Continued on Page 81)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll bet Grand Rapids is starting to feel the pinch already."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This road will save Bill Wood $150 a year

Oregon's Five-Year Plan for better highways will pay its own way in time and money saved. How is your state meeting the growing highway problem?

BILL WOOD is a lumber salesman in Salem, the state capital. Once a week he drives through green and rolling Oregon countryside to Portland. Traffic is painfully slow on U. S. 99. The 52-mile drive is costing Bill Wood heavily in gas, wear-and-tear, and his own time.

Soon this heavily traveled portion of U. S. 99 will be a four-lane ribbon, five miles —and half an hour—shorter. Bill Wood will save an hour a week—*six full working days a year*. He'll make more calls on customers, and his expenses will be reduced. Oregon state highway officials estimate that each motorist will save $2.96 on a round trip between Portland and Salem. In Bill Wood's case, that will be a saving of more than $150 a year *on this one stretch of highway alone!*

By 1957, 145 miles of U. S. 99 will be entirely new. By then, too, 80 beautiful miles of U. S. 30, the Columbia River Highway, will be completed between The Dalles and Portland. These are two important projects in Oregon's Five-Year Plan, begun in 1952, to build 530 miles of new highway and rebuild or modernize 330 additional miles.

Oregon is accomplishing much, and doing it at a cost to the average car owner of about half a cent a mile—one of the lowest-cost items in operating a car! But much remains to be done: about 5600 miles of modernization and new construction, according to the latest official estimate.

Like Oregon, your state is working hard to improve its roads. Give it the support of your voice and your vote. After all, it's your money, your time, your life that your state's highway program saves.

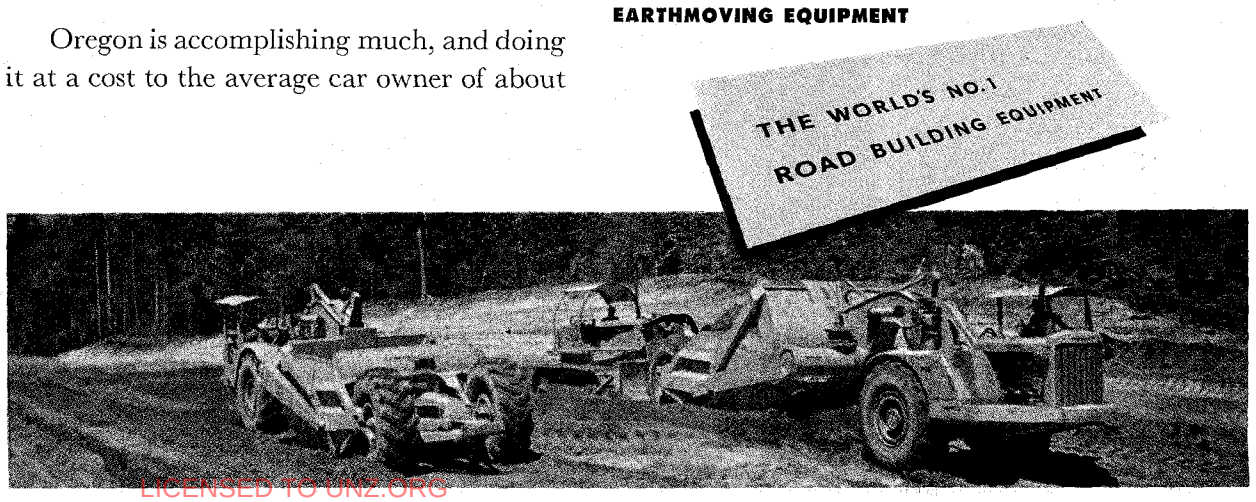
Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill., U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR*

*Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads, you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

During the past fifteen years there has been tremendous growth in the number of accounts in commercial banks. This growth has brought 200,000 more people to work for banks and has created a vast need for executive leadership.

Should your child be a Banker?

by FRED F. FLORENCE

President of the American Bankers Association and of the Republic National Bank of Dallas, Texas (As told to MORTON SONTHEIMER)

ON a street corner in the little town of Rusk, Texas, a 15-year-old newsboy pulled out a copy of the *Dallas News* for one of his regular customers. As usual, the man stopped to exchange a word with the youngster. This time, though, he studied the lad for a moment and said:

"Son, I've been thinking—how would you like to work for the bank?"

The question seemed to require an immediate answer. Thoughts raced through the boy's mind—the bank looked like a comfortable place, cool in summer, warm in winter; the job would mean a regular salary; besides, banks were important and working for them carried a certain amount of importance, too.

"I'd love it, Mr. Wightman," the boy replied.

"All right, we need a messenger. You can start on Monday."

From the day 48 years ago when John S. Wightman, Cashier of the First National Bank of Rusk, hired him, that boy has always been a bank employee of one sort or another and has never wanted to be anything else. I can vouch for that. I was that boy.

Banks are still cooler in summer and warmer in winter than street corners, but there are many more facts available to young people and their parents today on which to base a decision about banking as a career. In this article I would like not only to set forth some of those facts, but to tell about the many personal satisfactions that working in a bank can bring. I am confident that they add up to stronger reasons than I had for making the fortunate choice I did.

A most important fact—one that even bankers find hard to realize—is the tremendous growth of banking in the past 15 years. Since 1939 the number of accounts in commercial banks has doubled, and the amount of deposits, and of bank loans and investments has tripled. Today 90 per cent of the nation's business is transacted through checking accounts in banks. Banks are transferring nearly two trillion dollars annually.

All this has not only brought 200,000 more people to work for banks—an increase of 65 per cent in 16 years—but it has created a vast need for executive leadership. New banks and branches blossom out all over the land, and there must be new managers and executives to run the new offices. American banks keep extending their foreign interests, and the call goes out for young executives to go to Cairo, Rome, Beirut, Manila, Paris—to foreign offices all over the world.

There are 15,000 banks in this country. Just in the ordinary course of events they require about 1,000 new presidents a year. Approximately 5,000 officer-positions open up every year. The point to remember about that is that no other business brings so many executives up from the ranks.

The American Bankers Association recently made a survey that tells the story with a few simple figures. Out of more than 525,000 employees now in banks, about 95,000 or 18 per cent are officers, ranging from assistant cashiers and assistant treasurers to chief executives. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other words one out of every five and a half employees holds an official position.

But for the young person bent on a banking career the chances of reaching executive status are better than that. Almost six out of every 10 bank employees are women, and the majority of women employees leave to get married. This means that the remaining men, although a minority, get most of the executive jobs. One statistician has figured that two out of every three men employees of banks must be prepared for officership.

At the same time, the opportunities for those women who do remain are greatly increased. Before World War II one rarely saw a woman entrusted with the responsibilities of a teller's position. Today they have gone far beyond teller's status. Many women have advanced to officers' positions, particularly in the smaller and medium-sized banks and, on a national average, one out of every ten officers is a woman.

Modern banks conduct carefully planned programs of learning and advancement for their employees. The courses of the American Institute of Banking are preparing thousands of members of bank staffs for better jobs, and many banks are supplementing these courses with study plans of their own.

From banking's earliest beginnings, when the Seventeenth Century London goldsmiths issued warehouse receipts for the gold deposited with them and the customers began circulating the receipts as currency, there has been an aura of prestige to the banker's calling. Some years ago there was a tendency to let this prestige suffice for a better salary. It gave banks a reputation for low pay that has lingered long after most of them have adopted realistic salary schedules.

A young person entering banking today should be able to find a job that will easily match the starting wages of other lines of white-collar work. Once he reaches officer rank, it is difficult to generalize about his salary because circumstances and geography may affect it largely. In most larger towns and cities, however, he could expect to earn from $8,000 to $15,000 a year. And if he later attains a senior executive position, he can look forward to a substantially larger income. Some bankers even have six-figure salaries.

When I started on that first bank job of mine, I found that the salary was five dollars a week. Life was so simple then that I could figure on walking out of the bank every Saturday with five dollars of my own. But in this age when salary is one thing and take-home pay is another, young people have to look beyond the basic wage to

The banker shares the triumphs, the tragedies and the intimate emergencies of people in all walks of life—and derives great personal satisfaction from his ability to give them financial advice and aid.

It's a far cry from the stuffy, brass-grilled bank of the early 1900's to the modern and highly convenient "drive-in" shown above. And a woman at the teller's window was something almost unheard of even twenty years ago!

other financial advantages that the tax collector does not reach so readily. Banks as a group offer their employees more of the so-called fringe benefits than any other industry, according to a United States Chamber of Commerce survey.

These benefits may be in the form of pensions, bonuses, profit sharing, sick leave, paid vacations, hospitalization and medical services, life insurance, educational courses, separation pay, and loan funds. The bank employees in the survey were found to be receiving $28.70 in non-wage payments for each $100 of salary—nine dollars higher than the average for all industries.

Important as such considerations may be, though, it seems to me there is a far more compelling attraction to the career of banking. It is an intangible that the uninitiated would hardly expect, but young men or women of imagination will sense it early in any banking career. There are no words that describe this quality better than romance and adventure.

The banker shares the triumphs, the tragedies and the intimate emergencies of people in all walks of life. He has a part in all the important undertakings of the community. The progress or stability of a whole area may depend upon his judgment, and often he himself sets the pace for progress.

There is a quiet excitement for him, a sense of real achievement, in preserving the wages and profits of his neighbors when disaster threatens, in transforming a town or a whole region from lagging lassitude to thriving prosperity. The spice of variety flavors all of banking today. Banks are lending money for dental bridges and drawbridges, for carports and for airports, for kitchen ranges and for cattle ranges. No sensitive person can sit in the midst of all this without feeling the vital surge underlying a bank's operations and without being stimulated by it.

Right now banks are engaging about 100,000 new employees each year, from high schools and colleges everywhere and, still occasionally, from "off the street" as I was employed. A few years back I enjoyed seeing my own bank employ a young man who made a good impression as a Western Union messenger boy. He is one of our executives today.

The young man or woman who is aiming at a position of leadership and responsibility should have a college education. It doesn't have to be specialized, although a business administration curriculum with a major in banking offers the best training.

The young person who chooses a banking career may have an important decision to make before he begins—whether to work for a small bank or a large one. Some 250 banks in this country have more than half of all commercial banking resources and employ about half of all banking personnel. Generally they pay higher salaries and promote more rapidly. But the ratio of officers to employees in the big banks is about one to nine. In smaller banks it is nearer one to three. In each case, the wisest decision depends on individual consideration.

Any young person can apply for a bank job in person or by writing to a bank official in charge of personnel. Many banks employ young folks during the summer school holidays. The experience gained this way or by working in school banks is a great advantage to the young man or woman seeking a full-time job.

The qualities that make a good banker are the qualities that make a good man or woman—honesty, mental alertness, imagination and vision, drive, decisiveness, creativeness, leadership, courage when it is called for, kindness, understanding and consideration, a personality that makes friends and inspires confidence, humility enough to use personal power graciously, and a knack of quickly grasping unfamiliar problems. If your son or daughter has a fair share of these attributes, there is a place for him or her—and very likely a bright future—in banking.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interest, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Banking is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy *and* Dentistry. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., Dept. 17-P, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

Copyright 1955, New York Life Insurance Company

THE SEVENTEENTH OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENTED TO HELP GUIDE AMERICA'S CHILDREN TO A BETTER FUTURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hard top, soft top or open—the Thunderbird is the star in *any* setting!

And now: the latest version of America's most exciting car:

Ford THUNDERBIRD for '56

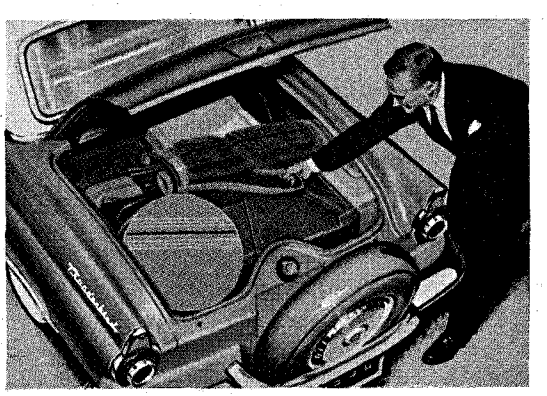
Ready to give you a new lease on driving fun, this newest version of America's favorite dream car is more stunning in style . . . more thrilling in power . . . more luxurious in comfort.

Here, poised for flight you see what many people hardly dreamed possible: a more beautiful, more powerful, more distinctive Thunderbird.

The graceful contours of its long, low lines . . . the unique flair of its new spare-tire mounting . . . the dazzling sheen of its new two-tone colors are but a hint of its newness.

It is when you put the selector in drive position and nudge the gas pedal of a Fordomatic model that the new Thunderbird will really take you by the heart. Nestled beneath that sleek hood lies a new 225-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8, ready to revise all your ideas of how a car should respond.

Now, you may choose hard top, soft top or both. There's a glass-fibre hard top and a foldaway fabric top. Now, the interiors are richer—more beautiful than ever. Now, you get the added protection of Ford's exclusive Lifeguard design. Now, the ride is smoother—the cornering is flatter than ever. And, as always, you may have optional power steering, brakes, windows and seat. Ask your Ford Dealer just how soon *you* can start enjoying the better things of driving.



The 1956 Thunderbird's brand-new rear spare-tire mounting folds back handily, as quick as a wink. It adds as greatly to your luggage space as it does to the over-all beauty of the car.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 76)

It was a great honor, of course, to be allowed to work that program with its vast network coverage, but I'm afraid it soon began to bore the hell out of me. One day, when it was my turn to make the one-o'clock break, I opened the mike switch and announced to the whole Blue Network: "This is the National Harm and Fome Hour." Then I hit the wrong chimes on purpose—bong-bong-bang, instead of bong-bong-bong. Then to the local station I said: WR-r-r-r-r-r C-e-e-e-e-e-e Warschington!"

Morse gave me a funny look, but he didn't smile or say anything, and next day I was permanently relieved of that show. I got a wire, however, from the NBC vice-president in Chicago which made me feel O.K. about it. "Your approach is refreshing," the wire said. I'm sorry I've forgotten his name, God bless him, but somebody told me later he nearly strangled to death laughing when he heard that "Harm and Fome Hour."

The chief announcer, of course, was furious. Shortly after that episode he said to me one day: "Look, Arthur: I'm your friend. Why don't you transfer over to the engineering department? You're not cut out for this side of the mike; you're too crude. Why don't you make it easy for me and quit?"

I said: "Thanks for the tip, old boy, but I think I'll stick around a little longer. I'll try to do better."

Not too long after that, however, something happened that ruined everything between us. The chief announcer was a White House favorite. In addition, the Washington Gas Light Company sponsored a very stuffy musical program on Sunday nights for which he was the announcer and received an extra ten dollars per week. One time when President Hoover took off on a swing through the far West, the chief had to go along, and he said to me, "I'd like you to do my Gas Light program for me while I'm away." I guess he figured I would make him look pretty wonderful by contrast.

The Gas Light program, with Rudy Schramm's orchestra, began with the playing of Bow Down to Burgundy as its theme song—up full and fade under (it said in the script) the reading by the announcer of a long piece of lousy poetry about the "song of the flame—the magic flame." This all had to do with gas refrigeration: The "magic flame" was the gas that did the refrigerating.

In due course, the chief went away, and I took on the job. The advertising manager who ran the program for the gas company was a man named Toby Hyde. He was a very sober-faced gent who rarely smiled and when he sent for me after the program I thought I was in trouble sure enough. "Where have you been hiding?" he said. "I'd like you to do this program from now on!"

Well, it was very embarrassing.

But from that time on, I was awarded more and more of the commercial programs on the station, and by getting an extra ten dollars here and five dollars there I managed to gross a respectable seventy-five or eighty dollars a week in spite of the two salary cuts still in effect. I did some network shows, too, out of Washington, for which some of you may remember me. And for a time dear old Captain Taylor Branson, of the United States Marine Band, and I worked together on the Blue Network with an hour concert every Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock. Pretty soon that program was bringing in 3500 to 4000 pieces of mail each week. Captain Branson liked to have me announce his shows because I ad-libbed my way through them instead of reading the dreary old scripts about Richard Wagner's birthplace. I painted word pictures of the barracks, the Marine Corps, Captain Branson and his musicians, and made them all live characters. In fact, that show was not at all unlike the thing I do every morning nowadays on CBS, except, of course, there were no commercial sponsors.

I used to have a lot of fun letting the air out of the stuffed shirts around the place. For instance, the station manager was a doleful gent—actually a nice-enough guy, but he had a wan little smile which he wore under every situation. If you told him a joke he'd put it on, but he'd smile just the same if you told him you had just lost your mother-in-law. He was all for me at first, but I got on his nerves after a while. On his desk were many telephones—maybe a dozen: private lines to the White House, the Capitol, the various newspapers, and this place and that place. He did everything from his desk with those phones and did it well too. He rarely left the desk except to lunch upstairs in the Press Club, after which he'd hurry back to his desk and worry with his battery of telephones.

These were the first French-receiver-type phones I'd ever seen. They were equipped with a little bar, and when you put the combined mouthpiece and earpiece down, it pressed against the bar and shut off the connection. Then, when you lifted the phone's mouthpiece-earphone section, the bar came up. I couldn't get those phones out of my head, and finally I worked out a way to have a little fun with them. At night, when the boss wasn't there, I put black rubber bands over all those little bars, so that when the bell rang the next morning and he picked up the receiver, the whole phone came with it. Bess Dees, his secretary, later told me that he just put on that same wan little smile, patiently undid all the rubber bands and never said a word. I felt like a heel.

Early in 1933, Scoop Russell came to my rescue again—and for this I am much more indebted to him than for his kindness in getting the company to foot my hospital bills. It happened this way: There were three other radio stations serving Washington in those days—WMAL, the CBS outlet; WJSV, just across the river in Alexandria, Virginia; and WOL, another independent station atop the Annapolis Hotel in Washington. Our station, WRC, carried both the Red and the Blue network programs of NBC, depending on which was scheduled. Both the NBC and the CBS outlets were deep in the red financially at that time, but (Continued on Page 83)

Nocturne: Low Country

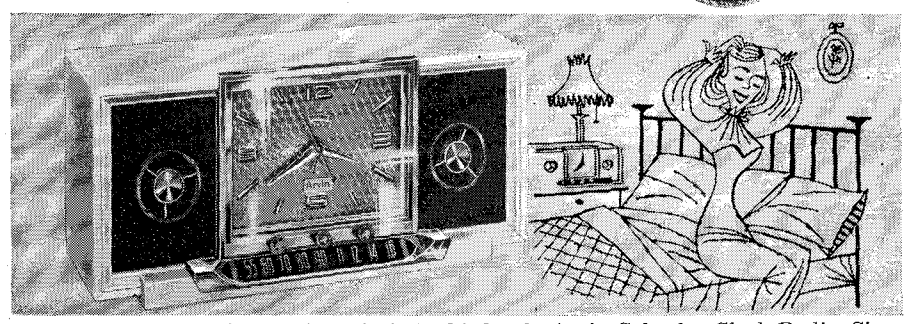
By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

Quietly as a dream that
stirs black waters
Of secret slumbering, the
herons come
With wings that bear the
last gold light of sunset,
Into thick cypress swamps
the color of plum.

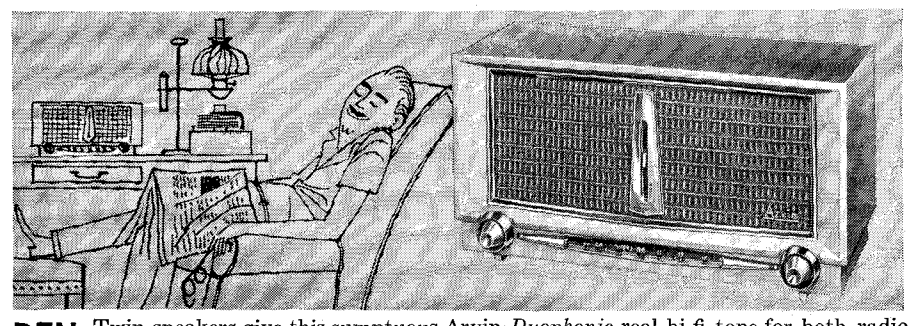
Now night falls swiftly here,
closing away
The long day's sounds,
leaving the silence only
Treading slow waters like a
floating feather,
Or some far planet's shadow,
strange and lonely.

... and all through the house Arvin RADIOS

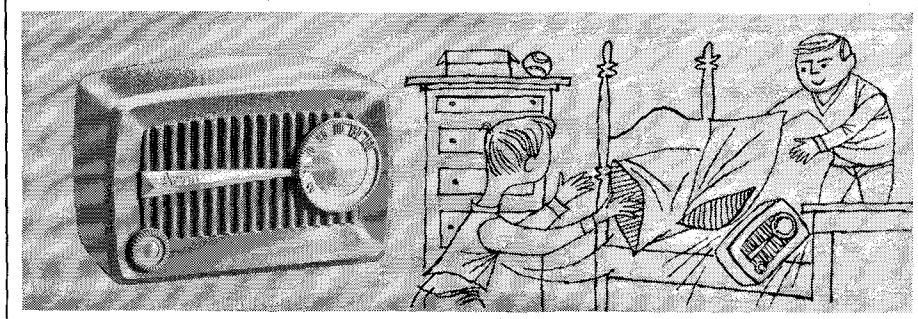
... NICEST GIFTS MONEY CAN BUY!



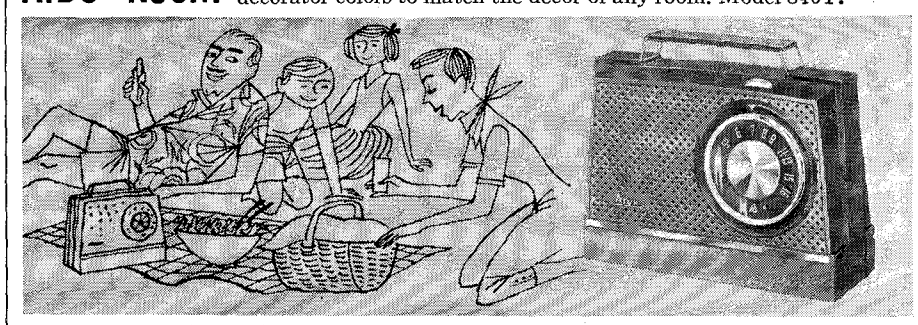
BEDROOM Let luxury living include this lovely Arvin Calendar-Clock Radio. Sings you to sleep, wakes you to music, buzzes you if you doze off again, starts coffee perking, tells you the day, date, time. Model 958T, in 4 colors.



DEN Twin speakers give this sumptuous Arvin *Duophonic* real hi-fi tone for both radio and recorded music. Lighted slide-rule dial and mercury-type treble-bass control. Model 956T, in your choice of Turquoise Blue, Sandalwood, Ivory, Coral.



KIDS' ROOM Shatterproof Arvin *Rainbow* stands roughhouse treatment, brings in favorite programs loud and clear. Compact and cute in six lovely decorator colors to match the decor of any room. Model 840T.



OUTDOORS Such fun at such low cost with Arvin *Airway* 3-way portable! Plays where *you* play—on batteries, AC, DC. Air Loop antenna gets amazing distance. Model 954P, Red, Aqua, Cinnamon. Model 952P, Maroon.

Arvin offers 61 radio choices

Your Christmas budget won't have to stretch to find Arvin radios for all candidates on your list—with 61 choices priced from $13.95 to $66.95, and each a top value in its class. See them and hear them at leading stores. Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana.

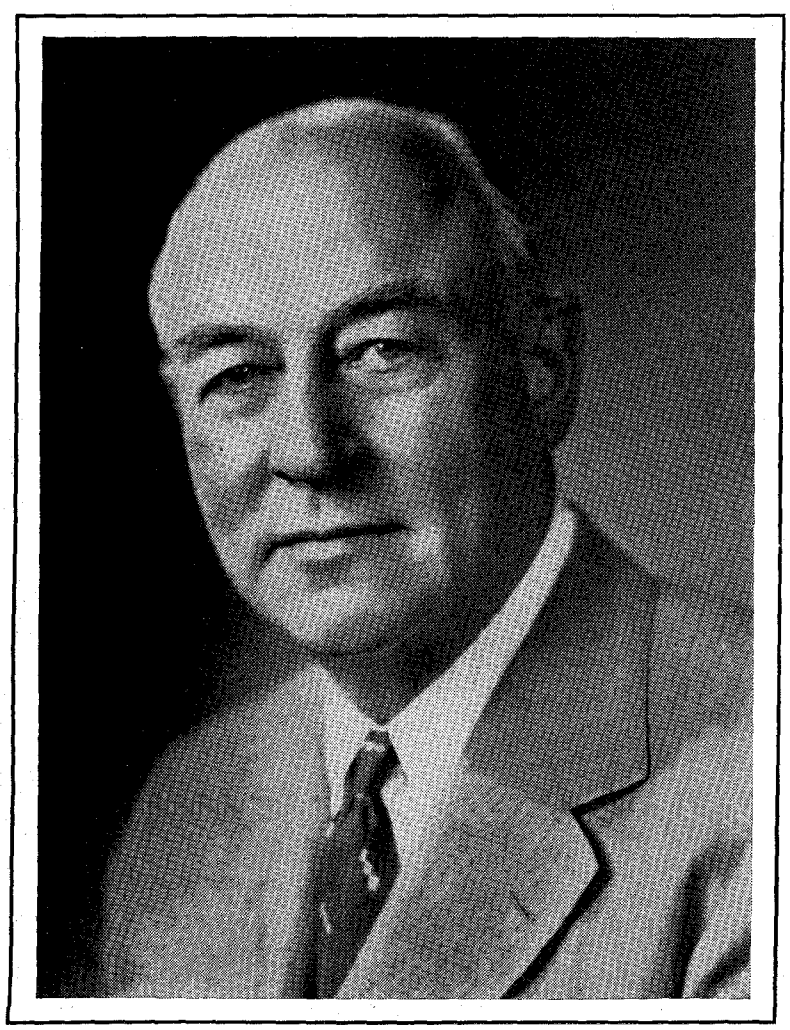
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

A THREE-WAY PARTNERSHIP THAT BENEFITS EVERYBODY

How the public, the magazine publishers and the U.S. Government cooperate to help keep the nation's economy growing always stronger

As a reader of this magazine, the chances are that you belong to a "three-way partnership" dedicated to intelligent saving and a sound economy. For you probably buy United States Savings Bonds. Nearly 40 per cent of the families in America own them. Most Bond-owning families have saved enough in this way to pay for a serious illness, to provide something for old age, to make a down payment on a house or take a long trip. And perhaps most important, these families have the wonderful feeling of security that the ownership and holding of these Bonds bring.



Americans today are buying Savings Bonds at an annual rate of more than $5,000,000,000. In the time it takes you to read this page, approximately one minute, America will buy $10,000 worth of Series E and H Bonds!

How, you may ask, did this come about?

It came about through a great program of voluntary cooperation with the Treasury Department on the part of many groups, organizations and citizens. The magazine publishers have from the beginning been among the major supporters of the Bond program. They contribute millions of dollars' worth of advertising space each year.

Full credit for making Bond-buying a national habit is due that "three-way partnership"—the American citizen, the Government, and the volunteer groups, such as the magazine publishers, who bring buyer and seller together through the pages of their publications.

All three partners will profit further by continuing to help increase the nation's saving through the sale of Savings Bonds.

For so effectively promoting the national welfare I wish, on behalf of the Government, to extend to the magazine publishers our most sincere thanks.

Secretary of the Treasury

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 81) the networks regarded them as necessary evils and wrote them off. WOL, owned by the late Leroy Mark, was the only station making any money. Those folks did it by playing records one after another, twelve hours a day from 7:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M. and reading one-hundred-word spot announcements in between at a cost of one dollar each to advertisers, averaging $175.00 per day gross. With an extremely low overhead, Brother Mark was literally coining money. We, on our station, had morning exercises, morning devotions, bird songs, string quartets, home-economics talks, interviews with authors, and the like. We didn't take in a dime.

When the 1932 election was over, Christmas had come and gone and the inauguration of F.D.R. was just around the corner, the Columbia System ended its lease with WMAL and switched to WJSV in Alexandria. NBC, of course, thought everybody at CBS was nuts. WJSV, at 1450 kilocycles, was way down at the noisy end of the dial, while WMAL was up at the other end. "Much better signal," our NBC people said and promptly leased WMAL as the Blue Network outlet.

Mr. Russell called me into his office one day and said, "Listen, Redhead: NBC has just leased WMAL. It's bad enough that this station (WRC) is a piece of dead wood, so we're going to have a try at making some money with WMAL and at least come out even. We'll have to let down the bars a little bit and start playing some records over there in the morning and selling some spots. You're elected."

"Why me?" I asked.

"Because you seem to be the only announcer around here who can talk, fool with dials and spin records at the same time," he said. "I want you to get over there at seven o'clock every morning, sign the station on, tell the folks what time it is, play some decent records and maybe read a headline or two from the newspapers. I think we've got a better signal than WOL, and if you play better music, maybe you can steal their audience."

I said, "Every morning?"

"Every morning," he repeated stonily.

I said, "Oh! fiddle dee dee—it's bad enough to have to get up to sign this station on two days a week. When am I gonna sleep?"

He said, "Take your girl friends home early and get to bed at a decent hour. The program department will select the records for you. You just play them—you can sleep while the records are on. When you get the program going good—show the other announcers how to do it."

So I took on that job for Scoop between seven and nine-thirty in the morning. There weren't any sponsors. I just went on the air and played records. And some of the things they gave me to play were terrible. The William Tell Overture, Stars and Stripes Forever—that was one of the better ones—Meditation from Thaïs, Viennese waltzes and Brahms' Lullaby. All grand music, of course, but for 7:00 A.M.? Well, I stood it for four days and did everything by the book. I behaved myself as a meek, obedient little announcer should. At the end of the fourth day, however, I went to Berkeley, who was my immediate boss, and kicked like a steer. "I'd like to know," I said, "when you are going to send out a relief man?"

"I really don't know, Arthur," he said. "You're doing a beautiful job. Stay there for a little while."

I made up my mind to fix that. The next morning I said: "It's now seven o'clock, and the first record I see on the schedule is the Overture to Orpheus, and ain't that a terrible way to start a day?" When the record was finished, I said, "Phew—what a noisy mess! If anybody's still listening to this station, he's nuts! I suppose you want to know what time it is? O.K., it's four and a half minutes past seven—get it? Seven-o-four-and-a-half. Set your watch, because I ain't gonna tell you again. What do you think this is, Western Union or something?"

Then I'd put on the next record, after which I'd say, "Better set your watch again—it's eight minutes past seven now. The weatherman says in the paper it's gonna be clear and cold today. Well, he's half right because it sure is cold out there—but it ain't clear: It was snowing up a storm when I came in fifteen minutes ago. Look out the window—see for yourself." After a bit I'd say, "Well, it's ten minutes past seven, let's see what this next record is they got scheduled: Oh! No! Not selections from Aïda! That's that goofy program director we've got. The stuffy old coot. He picks out these records at four or five o'clock yesterday afternoon for this morning's broadcast. I'll guarantee you he's not listening to them. He's sound asleep. Nobody with any sense would listen to this stuff at this hour of the day."

I'd put the record on and it would get to a particularly noisy part, and I'd lift the needle, pick up the record and smash it over the open microphone into a thousand pieces. There would be a stunned silence, while the transmitter engineer in the control room stared at me aghast, and I'd say softly, "I bet you we won't have to listen to that one again, I betcha." And I'd put on something else.

The engineer who was working with me kept saying, "You fool!" and "Ho, boy, you're going to get it." Finally he called up his chief and said, "What'll I do with this idiot? He's out of his mind."

"You're not paid to chaperon him," his chief said. "Let him go to pieces in his own way."

The next day I did it again—only worse—and the day after that. I was smashing records all over the place and putting on tuneful, melodic things instead of the dull junk I was supposed to play; and I was having a ball. I even brushed off an old invention of mine, a moment of silence for those who didn't want to hear anything, and it was more beautiful than it had been when I'd first thought of it.

After a few days more, Kenneth Berkeley sent for me and said, "I haven't had an opportunity to listen to you during the past week, but I've heard reports that you're doing a fine job"—which proved that he had heard nothing—"and I want you to keep it up."

"What do you mean I've been doing a good job?" I asked. "I've been lousing it up. I want off this thing."

"I'm told it's very entertaining," he said. "Keep right on the way you're doing."

When I got on the mike the next morning, I told the public: "This has gone far enough. I don't know who's listening. All I can figure is that anybody who's got his radio turned on at this time of the day must be out of his mind and the noise must be driving his neighbors nuts! It's ridiculous playing these silly marches at this hour. Do you think any of the monkeys who run this station are up listening to this? If you think so you're crazy! Hey, Scoop! Bi-r-r-r-r-d!" Then I added, "If Scoop Russell is listening, I won't be here tomorrow. He's the head man."

Vincent Callahan, the sales manager-publicity man for the station, called me in and said, "Hey! I tuned you in this morning. When the brass finds out about you, you'll get your brains beaten out. But just between you and me, it's the funniest stuff I've ever heard. Don't stop!"

"It ain't funny to me, Vince," I said. "I'm trying to get bounced off of the show. I don't like this getting up every morning at six o'clock." Fortunately, they made me stay on.

I've always remembered that I started this early-morning stint on the same day that F.D.R. was inaugurated for his first term, March 4, 1933. The President was kind enough to remember that and every four years, whenever I was privileged to speak with him for a moment, he'd remind me of it and say, "Glad to see you're still in office too!"

I was on the job about three months, I think, before I had sense enough to realize that the show was catching on and I was an established personality. And here is where old Scoop saved my neck again. It was announced one day that a new man, named Carlton Smith, who had been hired as an announcer only a few weeks previously and whom I had helped to break in, was to be made manager of WMAL. I hit the ceiling and promptly sat down that afternoon at the typewriter and was in the

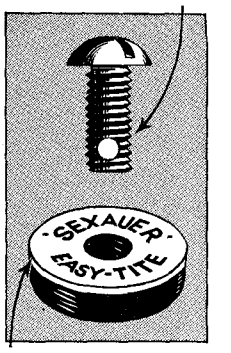
"This is a STACKUP? . . . No. . . . SLICKUP? . . . No. . . . Golly, you've got a terrible handwriting!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Why Your Faucets Leak

Faucet Washers fastened with TOO LONG or SHORT screws quickly work loose—cause LEAKS.

Note Nylon plug——locks screws automatically



Note Fiberglas backing——resists closing squeeze

Now———NEW patented 'Sexauer' SELF-LOCK screws with the NYLON PLUG automatically "LOCK" at the required depth———hold washer FIRMLY.

When used with NEW 'Sexauer' EASY-TITE washers—made of a SPECIAL duPont compound (instead of rubber) to withstand HOTTEST WATER and reinforced with a layer of FIBERGLAS backing to resist CLOSING SQUEEZE—they OUTLAST ordinary washers "6 to 1."

Keep your money from going down the drain because JUST ONE PIN-HOLE LEAK can waste 8000 gal. water monthly. If a HOT WATER faucet, it can jump fuel and water BILLS $7.58 quarterly.

Over 3000 'SEXAUER' TRIPLE-WEAR plumbing repair parts are sold ONLY by PLUMBERS———and ONLY by "1 in 10" selected SEXAUER-AUTHORIZED QUALITY shops.

If you are a HOME or PROPERTY OWNER———WRITE for name of one nearest you. He HAS A COMPLIMENTARY JAR of famous "MULE-KICK" BEAUTY CREME awaiting you (retail value 60¢) that restores a SHINE-Y NEWNESS to dull bathroom and kitchen fixtures.

J. A. SEXAUER MFG. CO., INC., Dept. AS-115
2503-05 Third Ave., New York 51, N. Y.

SEXAUER
SINCE 1921, NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR "TRIPLE-WEAR" PLUMBING REPAIR PARTS

WRITER'S CRAMP?

Not with TICONDEROGA

Fingers won't cramp or tire even after long sessions with a Dixon Ticonderoga pencil. No finger fatigue common with other writing instruments. Prove it to yourself. Try Ticonderoga – it's *Leadfast*.

TICONDEROGA
THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Pencil Sales Division, 8-J-5 Jersey City 3, N. J.

Leadfast MADE IN U.S.A. DIXON TICONDEROGA 1388 No 2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

midst of writing a letter of resignation when Mr. Russell came in and peered over my shoulder.

"Writing script, eh?" he sneered jokingly. "I thought you ad-libbed everything."

"This is no script and this ain't no joke, *sir*," I retorted. "This is my resignation I'm writing!"

"Resignation?" he exclaimed. "What do you want to quit for?"

"What's the use of staying around this madhouse?" I said, thoroughly outraged. "Here I stand over a hot microphone from seven o'clock in the morning until late at night; and then some new joker comes around, and the first decent job that opens up you give to him!"

"What in the world are you talking about?" he said.

"Didn't you just announce Carlton Smith is to be manager of WMAL?" I asked, and I was burning when I said it.

He said, "Yes—but ——"

"Yes, but—hell," I exploded. "What am I, an orphan around here or something?"

I remember that Berkeley, his next in command, came into the room at that time. Scoop looked at him and said, "Berk, we've made a mistake. Godfrey's next in line for that job at WMAL—not Smith."

I missed the wink that I'm sure must have passed between them. "Gosh, yes—that's right," Berkeley agreed. "I'm sorry, Arthur. I guess we sort of overlooked you."

I said, "You sure did overlook me—and it's no wonder: That early-morning clambake of mine is all over and finished before you guys even get up. You've forgotten I work here!"

Berkeley said, "Tear that letter up and come in and see me in the morning, and we'll get straightened out on your new job." Next morning in his office he said, "Well, let's see now, Mr. Manager. First things first: Who are you going to put on that early-morning show you're doing?"

I said, "I won't put anybody on it. I'll do it myself, of course."

He said, "Oh, no, Arthur—sorry. We can't have NBC executives on the air. You've either got to be manager or you've got to be broadcaster. You can't be both." I looked at him kind of funny and said, "O.K., Berk, I get it," and went in to see Scoop.

"Arthur," Scoop Russell said, and I've never forgotten his words, "the world is full of people who are always cutting their own throats on the barbed wire by trying too hard to reach the grass on the other side of the fence. You're no executive, but you've got the makings of a terrific radio personality. If you keep going like you're doing, someday you can own twenty stations like WMAL if you want to and hire that many managers. Stay in front of that microphone, boy—that's where you belong!"

I never tried to get off the show again. From that time on, every move I made was an effort to improve the program.

Presently Vince Callahan came up with an idea: "We'll make it the WMAL Breakfast Club—have the listeners become members. Get a lot of mail—issue certificates. As soon as clients find out folks are listening, we'll sell spot announcements, like WOL."

Vince and I had little certificates drawn up with WMAL BREAKFAST CLUB printed on them, and I plotted an initiation ceremony with a nonsensical ritual like: "Abba dabba, abba dabba, beaten dent and dow; hot cha, hot cha, some stuff wow!" I made potential members get down in front of their radios, with their heads on the floor and their heels against the wall, while the rest of their family bore witness to the fact that they'd seen them in that position. After that, we sent them a certificate signed by me. It said: "You are now a member." People still mail those certificates back to me with a note saying, "Thought you'd like to see it. I've had this since 1933."

Within a year we had issued more than 60,000 of those certificates in Washington alone, and almost immediately we began to get commercial announcements, for which NBC was paid $2.50 apiece. In December of 1933 Helen Schaefer, in the bookkeeping office, asked me: "Do you have any idea how much that program of yours is earning for NBC?"

"No," I said. "How much?"

"As of right now," she said, "one hundred and eighty-some thousand bucks a year."

When I'd raised my lower jaw back up, I dropped in to see my immediate boss. "Do you know how much my program's earning for you now?" I asked.

"Our expenses are very heavy," he said.

"And one of your heaviest expenses," I said, "is my salary—twenty-four hundred a year, less ten, less five."

"I signed a paycheck for you the other day for ninety dollars," he countered.

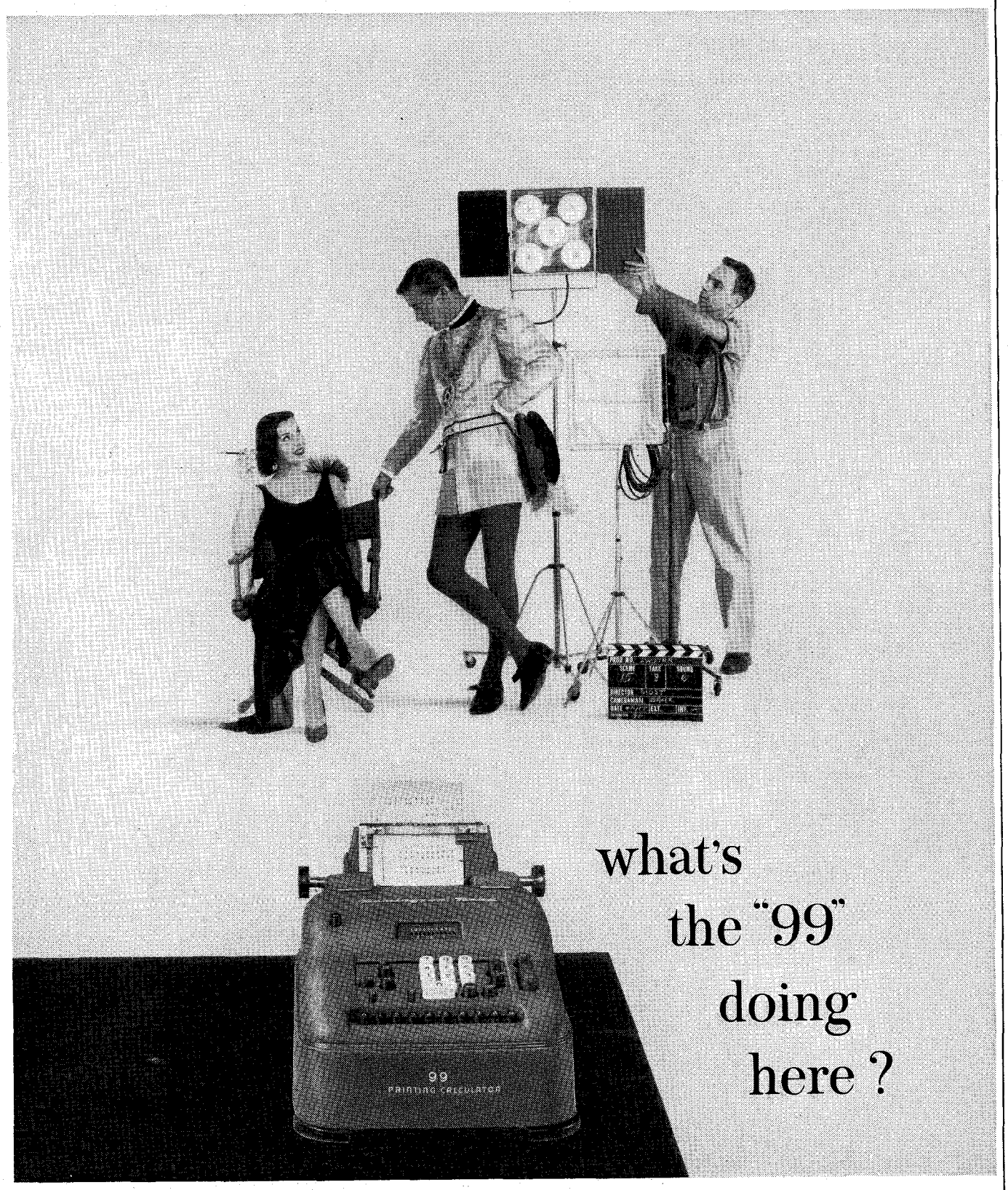
"Sure you did," I said. "I work my head off to get that much by doing other programs in addition to my regular work. You're paying me the same money you pay people who bring you in nothing, and I'm bringing you one hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year."

"Well, well, well," he said. "I'll see if I can't get your two pay cuts restored."

Pretty soon Scoop Russell sent for me. "What's all this about you and money?"

"Don't you think I'm entitled to a slight raise?"

"I'm having your cuts restored," Scoop said, "and I've put in a requisition to raise you to seventy-five a week. I can't give you



This Calculator that Prints has gone "on the set" to meet the Payroll.

Most studios pay "extras" on the spot. Their hourly earnings are computed before the day's "shooting" is over . . . their wages paid out as fast. Payroll officers rely on the 99 Calculator for fast action on the figuring scene. It's fully automatic with speedy 10-key touch control.

Any business that has to compute salaries, hourly wages, piece work or commissions needs the compact 99. You're right when you choose this Calculator that Prints . . . the *proof is on the tape.*

Remington Rand
DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than that because you'll be making more money than the manager."

"O.K.," I said. "I don't want to be a pig, but I did think forty-two-fifty was a little light."

Then on January 2, 1934, Ben Bernie came to town, and whenever he broadcast from Washington, he always asked for me to announce his program. In those days, it was regarded as a great honor for a local announcer to be singled out to do a network commercial, even if no fee was involved.

I got up at six o'clock that morning and went to the studio to do my two-and-a-half-hour WMAL Breakfast Club—the show had eighty-eight sponsors by this time—and remained on duty until one-thirty. It was then my privilege to go to the Willard Hotel and rehearse with Ben Bernie for two or three hours. After that I was due at the WRC Studio in the Press Building for my Aunt Sue and Polly program (5:15 to 5:30); then I rushed back to WMAL to do a five-minute program for Connecticut Motherlike Pies. At eight o'clock I had to be at the Willard Hotel to put on Bernie's show. After this I scurried back to WMAL to announce the Poet Prince, who sang and recited poetry on the network at night. At midnight I was back at the Willard Hotel to announce Bernie's repeat show for the West Coast. By the time I left the Willard, I was dragging. When I reached my apartment, I got my boss on the phone. "I'm bushed," I said. "Get yourself another boy for the morning program. I'm going to sleep."

"All right," he said, and hung up. Later it developed that he forgot all about it and went back to sleep, but I didn't know that. I said to the girl at the desk at my apartment house: "Don't ring my bell for anybody. I'm going to stay here until I'm slept out. I'm dying."

I got up around eleven o'clock, had breakfast, drove out to the airport and flew my glider for a while. At five-fourteen plus thirty seconds, I showed up at the studio for my five-fifteen Aunt Sue and Polly and Uncle Arthur program. I've never believed in arriving at a studio before it's time to go on the air; I never have, and never will. When I walked in at five-fourteen-thirty, with thirty seconds to go, the junior-executive NBC brass was pacing the reception room, sweating and cursing softly to himself. Ed Rogers, an announcer friend of mine, was feverishly writing the things he was going to say on my Aunt Sue and Polly program.

I said "Hi, boys!" walked into the studio, sat down and went on the air. When I came off, the receptionist said: "Arthur, they want to see you."

I went in to see the man in charge of me. He was livid with rage. "I don't like your attitude!" he told me. "Where were you this morning?"

"I was sleeping, like I told you," I said.

"What do you mean you were sleeping like you told me?" he asked. Then it came back to him. "Oh," he said slowly, "I'd forgotten that. You did tell me and I rolled over and went back to sleep. But that was no time to call a man, at two-thirty in the morning! Where have you been? The engineer played records all morning. There were no announcements."

"When did you hear about all this?" I asked.

"When I came to the office at ten-thirty," he said.

"You were sleeping late, too, weren't you, old boy?" I asked sweetly.

"And furthermore," he added, "what about not being able to reach you all day long on the phone? We didn't know what we were going to do about the Aunt Sue and Polly show."

"It went on the air, didn't it?" I asked.

"I still don't like your attitude," he said.

I blew. "Look," I said, "I'm on the air every day from seven o'clock until sometimes eleven at night. I am earning money for this lousy outfit at the rate of one hundred and eighty-some thousand dollars a year—for which I'm being paid seventy-five bucks a week. Yesterday morning I got up at six o'clock and did shows all day long, plus the Ben Bernie network stuff for you for free. Then I called you up to tell you to get another guy on the air because I was tired—and you don't like my attitude! Well, I don't like you or your job either, and I bid you a fond good day." That isn't exactly what I said—but you get the idea.

This is the fourth part of Arthur Godfrey's own story. Part Five will appear next week.

People are Like That

Although no one questions the wisdom of making a will, countless persons never get around to it. Would you assume that those who are better educated and therefore more aware of the importance of a will are better prepared than most people?

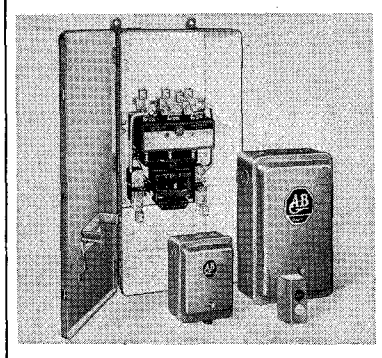
Not according to a survey by Teachers College, Columbia University. Of more than 3000 of its alumni, 47 per cent had not made out their wills. In a similar survey by the college covering almost 500 persons in various occupations, about 70 per cent employed in the field of pharmacy were similarly unprepared, as were 51 per cent in journalism and 46 per cent in engineering, and almost 30 per cent of the attorneys.

Arthur Larsen

See that trademark?

it stands for **ALLEN-BRADLEY...**

trouble free motor controls



ALLEN-BRADLEY AUTOMATIC STARTERS AND PUSH BUTTON STATION

Bulletin 709 solenoid starters are made in 8 sizes up to 300 hp, 220 v; 600 hp, 440-550 v; in enclosures for every service.

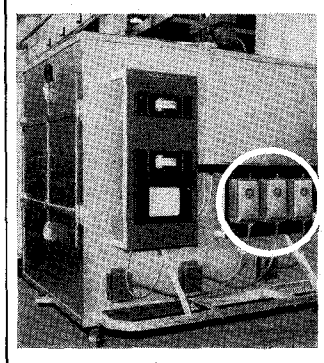
For reliability in motor starters . . . providing millions of trouble free operations . . . insist on Allen-Bradley controls. The simple, solenoid mechanism on Allen-Bradley starters has only *one* moving part. There are no pins, pivots, hinges, or bearings to cause trouble.

Allen-Bradley starters have double break, silver alloy contacts, too, which never have to be cleaned, filed, or dressed. They are always in good working condition.

For motor control which you can install and *forget* . . . select Allen-Bradley.

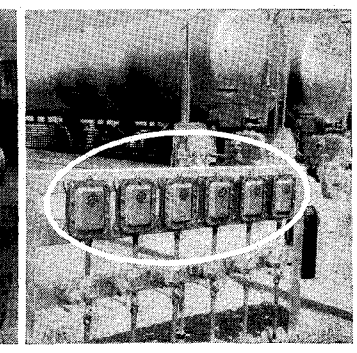
Allen-Bradley Co.
138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.
In Canada—
Allen-Bradley Canada Limited, Galt, Ont.

TYPICAL INSTALLATIONS OF ALLEN-BRADLEY CONTROLS



Stress-relief Aluminum Ovens

Abrasive Cut-off Saw



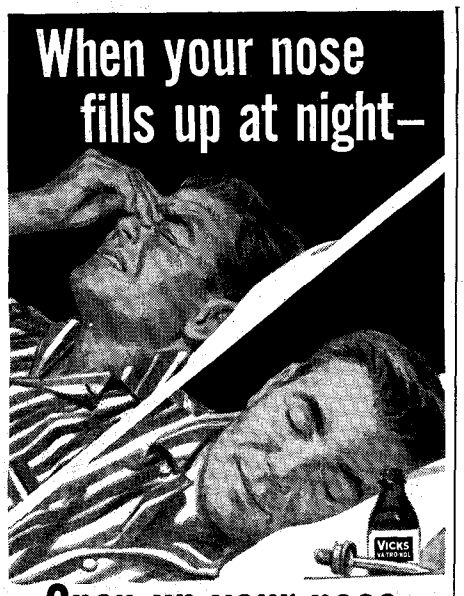
Natural Gas Pump Starters with Explosion-proof Enclosures

THERE IS AN

ALLEN-BRADLEY

CONTROL FOR EVERY ELECTRIC MOTOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Open up your nose–

BREATHE AGAIN
-SLEEP AGAIN!

Stop tossing and turning on those nights when a stuffed-up nose keeps you from falling asleep. Use Vicks Va-tro-nol® Nose Drops! A few drops up each side of your nose, as directed in package, and... your nose opens in seconds. You can *breathe* again!

Nothing works like Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops to open a stuffed-up nose. Use it! Breathe again! Sleep again!

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
NOSE DROPS

PLAY TRANSOGRAM'S
DRAGNET© GAME

Players will thrill to the manhunt as they are thrown right into the middle of an authentic police action. A realistic game of skill, deduction and luck for 2 to 6 teen-agers or adults. $2.98

At your favorite toy counter

TRANSOGRAM
Toys and Games

Charles S. Raizen, Pres., 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10

Johannesburg (Continued from Page 41)

follow. By the time the string of cars reached the towering theaters and office buildings of Commissioner Street, it had slowed to a crawl. People ran along the sidewalks toward the Carlton, darting out into the street, leaping in front of the motorcycle escort and knocking one another down in their scramble to get near Danny Kaye.

Screaming and howling, they packed Commissioner Street from wall to wall. Negotiating the corner of Commissioner and Eloff streets, the driver pressed the crowd out of the way with his fenders and front bumper. The boyish look on Kaye's face gave way to a mechanical smile. Sitting on the folded top of the convertible with his feet on the back seat, he looked as though he had been squeezed into the air by the sheer weight of people pressing toward him.

As men and women snatched at his trench coat, leaning farther and farther over the car doors in their attempts to touch him, Kaye vanished through the hotel's front door. A shout of outrage greeted his escape up a flight of stairs inside, but there were cheers again when he appeared on a balcony, obviously shaken and staring with disbelief at the wild crowd below.

Within a few days, however, it was clear that Johannesburg regretted its unsophisticated enthusiasm over a mere American performer. Typically, the city went to the other extreme; audience after audience assumed an attitude of intense boredom, tittering politely when Kaye said something particularly amusing, and yawning during the songs. Audience-participation gimmicks sagged. It became terribly fashionable not to have liked Danny Kaye, especially after word got around that his material was much the same as that which had thrilled theatergoers in London.

Johannesburgers have always been ready to go to extremes, as the city itself shows. Two extremes are obvious from the start: abject poverty and the kind of wealth people are usually described as rolling in. To find the former, you thread your car through the harrowing traffic of downtown Johannesburg, cross one of the viaducts over the railway yards and then turn west on a wide, curving drive lined with flowers, pleasant old houses and school playing fields. High on the left you can see the University of the Witwatersrand; later you pass the lush fairways of the Johannesburg Country Club.

Then, almost without warning, you're in Sophiatown, with its lines of decaying houses along tattered paved streets. It doesn't look so bad—until you learn that eight or nine people live in a single room and that the houses hide back yards full of stinking, head-high shanties built of cardboard and flattened kerosene cans. Sophiatown is being razed now, strip by strip, legislated out of existence by a South African Government anxious to do away with slums and eager to fufill a political obligation to clear black men out of "white" areas.

But farther west you find Moroka and the Orlando breeze-block shelters, miserable places that make Sophiatown look like Nob Hill. Moroka was never meant to be a town—the city administration, faced seven years ago with the problem of what to do with tens of thousands of unhoused natives, took the easy way out. After marking off plots, the City Council spread the news that squatting was allowed. Shanties sprang up, built of mud bricks, bits of planking, wads of rags and sheets of rusted corrugated iron, pushed together to gain support from the shack next door. A "temporary measure," promised the council. "By 1953 there will be plenty of houses for everyone; then we'll tear down these eyesores."

The shacks are still there, with more people than ever packed into them. You can get out of your car and watch police moving through the alleys, probing with long steel rods for buried caches of skokiaan, a poisonous, home-fermented liquor laced with methyl alcohol. But you won't stay long unless the wind is at your back. Naked children with distended bellies play on the edges of streams trickling from overflowing buckets in the communal privies, and it's easy to believe the reports of casual Sunday fist fights that develop into tribal battles. The Monday-morning paper doesn't even bother to give the names of the dead.

Sensible white men stay out of these shanty towns at night when inky darkness hides the *shebeens*, illicit drinking places presided over by "skokiaan queens" serving the brew the police didn't find. Witch doctors still weave black magic, smelling out evildoers and brewing potions to cure everything from sterility to athlete's foot. It's a rare white Johannesburger who has ever even seen the squatters' towns. Everyone knows they're there, of course, but they are strategically placed well off the main roads from Jo'burg to neighboring towns in the Transvaal.

Oddly enough, you don't have to go very far to find the city's luxury. You drive back to the university, then turn north out Oxford Road, a comfortable dual carriageway lined with palm trees and paved to suit its burden of fat American cars. Houses get bigger as you drive north, and the sprinkling of tennis courts and swimming pools becomes a rash. By the time you reach the suburbs of Houghton, Dunkeld and Illovo, the rash is epidemic. And the tennis courts are not mere trappings—the Jo'burg sun shines an average of more than eight and a half hours a day throughout the year. Even in winter, from June to October, there is rarely a cloud in the sky, although the temperature sometimes drops to freezing and a few flakes of snow fall two or three times in a lifetime.

> If the younger generation does not know where it is going, it must be following in its father's footsteps.
>
> IMOGENE FEY

Sprawling over several acres, the houses range in style from Tudor to service-station modern and in size from baronial to princely. All are amply staffed. In every kitchen a native "cook boy" operates a battery of American appliances. Native "garden boys" tend the flowers. Native "nannies" take care of the children. Native drivers keep the cars washed and get the *baas* safely to and from the office every day. And there's always a native "house boy" handy to make beds and the like. Luxury comes cheap in Johannesburg—servants get from fourteen to thirty dollars a month, and the best cuts of beef go for forty cents a pound.

From the luxury of the north you can swing east, then circle south through the monotonous stucco and corrugated-iron roofing of the older suburbs. Then you're back in the city itself, where brownstone landmarks studded with Victorian turrets are being ripped down at a great rate to make way for modern office buildings with expressionless marble faces. Downtown Johannesburg is getting newer every day.

A few blocks south of the Carlton Hotel the city comes to a sudden halt and goldmine dumps begin. Some are old and hidden under mantles of brush, but most are still growing, reminders that the only reason for the city's existence is the fact that a hobo stubbed his toe on a rock here sixty-nine years ago.

Johannesburg began just that casually. It was a bright Sunday morning in 1886 when a hobo named George Walker tripped over the fateful stone while walking through the rolling veld 900 miles northeast of Africa's southern tip, in the old Boer Transvaal Republic. Or perhaps it was another hobo, George Harrison. It may even have been a third hobo named Honeyball. No one is quite sure.

The gold in that stone began a rush that hasn't stopped yet. People poured into the Transvaal afoot and on horseback, by stagecoach and wagon. One affluent prospector drove up in a hansom cab. Within a few months the president of the republic, Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, was forced to send two men to the new mining camp to lay out a proper village. These were Johannes Rissik and C. Johannes Joubert, and they did the job under instructions from the goldfields' first mining commissioner, Johannes Meyer. Appropriately enough, the resulting checkerboard of surveyors' pegs, mud huts and wagons was named Johannesburg.

To this day no one remembers for certain just which Johannes the city was named for. The trouble is that Jo'burg moved too fast for anyone to stop and write a history. Keeping a diary in your tent was a good way to miss a gold strike or an available woman. You had to keep on the go, digging your claim, investigating reports of fabulous wealth on a nearby farm, finding water to drink—doing all the crazy things that made up life in a boom town built on the richest gold mine in the world.

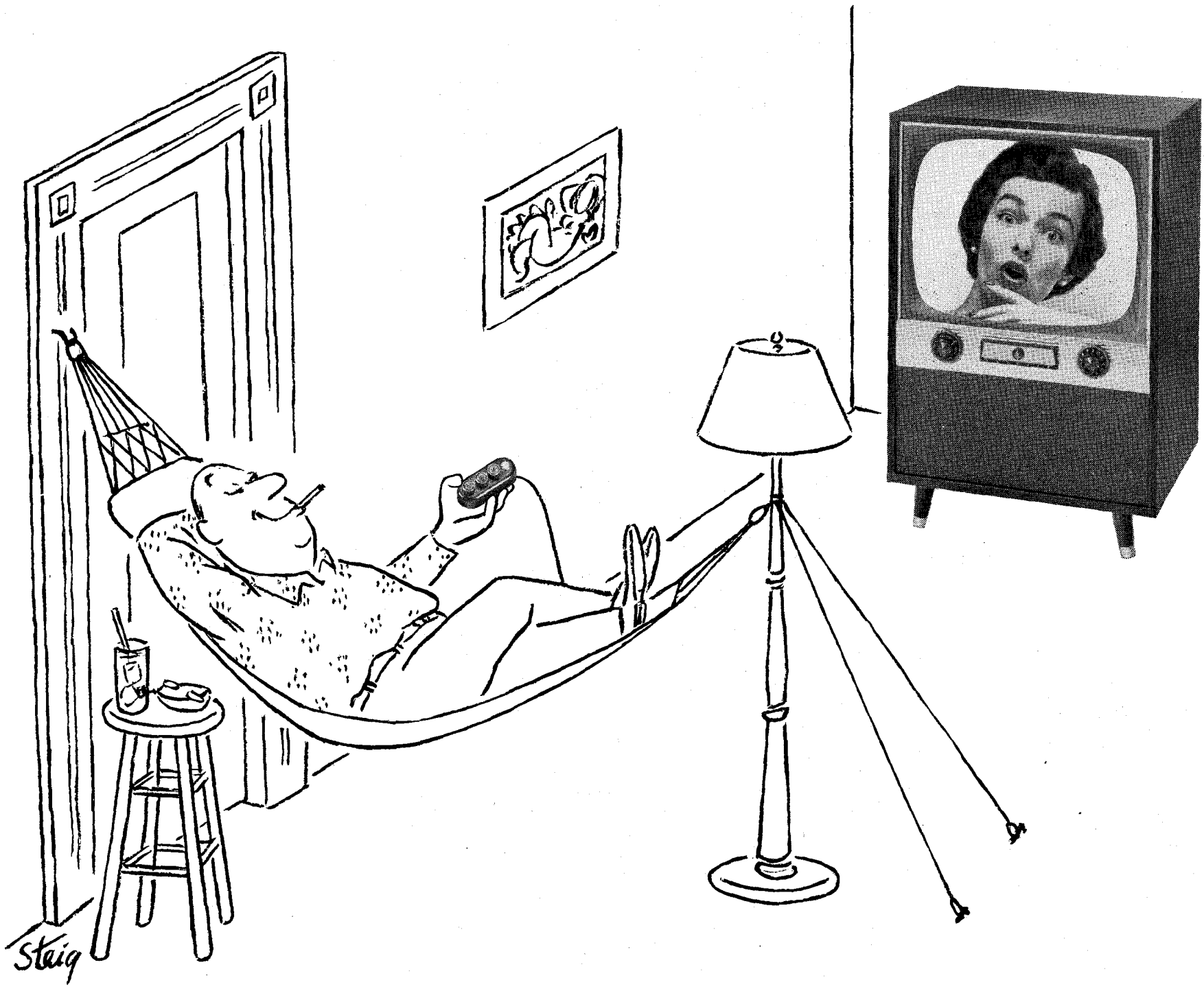
To be sure, the glitter of gold had attracted attention to the Witwatersrand, the low "Ridge of the White Waters" that runs east and west through the city, as far back as 1853. In that year a Boer prospector had burst excitedly into the *Volksraad*, the legislative assembly of the old republic, to announce the discovery of gold. To his surprise, however, the good burghers had promptly invoked a law forbidding prospecting and sworn him to secrecy on pain of death. Gold might bring wealth to the echoing coffers of the Transvaal treasury, but it would also bring a flood of the hated British with their liberal ideas and sinful ways.

Stanchest in his opposition to anything that might bring the British to the Transvaal was the republic's third and last president, "Oom Paul" Kruger. As a boy of ten he had ridden a creaking ox wagon into the Transvaal with the *Voortrekkers*, the band of 7000 fanatically religious Dutch farmers who fled the liberalism which the British had brought to the Cape Province and Natal. He grew into a square, hulking man who read nothing but the Bible and believed with all his rock-bound soul that he had been divinely chosen to lead his people, that the Almighty had reserved a special section of Paradise for the Boers and that the African natives were descended from Ham, the disrespectful son of Noah, and were therefore destined to serve as hewers of wood and drawers of water for all time. He also believed, and with equal fervor, that the world was flat.

Under his disapproving eye the gold camps grew—Ferreira's Camp, the first and most important; then Bantje's Camp, Paarl Camp and all the others. The first arrivals roughed it in tents and wagons, but presently shacks appeared, built of mud and grass or imported iron and brick. During the rainy summer, from November to May, the mud huts naturally melted like ice-cream castles in a steam bath, but when they collapsed the occupants simply crawled out, rescued the roof and molded another home.

Water sold for $2.50 a gallon, baths were unheard of. (Continued on Page 88)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wherever you look . . . there's Emerson

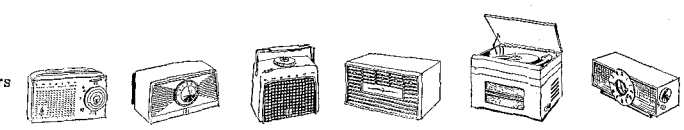
At ease! Stay in your hammock, Heinrich—you needn't move a muscle or stir a step to tune in your favorite show . . . and see it better . . . on the 1956 Emerson Model 1158 TV. Just tune by remote control! Change channels, adjust contrast, fine-tune at fingertip touch. The picture is a big-as-life 24 inches. Because of Emerson's exclusive Dyna-Power chassis, it's movie-clear . . . however far from the station you may be.

Trouble-free, it costs as little as *half* as much to operate, parts last up to *ten* times longer! Complete twin-speaker high-fidelity sound system. Handsome modern console cabinet, blonde or mahogany finish. Choose from 60 Emerson TV models, starting as low as $98. *Wherever you look . . . look for Emerson TV, radios, phonographs, air conditioners.*

Emerson*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp., Jersey City, N. J.

Over 16,000,000 satisfied owners



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 86) and rats and snakes were everywhere. To make things completely miserable, the only bar in town was so small that it accommodated but one customer at a time. Women were in demand, to say the least. One legend tells of a bonny young servant girl, traveling through Ferreira's Camp by stagecoach, who alighted in order to avoid the foul attentions of a male fellow passenger. One month later she was sole owner of a hotel and a gold mine, with no questions asked.

The camps grew so fast that government surveyors were forced to consolidate towns that no one had dreamed would ever meet. As a result, there are unexpected jogs and right-angle turns in the city's streets today, marking the collision of one mining camp with another.

As the camps grew, so did the numbers of fools and confidence men. Mine salting was an everyday occurrence, and one prospector, watching the initial panning of a reputedly rich mine, was outraged to see two gold teeth turn up in the suspiciously heavy yield. As it turned out, the ethics of the situation had nothing to do with his anger—what made him see red was the fact that they were his teeth, strayed or stolen a few days earlier.

Stagecoach-stopping was a popular outdoor sport among the horsy set, and most crimes which would rate front-page space in today's big Rand Daily Mail or Star were either ignored or forgotten. Gold chasing kept the people of Johannesburg much too busy to pay any attention to the holdups and worse that took place nightly in the unlighted streets.

Looking at the city today, it's a bit difficult to imagine the lurid happenings of the turn of the century. But in her attempts to achieve respectability, Jo'burg seems rather like a burlesque queen married to a purebred Bostonian; she is finding it easy to keep her bustle, but hard to forget the bumps and grinds.

For example, the city fathers have curbed night life so effectively that a wild evening means a trip to one of the ultramodern movie theaters or dinner dancing at a floorshowless supper club. Drinking in bars and cocktail lounges stops promptly at midnight and a small-town silence settles when the last streetcar has headed for the barns. But iron bars on bedroom windows and the flickering fires of "watch boys" on duty outside private homes show that danger still roams the streets at night. White women rarely go out alone after sundown, and burglars have found that a long pole tipped with a hook can slip past window bars. It's common for a white man to wake up to see his trousers floating across the room toward the window. It would seem a simple matter to grab the pole, thereby saving trousers, honor and cash, but the poles are often studded with razor blades set on edge. A quick jerk on the pole by the thief, and the grabber's hands are slashed to ribbons.

Daylight brings the less dangerous thrill of mingling with the racial kaleidoscope that pushes along Jo'burg's crowded streets. There are Zulu ricksha boys in swinging skirts made of colored strips of felt, Chinese left over from the days when great numbers of coolies were imported to work the mines, and Basuto tribesmen, wrapped in their traditional red blankets, hurrying toward the railway station and the mines farther out on the Witwatersrand. There are swarthy descendants of the Malayan slaves brought to Cape Town in the early days to work on Dutch farms, strapping blond policemen with names like du Plessis and van der Merwe, whose great-grandfathers trekked across the veld with Kruger, and well-groomed men with proper British accents who have never been outside South Africa. There are Indians and Jews, Xosa and Swazi African natives, even a few hundred Americans, all racing to make a fortune or catch an electric bus in the "City of Gold."

All told, 850,000 people—including all races, Chinese, Indian and those of mixed blood—live in Jo'burg, and everyone seems to be in a tearing hurry—except, of course, on Sunday, when the strictly Calvinist Dutch Reformed Church does its bit to bring the rush to a grinding halt. Yet Sunday morning brings one of the most thrilling spectacles the city has to offer. To find it you must go south from the center of town into the grimy world of garages, railway lines and mine dumps. Dull yellow in the sun, the dumps tower 80 or 100 feet above the road and their sides are wrinkled with the erosion of rainy seasons, year after year. You're driving over the reef—more than a mile beneath you lies the narrow layer of gold-bearing earth that started it all.

Even the mines obey the Sunday blue laws. The wheels atop the tall steel headgears over the shafts stop spinning, the mills slow and the compounds fill with excitement. The compounds are long brick or concrete dormitories where African laborers live a bachelor life during their average stay of about a year at the mines. On Sundays they put away the head lamps, helmets, battery packs and heavy boots they wear underground eight hours a day during the week and bring out their furs and feathers.

To the accompaniment of xylophonelike "Machopi pianos," drums, chants and hand clapping, they lash through the brilliant sunlight of a wide arena, stamping their feet in perfect unison. Waving spears and shields over their heads, they do the dances of Zululand, Mozambique, Rhodesia and Tanganyika. For a few hours they forget that they are many days from their *kraals* in the green lushness along the Indian Ocean coastline or the flat bushland of the Rhodesias to the north. In a hard, pounding rhythm that shakes the packed earth, they go through the traditional motions that have been used for centuries to celebrate marriages, successful hunts or battles.

Rising racial tension in Johannesburg has caused many women to carry tear-gas pistols for protection. At night, "watch boys" guard private homes.

Back in their own lands the dances might last for days if the beer held out. The Xosas, who make their own music by strapping bells around their rippling chest muscles, could keep up their jangling far into the night, but here time is limited. There are other dancers from other tribes with different costumes and songs. Somehow, however, no matter what the tribe, the rhythm stays the same. Men who come from territories thousands of miles apart, who speak different languages and pay different prices for their brides, could do their dances to each other's music. It seems to be the rhythm of all Africa.

There are sudden silences when the music fades and the dancers fall to the ground, lying motionless in the settling dust. Then, slowly, as if growing from the earth itself they rise and the rhythm begins again, first murmuring, then quickening, finally throbbing as dark feet flash high in the air, pause, then come pounding down to make ankle rattles chatter and head plumes shake.

Dancers forget that from Monday through Saturday they are sweating laborers—lashing boys, loader operators, drill boys and loco drivers. On Sunday they are men again, warriors of the old Africa, with spears, shields and the skins of animals wrapped about them. You notice the Zulus particularly, dancing with some fierce memory of the days when their regiments were feared throughout Southern Africa and their warlike chief, Tshaka, practiced the bloody rites of human sacrifice.

Most visitors leave at noon, but the dances often go on through the hot sun of afternoon. This is the real Johannesburg, you feel, more in keeping with the past than the American-style bowling alley, the zoo or the twenty golf clubs. The Zulus were dancing like this when Paul Kruger killed his first lion and blew off his thumb with a four-pounder gun; they'll probably be dancing the same way when the last ounce of gold or uranium comes up the shaft of the last mine.

When you see the fierceness of the dancing against the harsh background of the mine dumps and the modern sky line of the city, you can begin to understand why there is such a gulf between black and white and why tensions, racial and otherwise, flourish in Johannesburg.

Discrimination against "black savages, just down out of the trees," is everywhere. Separate post offices serve "Europeans" (whites) and Africans. There are separate entrances to the railway stations, separate railway cars, separate taxis, separate buses. Even the bus stops are marked BUS STOP and SECOND CLASS BUS STOP, and the pretty red benches under the rain shelters are invariably stenciled FOR EUROPEANS ONLY. Africans are not allowed in the restaurants, hotels and bars of the city, although they can do some of their shopping in the bazaars—overgrown five-and-ten-cent stores—along Eloff Street. "European" liquor—beer, whisky, wine and gin—is forbidden them and, in addition to the identification books which they are obliged to carry, Africans must have special permission from their employers to be on the streets in "European" Johannesburg after nine o'clock at night.

Yet even this is only the discrimination which appears on the surface. Hidden, but no less strict, are the color bars which prevent Africans from rising in industry, the armed forces and the civil service. Political rights—voting and running for office—are denied to all Africans, regardless of education, except on an unbelievably limited basis in the native "reserves." It is small wonder that Jo'burg, with its 400,500 Africans, is a natural breeding ground for racial warfare.

The city has seen two bloodier-than-usual riots caused by European fears that some of their jobs might be taken over by African Bantu. In 1913, twenty-one people were killed and forty-seven wounded by troops sent to control rioting, burning and looting by outraged mobs of striking white mine workers. And, in 1922, a strike which began in the South African coal fields spread to Jo'burg, where communist leaders built it into thirteen days of all-out guerrilla warfare. Planes bombed Fordsburg, a suburb just west of the downtown district, and South African troops opened fire on the strike leaders holed up in a house there. Casualties totaled 687 killed and wounded.

In 1945, 50,000 striking African miners marched on the city, but were met by police and put to rout after a "show of force." Force, indeed, has been used many times to keep the blacks from rioting against Jo'burg's 350,500 whites. Fear of such an uprising is one (Continued on Page 92)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The look, the feel, the power of success: New '56 Dodge Custom Royal Lancer 4-Door

In all the world no car like this

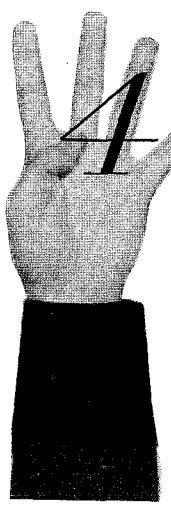
The New Dodge Lancer goes 4 door!

Lancer by Dodge—what *excitement* the name inspires! What thoughts of *high adventure!*

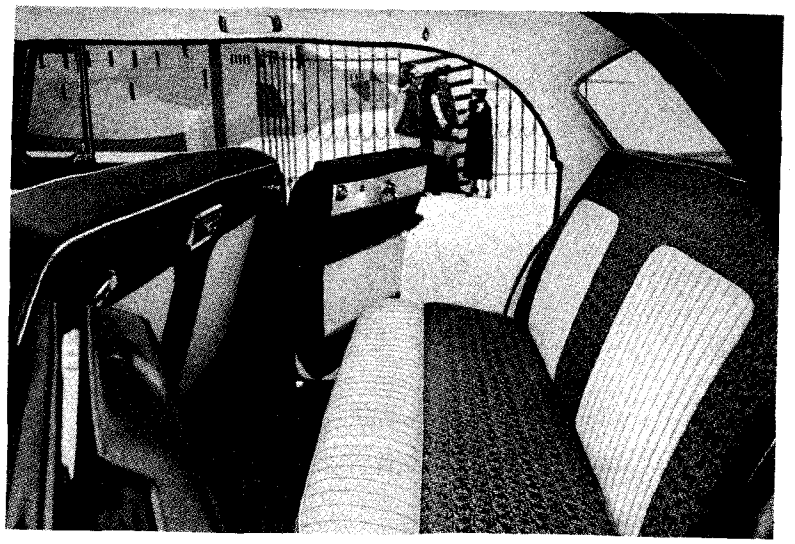
And as its crowning achievement in the car that has created a sensation all over America, Dodge introduces *the 4-door Lancer.*

Now there's a glamourous Lancer 4-door in all three great Dodge series: Custom Royal, Royal and Coronet, matching daring hardtop flair with sedan comfort and convenience.

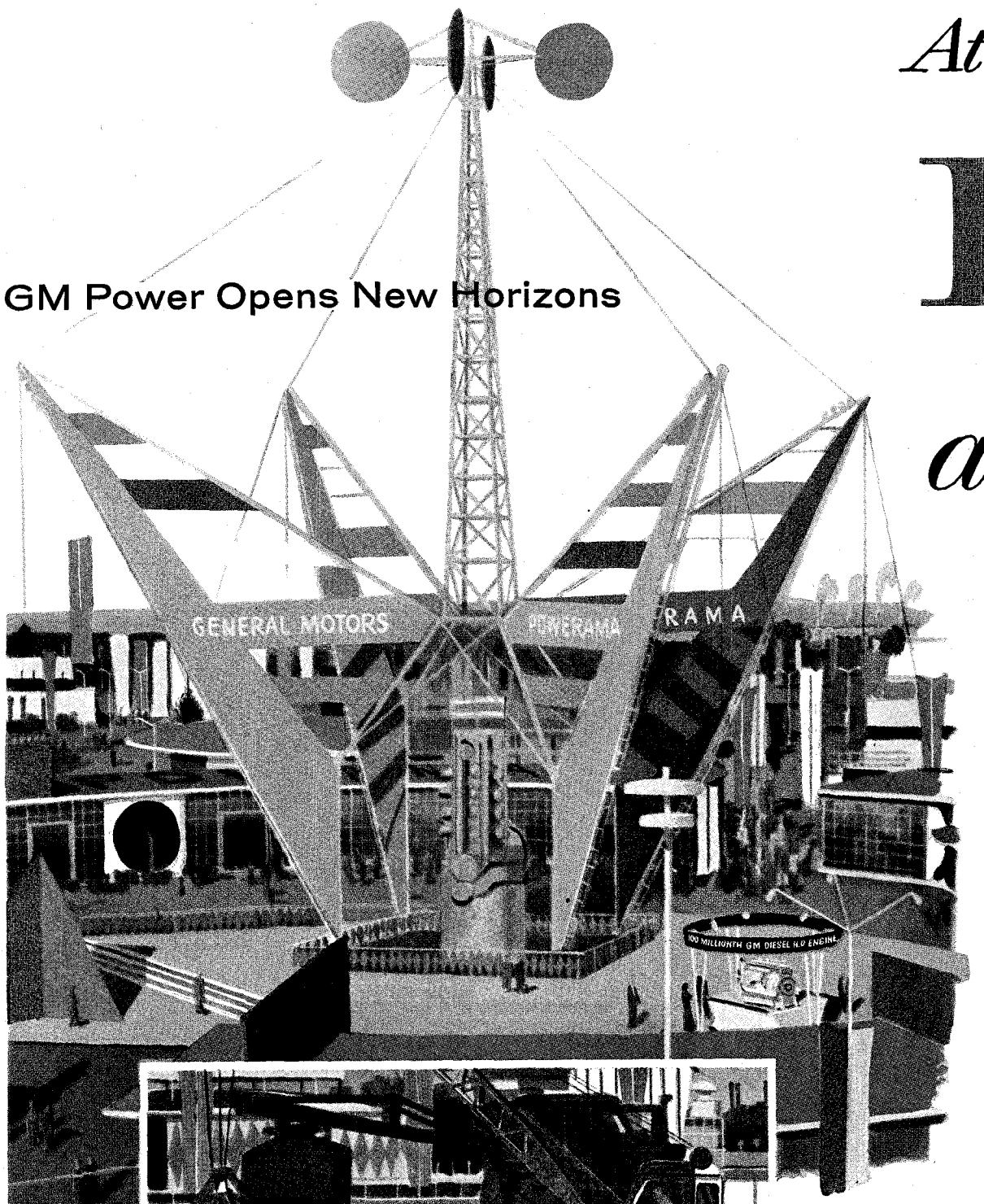
The most exciting moments in all motoring await you in the dazzling new Dodge Lancer now on display. See it *today!*



VALUE LEADER OF THE FORWARD LOOK



GM Power Opens New Horizons



At the General Motors

Detroit

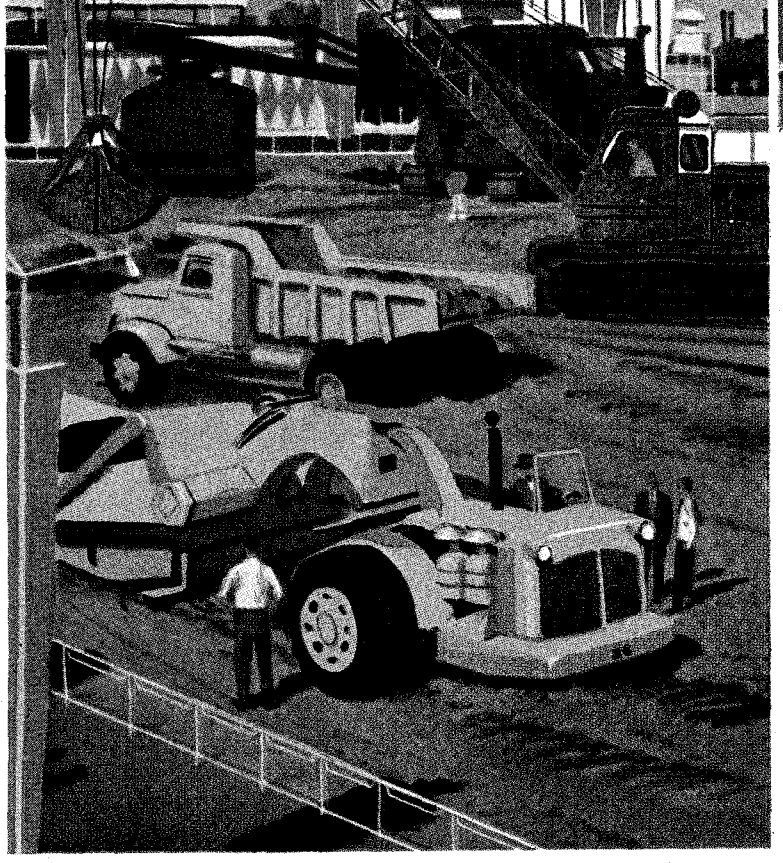
are Industry

VISITORS from all America to the recen General Motors Powerama in Chicago we amazed at the many contributions of GM Dies engines to industrial progress.

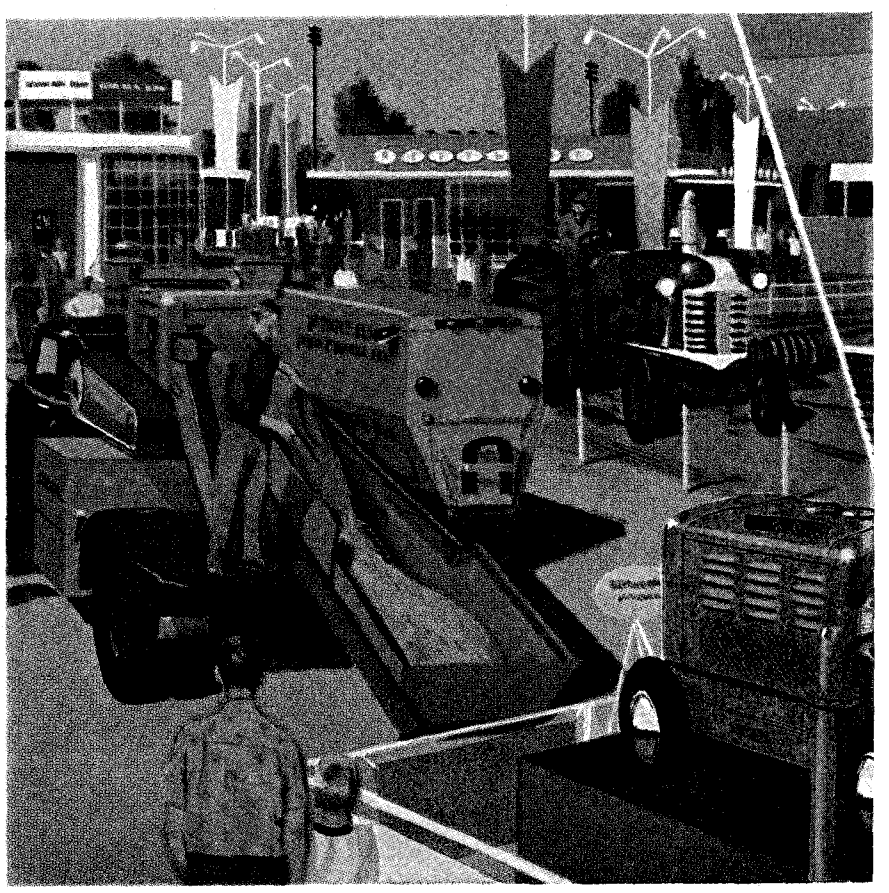
Of the hundred million Diesel horsepower pr duced by GM, almost two-thirds comes fro engines built by Detroit Diesel Division.

Today Detroit Diesel two-cycle engines pow more than 1,000 different applications in machi ery for every type of work—handle many of indu try's toughest jobs.

They have brought new speed, efficiency a economy to jobs the world over—powering eart movers on giant construction projects, rushi needed highways to completion, drilling for c



IN ROAD MACHINERY



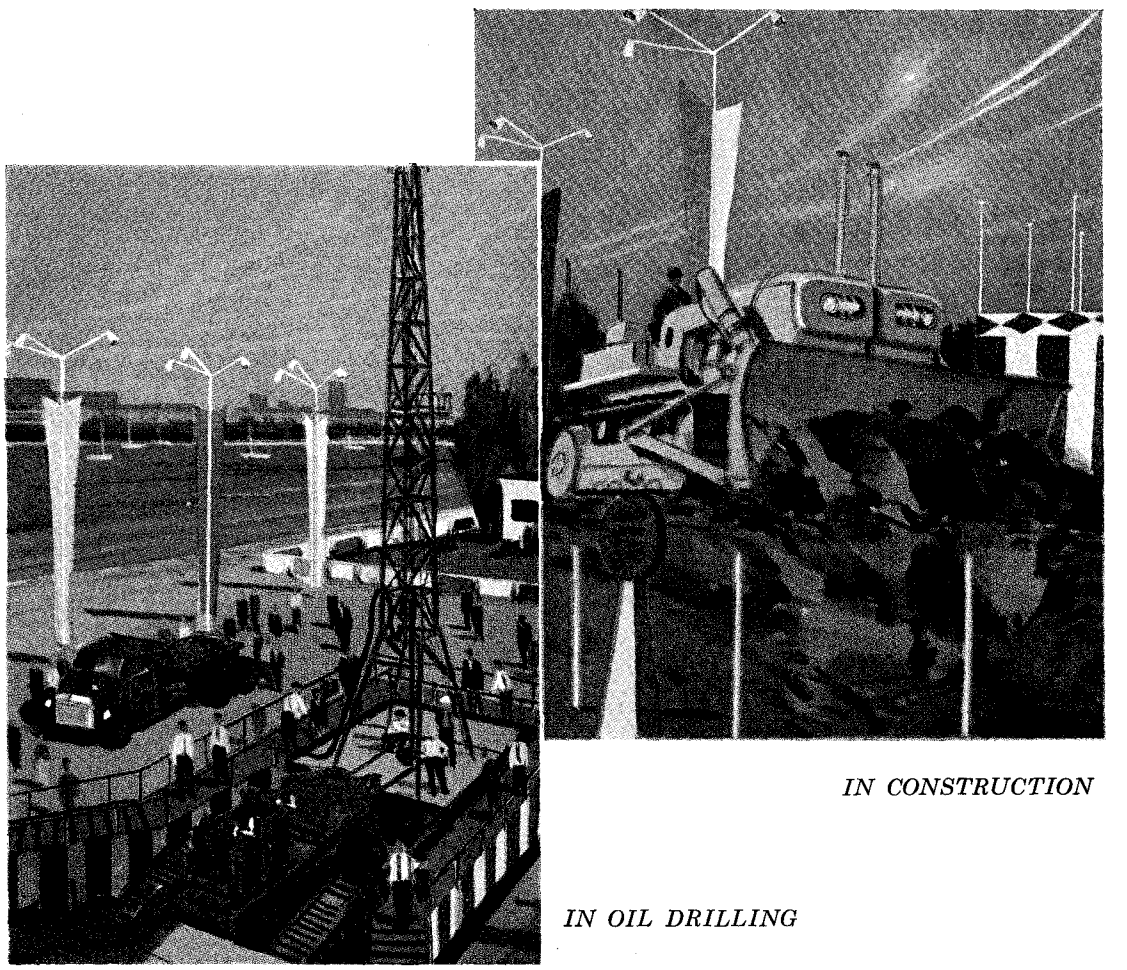
IN AGRICULTURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Powerama millions learned why

Diesel Engines

First Choice



IN CONSTRUCTION

IN OIL DRILLING

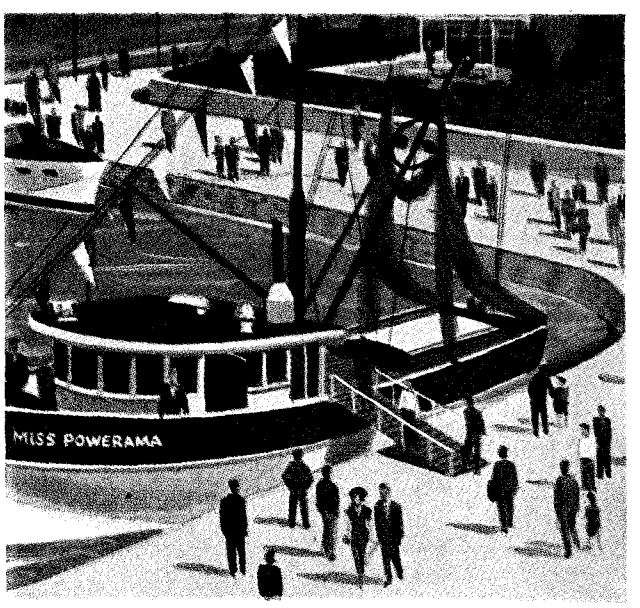
ning rock, sawing timber and ginning cotton.

Farms, GM Detroit Diesels drive tractors, gation pumps, feed mills, and harvesters. On roads they provide the motive power for tless trucks and buses.

on the waterways they turn the propellers gs and towboats, fishing and fire boats, and sure craft of every type. They bring the speed, y and economy of Diesel power to boats as l as 22 feet.

h billions of hours of service behind them, Detroit Diesel engines have proved that they handle any job in their horsepower range—do it with greater efficiency, with lower maintenance and fuel costs, than any other type of ne they have superseded.

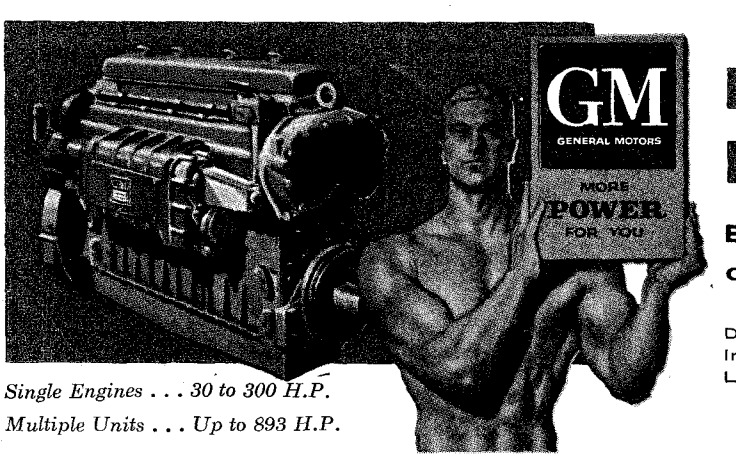
ay—with its eye on an even bigger field of ilness—the GM Detroit Diesel is ready for assignment on any job from 30 H.P. up.



IN WORK AND PLEASURE BOATS

Here's why the GM Detroit Diesel engine is the world's most widely used Diesel

- The GM Detroit Diesel is a 2-cycle engine—produces power on every piston downstroke, not on every *other* downstroke as do 4-cycle Diesels. This makes it more powerful for its size, quicker starting and smoother running.
- The GM Detroit Diesel has a unique fuel injection system that eliminates troublesome high-pressure fuel lines, and insures cleaner, more efficient fuel consumption.
- The GM Detroit Diesel employs a simplified standardized design which permits it to be built by volume production methods and serviced by interchangeable replacement parts that cost less.
- The GM Detroit Diesel is backed by a world-wide service organization.



Single Engines . . . 30 to 300 H.P.
Multiple Units . . . Up to 893 H.P.

DETROIT DIESEL

Engine Division of General Motors

Detroit 28, Michigan
In Canada: General Motors Diesel, Ltd.
London, Ontario

America's Largest Builder of Diesel Engines

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 88) of the few things on which practically all the whites see eye to eye. In other respects they are divided into two camps, those descended from the Boers and those whose British forebears came to Johannesburg to grub for gold and to open businesses.

The city's signs and traffic signals, written both in *Afrikaans*, the Dutch dialect evolved by the *Voortrekkers,* and in English, are visible evidence of the rift between these groups. Sweet young things with American accents have been known to get away with explaining to *Afrikaans*-speaking policemen that they didn't know "*Geen Parkering*" meant "No Parking" or that a "*Laaistek*" was a loading zone. A young thing, however sweet, who tried the same explanation in a British accent would not get off so easily.

The friction between English-speaking and *Afrikaans*-speaking Johannesburgers goes back to the days when the British moved into Cape Town, freeing the Boers' slaves and interfering generally with their traditional way of life. Kruger vented this hostility by imposing heavy taxes on the British in Jo'burg and denying them political rights, even though they made up more than half the population of his Transvaal Republic and produced three fourths of its wealth. His continued antagonism was the direct cause of Johannesburg's most comic-opera revolution, the Jameson Raid of 1895.

The raid followed close upon Kruger's rejection of a 32,000-signature petition for arbitration of Johannesburg's grievances. Oom Paul didn't mince words. "Go back to your people," he thundered at the British delegation, "and tell them that I shall never give them anything! . . . And now—let the storm burst!"

Storm-maker No. 1 was Cecil Rhodes, then prime minister of the Cape Colony. Dedicated to two things—making a fortune in gold and diamonds and extending British power along the line of a British railway from Cape Town to Cairo—he drew up a simple plan. A revolution would flare up in the city on December 28, 1895. An old friend, Dr. Starr Jameson, would just happen to be on the border between Rhodesia and the Transvaal with 1500 men; to save British lives he would march south, enter the city and thereby put an end to the Boer republic. It was a simple, straightforward plan, but it didn't work.

One reason for its failure was the attitude of the British in Johannesburg. Many of them were interested only in making money, and revolutions left them cold; those who did favor a revolution couldn't make up their minds what to do if they won. Some wanted to force concessions from Kruger, others to eliminate him completely. Finally, a member of the revolution committee gave the entire show away in an overenthusiastic public speech, and Rhodes decided to call the whole thing off. He sent Jameson three telegrams to that effect; Jameson ignored them all. On December twenty-ninth, only a day late, he blithely cabled Johannesburg that he was on his way. Unfortunately, all the members of the revolution committee were at the races, so there was no one in the office to take the message.

Also unfortunately, the man whom Jameson had assigned to cut the telegraph line to Pretoria went about his work in a thick fog of champagne. With great care he snipped several lengths of wire from a farmer's fence and buried them deep in the ground. Jameson set out with a force of about 700 men—all he had managed to collect for his gallant mission—and with a Boer telegrapher reporting his every move to Kruger in Pretoria. Two thousand Boers under General Cronje were sent out to head him off, and a "peace committee" took over Johannesburg. Jameson marched all night, and by the following afternoon he was within twenty miles of the city. There the revolution ended. Cronje closed the trap, and that evening Jameson was paraded through the streets of Krugersdorp, Oom Paul's home town, looking rather sheepish.

The main effect of the raid was to hasten the coming of the Boer War, an extraordinarily bitter conflict which settled absolutely nothing. The British won the battles, but lost the country: descendants of the Boers control South Africa today through the Nationalist Party; they are even talking of establishing a republic outside the British Commonwealth. Johannesburg is just about back where it started—bigger, of course, and more cosmopolitan, but still divided into airtight compartments. An Afrikaner at an English-speaking party is as rare a sight in Jo'burg as snow.

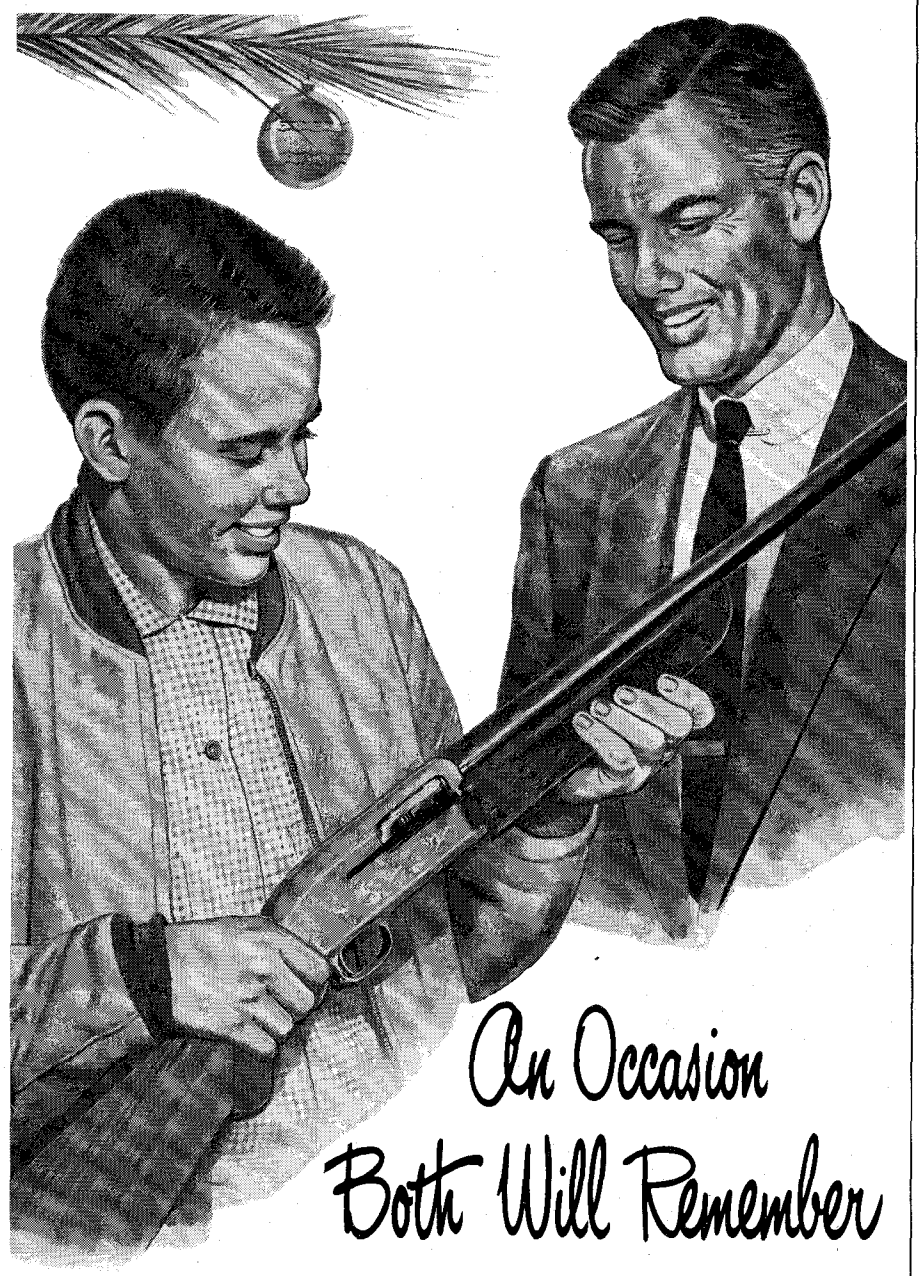
Separation into communities seems to come naturally here. Even Americans, famous elsewhere for ignoring social and language barriers, have hived off by themselves to form American social clubs, bowling clubs, luncheon groups and sewing circles.

But then, Johannesburg doesn't make much fuss over Americans, either—not below the rank of Danny Kaye. They are handy people to have around when a new machine has to be ordered or a question of uranium production comes up. Otherwise they are nothing special, and the city, pointedly, doesn't bother about making itself attractive to tourists, whether they are loaded with dollars or not.

There are no clip joints, no girlie shows, no sidewalk sellers of phony fountain pens and native handicrafts. Restaurants are for eating, bars are for drinking, and Americans are ordinary mortals. These are plain definitions, and many Americans, tired of being taken for walking fountains of currency, like it that way.

The future of Johannesburg is open to speculation. One pertinent question is: "What happens to a gold-mining town when there's no more gold to mine?" American experts, finding rich deposits of uranium in ore blasted loose with the gold, may have answered that one.

An even worse problem that must soon be faced by the city—and by South Africa as a whole—is what to do about the mounting tension between black and white. As the Africans become more and more conscious of the disadvantages under which they labor, they also become more dangerous to the future of Jo'burg, both as discontented laborers and as potential communists. South African laws forbid Africans to form trade-unions or to strike—but Johannesburgers have a long record of ignoring inconvenient laws when the time comes to take power into their own hands. Things seem peaceful enough now, but Jo'burg's excitement isn't finished, not by a long shot. THE END



An Occasion Both Will Remember

But a short time ago it was an electric train. Now son becomes a man. He will always remember this occasion – and so will Dad.

Appropriately, it's the *new* Browning Double Automatic: a man's gun, and a 12 gauge shotgun but one so unique in design and function that son, daughter and mother can shoot and carry with complete comfort.

The New BROWNING Double Automatic:

Trim as a 20
The Balance of a 20
The Weight of a 20
The Shooting Comfort of a 20
Still the Power, the Shot Pattern of the 12 gauge

Your BROWNING Dealer

Write for descriptive literature and name of your nearest Browning Dealer. Browning Arms Co., Dept. 65, St. Louis 3, Mo. Literature Available: "Double Automatic Shotguns," "Automatic-5 Shotguns," "Superposed Shotguns," "Luggage Cases," "Automatic Pistols."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good girl!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thanks, too, for the extra distinction of Ponderosa Pine woodwork

A beautiful home—distinctive—ever-pleasing—is worth anyone's thanks. From its inviting entrance to its friendly windows, doors and cabinets, it is an enduring joy. Wise home owners today are creating such homes—at moderate cost—with stock-design Ponderosa Pine woodwork.

Wood is one building material that does not "date." Whether your taste runs to modern or traditional, you can have exactly the *right* Ponderosa Pine woodwork—at moderate cost. **See your lumber dealer** about Ponderosa Pine entrances, interior doors, windows and cabinets—soon!

These are members of and contributors to Ponderosa Pine Woodwork

WOODWORK: Andersen Corp. • Anson & Gilkey Co. • Wm. Cameron & Co. • Carr, Adams & Collier Co. • Cole Manufacturing Co. • Continental Screen Co. • Curtis Companies Inc. • Farley & Loetscher Mfg. Co. • Great Lakes Millwork Corp. • Grinnell Sash & Door Co. • The Hotchkiss Brothers Co. • Hurd Millwork Corp. • Huttig Manufacturing Co. • Ideal Co. • The Long-Bell Lumber Co. • The Malta Manufacturing Co. • Missoula White Pine Sash Co. • Northern Sash & Door Co. • Philadelphia Screen Mfg. Co. • Roach & Musser Co. • Rock Island Millwork Co. • Rockwell of Randolph, Inc. • Semling-Menke Co. • The Silcrest Co. • Vaughn Millwork Co. • The Wabash Screen Door Co. • White Pine Sash Co. • LUMBER: Alexander-Stewart Lumber Co. • Anaconda Copper Mining Co. • Associated Lumber & Box Co. • Blagen Lumber Co. • Brooks-Scanlon, Inc. • Cal-Ida Lumber Co. • Cascade Lumber Co. • Collins Pine Co. • Crane Mills • Crawford Lumber Co. • Gilchrist Timber Co. • Hayfork Lumber Co. • Edward Hines Lumber Co. • Industrial Wholesale Lumber Co. • Long Lake Lumber Co. • McCloud Lumber Co. • Michigan-California Lumber Co. • J. Neils Lumber Co. • Ochoco Lumber Co. • Oregon Lumber Co. • Peshastin Lumber & Box, Inc. • Pickering Lumber Corporation • Setzer Forest Products • Ralph L. Smith Lumber Co. • Tarter, Webster & Johnson, Inc. • Weyerhaeuser Sales Co. • Winton Lumber Co. • ASSOCIATE MEMBERS: The Casement Hardware Company • Chapman Chemical Co. • The Dorris Lumber & Moulding Co. • Gate City Sash & Door Company—Hardware Div. • Monarch Metal Weatherstrip Corporation • Protection Products Mfg. Co. • Wood Treating Chemicals Co.

Ponderosa Pine WOODWORK

• AND WESTERN PINE ASSOCIATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give gifts that endure this Christmas

Shop at your local IRHA Hardware Store. You'll recognize it by this striking "Gift Box" window featured by 23,000 leading hardware stores from coast to coast.

This year, when you're Christmas shopping, make your IRHA Hardware Store your Family Gift Center. You'll find thousands of items to choose from . . . a much larger selection of gifts that endure than most any other type of store can offer! And many IRHA Hardware Stores offer convenient budget or layaway plans for easier Christmas buying. So look for this gay "Gift Box" Store Front . . . in one of the 23,000 IRHA Hardware Stores. IRHA is the symbol of the Independent Retail Hardwaremen of America, the retailers who offer you lasting gifts that will be cherished . . . gifts for the home and for the whole family, gifts that will stand the test of time.

your hardwareman

is santa's handy

helper for your

family's Christmas

shopping needs

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXWALL'S 7-Pc. Combination Tool Set

Essential tools every home owner needs for small repairs. Free wall storage rack. Drop forged 7″ linesman's pliers; 6″ adjustable wrench; tool steel screw driver blades . . . ¼″ mechanic, ⅛″ cabinet, ¼″ recess, tacklifter. Only 2.98

OXWALL TOOL COMPANY, LTD.
928 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

BROOKPARK fine Melmac® plastic dinnerware

Smart, beautiful new dinnerware to enjoy for every meal! You can drop it—or toss it in the dishwasher—without a worry! GUARANTEED not to chip or break for a full year. Pink, black, chartreuse, emerald, burgundy, pearl gray. 16-piece starter set, **$15.95**. 47-piece family service for 8, **$49.95**.

INTERNATIONAL MOLDED PLASTICS, Inc.
Cleveland 9, Ohio

The Perfect MAN'S GIFT!

Truly the world's most useful hand tool! Makes fixin' jobs quicker—easier—actually FUN. *Locks* onto work with *Ton-Grip*. Twists, turns, pulls, cuts, h-o-l-d-s. A whole tool kit—in one tool! A lasting, *quality* gift.

As illustrated: 10″, $2.60; 7″, $2.25

PETERSEN MFG. CO., DeWitt, Nebr.

They all love Gifts that endure—the IRHA hardware store that displays this emblem is your-

For "Keen" Christmas Giving,

Make it a Camillus Pocket Knife

What better Christmas gift for the man in the house than a sturdy, hand-crafted, precision-made Camillus Pocket Knife! Ideal for "do-it-yourself" household chores such as making a cabinet or fixing the den. Perfect to take along on hunting and fishing trips. Gift boxed. Wide selection available. Only $2.35 each.

CAMILLUS CUTLERY COMPANY, Camillus, N.Y.
CAMILLUS HAS THE EDGE

WEN #199-K UTILITY KIT

contains everything needed to handle all kinds of home and shop repairs. "Quick-Hot" Electronic Soldering Gun, Solder, Special Tips for cutting plastic tile, removing dents from furniture, heat-sealing plastic bags, etc.

In handsome METAL box—ONLY $9.95.
(Gift Wrapped)

WEN PRODUCTS, INC. • CHICAGO 31, ILL.

A NATION-WIDE ASSOCIATION OF RETAILERS
trha Independent
HOME OWNED
HARDWARE STORE
PLEDGED TO SERVICE • QUALITY • VALUE

THREE GIFTS IN ONE!

Imagine! Three famous games in one bright Christmas package. It's the Schaper FAMILY GIFT PACK. Games that tickle every age—Skunk, Dunce and Tiddle-Tac-Toe.

Carton has space for mailing address, or can be used as gift box. Make someone's Christmas extra happy with the Schaper FAMILY GIFT PACK. $5.00.

Delta POWERlite

Mr. "Electric Lantern" himself. 6 volts, 2 lights. Piercing 800 foot beam shoots from the front. Brilliant floodlight spreads from the top. Case is heavy-gauge metal, made to last. Carry it . . . hang it . . . set it down. Price, only $4.95 less 6-volt battery.

DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY
Marion, Indiana

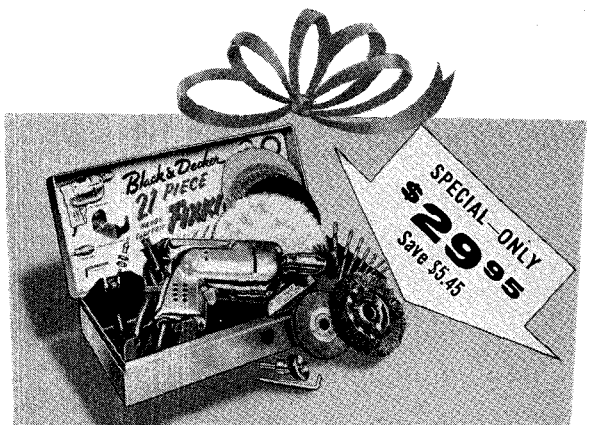
Special for Christmas
PYREX Ware Color Bowl Set

Formerly priced at $3.50—World's most famous mixing-bowl set makes a great gift for Christmas!

Now's the right time to get America's favorite mixing-bowl set—for yourself or as a gift.

Think of all the help these big, colorful bowls will be—for mixing, baking, serving and storing. Think how bright and gay they'll be on the table. So easy to wash clean, too—and they nest together to save space on your shelf. Order your sets now! Only $2.95

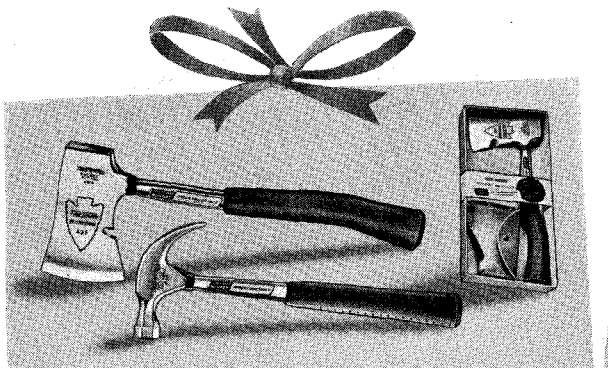
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NEW BLACK & DECKER FIXKIT

makes home jobs easy! Includes ¼-inch drill, chuck and key, 7 drill bits, paint mixer, polishing bonnet, backing pad, 3 sanding discs, wire brush, grinding wheel, arbor, horizontal stand and steel kit box. Special for Christmas.

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
Dept. 200, Towson 4, Md.



Beautiful no-shock ROCKET tools

Perfect gifts for Dad and Brother—True Temper ROCKET hammer, ROCKET belt axe. Shafts are tubular steel, won't bend or break. Heads can't loosen. Cushion grip absorbs shock. Both tools gift-boxed—axe with sheath. The world's finest tools—strong, safe, beautiful.

TRUE TEMPER CORPORATION • Cleveland, Ohio

NOW! A FAMOUS SKIL SAW AT A "DO-IT-YOURSELF" PRICE!

Every homeowner can afford to own this new Skil 4¼" Saw. Makes every needed cut to build cabinets, furniture, an extra room or a garage. All the features of higher-priced saws: power-packed motor, bevel and depth adjustments, telescopic safety guard. Made by SKIL—your guarantee of unmatched value! Model 504, only $29.95.

Factory Branches in all Leading Cities
SKIL CORPORATION • 5033 Elston Avenue, Chicago 30, Ill.

Family Gift Center

Notice how quickly you can match each enduring gift on this page with someone on your Christmas list. And because each item is made to last, it can mean years of pleasure to someone you know. You can find gift items on this page at the IRHA Hardware Store nearest you. Look for the IRHA seal, your guarantee of reliability. Start your Christmas shopping now. Stop in your IRHA store today.

UNIVERSAL Coffeematic with the Flavor Selector

Brews to exact strength you choose, signals when ready and keeps coffee hot without increasing strength...all automatically.

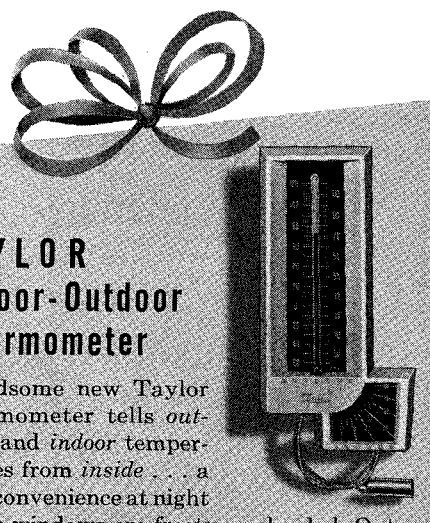
from $24.95
UNIVERSAL
Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.

Ten-cup Model shown
In Chrome — $29.95
In Copper — $32.95

WELLER SOLDERING KIT

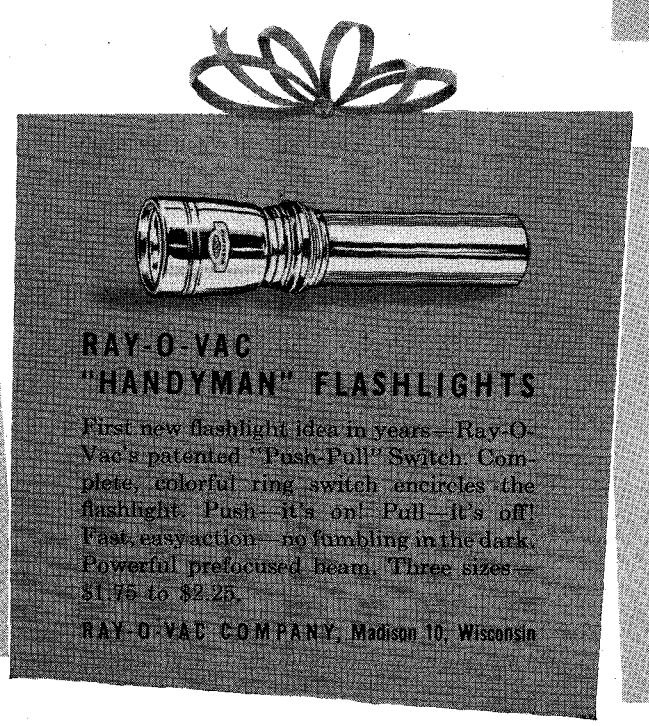
Biggest soldering tool value, includes everything you need—instant heat Weller Gun with 2 spotlights, wire brush for cleaning work, Soldering Aid for making strong joints, famous Kester Solder.

WELLER ELECTRIC CORP. • EASTON, PA.



TAYLOR Indoor-Outdoor Thermometer

Handsome new Taylor thermometer tells *outdoor* and *indoor* temperatures from *inside* . . . a real convenience at night when windows are frosty or clouded. Outdoor temperature bulb connects to thermometer with five feet of capillary tubing. Sandalwood gray or willow green plastic case. Only **$6.95** at your favorite hardware store.



RAY-O-VAC "HANDYMAN" FLASHLIGHTS

First new flashlight idea in years—Ray-O-Vac's patented "Push-Pull" Switch. Complete, colorful ring switch encircles the flashlight. Push—it's on! Pull—it's off! Fast, easy action—no fumbling in the dark. Powerful prefocused beam. Three sizes—$1.75 to $2.25.

RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, Madison 10, Wisconsin

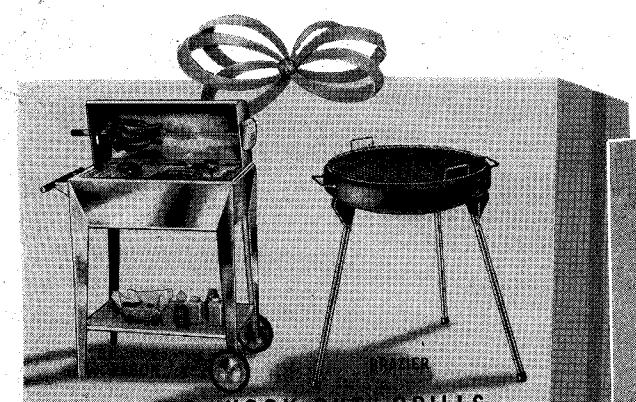
New NESCO FRYRYTE Automatic Electric Frying Pan

Something wonderful happens to foods grilled in the new Nesco Fryryte! Whether it's piping hot wheatcakes, sizzling just-right bacon, juicy hamburgers—or any other family favorite—they all taste better thanks to the precise "Nescontrol" grilling temperatures! You just dial delicious meals. So gleamingly beautiful—a Raymond Loewy design—a fitting compliment to any table setting. $19.95. Cover $3.

NESCO • Executive Offices: Granite City, Illinois

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

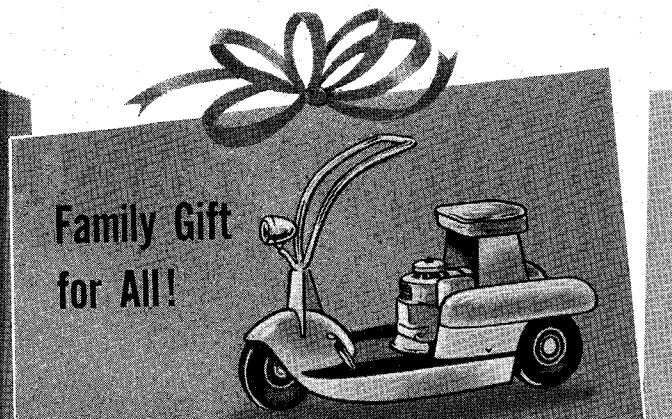


KAMKAP "KOOK-OUT" GRILLS

The gift for your "back-yard chef" . . . aluminum clad wagon with motorized spit—about $34.98*. Brazier with 24" bowl; plated, folding legs—about $11.98*. Or give him "Fire-O-Matic," the *automatic* charcoal lighter for any grill—only $3.98.

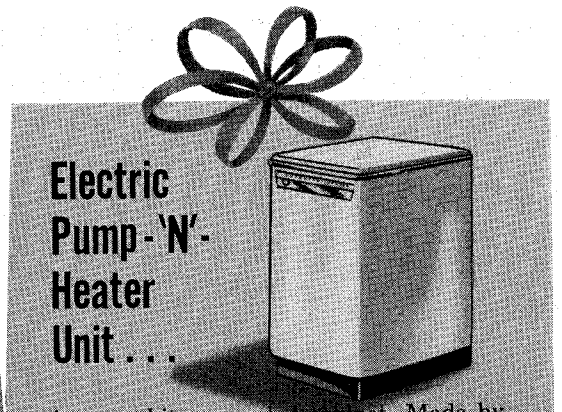
*Slightly higher South and West

KAMKAP INC. • 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.



Family Gift for All!

Fairbanks-Morse 21" rotary riding mower! One pedal control. Starts easily. Speed, 4 m.p.h. 2¼ hp., 4-cycle engine. Silencer. Adjustable cutting height. Puncture-proof tires. Turquoise finish. Choice of cutting blades. Your Fairbanks-Morse dealer will make Christmas delivery!



Electric Pump-'N'-Heater Unit . . .

in *one* white enameled cabinet. Made by Fairbanks-Morse. Fits in space 24" x 24". Table top height. Pumps to 620 gph. For shallow or deep well service. Heater has 6-gallon glass-lined tank. 3" Fiberglas insulation. Wrap-around heating element. Thermostatic controls. See your Fairbanks-Morse dealer!

They all love gifts that endure-the IRHA hardware store that displays this- is your

Family Gift Center

All-in-one torch set

He'll solder, burn paint, do thousands of household jobs with this instant-lighting BERNZ-O-MATIC® Propane Torch Set. Handsome gift package contains safe, lightweight propane torch with 4 multipurpose tips: pencil-flame burner, heavy-duty burner, flame spreader and soldering tip. A $12.60 value for only $8.88

OTTO BERNZ CO., INC. • Rochester, N.Y.

Notice how quickly you can match each enduring gift on this page with someone on your Christmas list. And because each item is made to last, it can mean years of pleasure to someone you know. You can find gift items on this page at the IRHA Hardware Store nearest you. Look for the IRHA seal, your guarantee of reliability. Start your Christmas shopping now. Stop in your IRHA store today.

UTICA® USEFUL TRIO

A Gift that'll have a fine reception in every home because it's Utica Quality and *so* useful in 101 ways. Contains: adjustable wrench, screwdriver and slip-joint pliers. A festive, holiday package with gift tag.

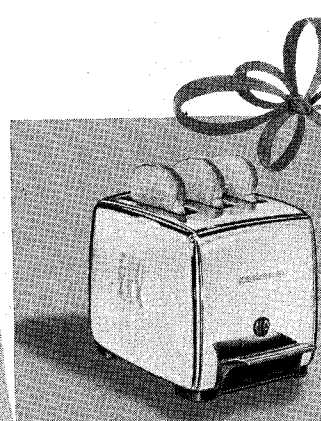
$2.99

UTICA®

RIB-JOINT® PLIERS **$2.85**

ADJUSTABLE WRENCH **$2.44**

A gift of top-notch drop forged quality for the Do-It-Yourselfer, the home handyman, the hobbyist or the householder's Mr. Fix-it. In colorful Christmas packages with gift tags.



New TOASTMASTER 3-SLICE Toaster for KING-SIZE Families!

$39.50

Really appreciated wherever there are more outstretched hands than toast to fill them! New "Toastmaster" C4 Powermatic 3-slice toaster features Power-Action, which lowers bread, toasts it perfectly and serves it up—*all by itself!* $39.50. 2-slice Powermatic, $27.50; 2-slice automatic, $22.50; 1-slice automatic, $17.50.

This is the symbol to look for. This is the Christmas signpost. This is the special seal displayed only by *approved* IRHA hardware stores. 23,000 stores across-the-country are headquarters for enduring gifts featured in this special advertising section. You can buy with confidence any product in these stores just as you can buy with confidence any product you've seen advertised in The Saturday Evening Post!

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

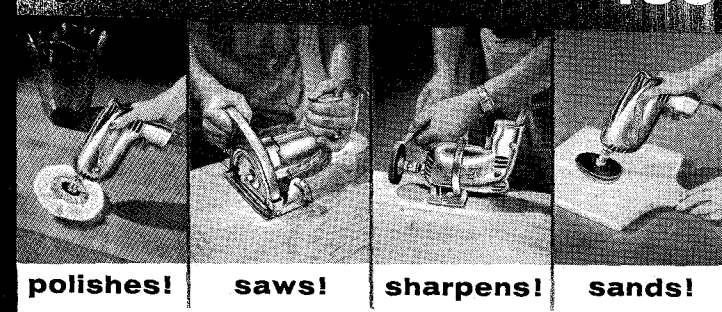
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do-it-yourself families want electric tools!

Thor

SpeedTools

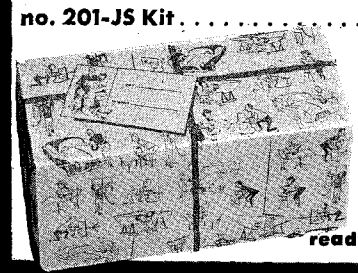
a fistful of 1001 jobs in the gift size



polishes! saws! sharpens! sands!

This sensational SpeedDrill Kit is a complete set of hand power tools. Highly polished lightweight drill is adapted to grind, saw, sand, clean, burnish, polish, stir! With it, anyone can do countless jobs quickly, professionally . . . SAVING hundreds of dollars each year. Kit includes ¼" SpeedDrill with key-operated chuck, angularly adjustable saw attachment, bench mounting stand, 7 drill bits, grinding wheel, wire scratch brush, cloth buff, sanding discs, lamb's wool polishing bonnet, paint stirrer, all necessary adapters, instruction manual, combination steel carrying case and wall rack, etc.

no. 201-JS Kit . . . . . only $34.95



and look, Thor SpeedDrills are

gift packaged . . .

ready to put under the Christmas Tree

look for the Thor SpeedTool gift headquarters at your hardware, appliance or automotive store!

BUILT and GUARANTEED by THOR — world's largest manufacturer of electric and air tools for

AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE • HOME WORKSHOP • CONTRACTORS • GENERAL INDUSTRY

BALANCERS • CLAY DIGGERS • DRILLS AND DRILL KITS • GRINDERS • HAMMERS • HOISTS • IMPACT WRENCHES • JUMBOS • NUT SETTERS • PAVING BREAKERS • PIN DRIVERS • POLISHERS • SUMP PUMPS ROCK DRILLS • SANDERS • SAND RAMMERS • SAWS • SCREWDRIVERS • VALVE SEAT GRINDERS • SINKER LEGS • STOPERS • TAMPERS • VALVE REFACERS • VIBRATORS • WAGON DRILLS • ACCESSORIES

SpeedWay

Thor

Manufacturing Company
Cicero 50, Illinois

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Street Fighters (Continued from Page 31)

Chipso Valentine. Sweeney had known these kids ever since he had been assigned to the rugged beat and he figured their ages ranged from fourteen to seventeen years. Their toughness up to now seemed mostly on the surface, but let them run unleashed for another few months and the hardness would soak into them deep, and grate against their tender souls.

He stopped in front of Solly's and peered in through the open door. Seeing no sign of these boys, he stepped inside. "You see them tonight, Solly? Red and Chipso——"

Solly dried a soda glass and set it down. He had never been too chummy with the cops. Once they had closed him up for making book.

"Maybe three-four hours ago, Sweeney," he said sourly. "I don't ask where they go. It's none of my business."

"Sure, Solly," Mike said, and went out, unease gnawing at his meridian. A cop gets to sense things on this kind of beat. He turned into Gotowsky's meat market and waited until the fat man there wrapped up some franks for a customer.

Alone with Gotowsky, he asked, "Your boy say where he was goin' tonight, Sam?"

The butcher spread his hands wide. "He tells me nothin' and won't listen to nothin', Mike. I can't leave the store to watch him every minute. Until his big sister got married and moved out, he was a good boy. He and Benny and Chipso, always together. Never in trouble. I ask Augie why they get mixed up with toughs. He talks back crazy like tellin' me he is no cow stomp."

"Yeah," Sweeney said. "They got a language of their own, Sam. They plaster their duck-tailed haircuts with butter and they wear tight dungarees and leather coats. A uniform that makes you think back to the Nazi kids. We have got to break it up."

Gotowsky asked despairingly, "What's got into 'em, Mike?"

"A kind of virus, Sam." Sweeney went out and walked to the end of his beat, his nerves beginning to sing a little. He knew the cause was no concern of his. The fact remained that kids were starting wars of their own, and guys in blue like Mike Sweeney, not the U.N., had to put a stop to such rhubarbs. The job from any angle was no piece of cake. There were reefered kids who would knock off a cop with little or no compunction and fail to remember a few hours later that it had happened. They would maybe go away to an industrial school for a while, but the cop would still remain very very dead.

Mike looked in on Solly on his way back. Four teen-aged girls became strangely silent when they saw him. He walked slowly over to the booth when he recognized a cute little blonde he had seen at times with Chipso Valentine. He asked her if she had seen Chipso.

"No," the girl said too bluntly, keeping her eyes away from the law.

The other kids froze as he studied them, and he was certain that the Blue Hornets were somewhere on the firing line. Like the adult mobsters, the wild kids had their feminine admirers, for egos, young or old, had to be fed.

"Or Red Gotowsky or Benny Molwitz?" Mike asked, and grinned bleakly.

"No, we haven't seen them," a little brunette snapped. Her eyes were stormy.

"O.K.," Mike said. "I thought you'd know, as they were generally with you kids on a Wednesday night."

He eyed them for a few moments until he knew they were inwardly squirming, then turned on his heel and left Solly's. The heat seemed to thicken. This was a long, hard beat. Always when he left the brightness of the shopping section the lights seemed miles apart. The small talk of people sitting on the steps or leaning out of windows tapered off when he walked by. Only too seldom did a voice say, "Evenin', Mike. How are things?" He was a Cossack who prevented them from playing the numbers. He was the Gestapo who more than once had stopped a beautiful fight just when the red blood had started to flow.

When he reached the end of the beat, a grade school of yellow brick, he looked at his watch. Ten o'clock. There was a spacious playground in back of the school that stretched back to the next street. There was very little light back there. He was about to swing back upstreet when from behind the schoolhouse the battle cries broke loose.

Mike blew his whistle and started running. He heard an answering blast from the cop on the next beat mix with the sound of breaking glass. When he swung around the corner of the brick building he saw that the battle lines were closed, and he suddenly discovered the type of ammunition they were using the hard way. A rock bounced off his head and scattered his Irish wits for a moment or two. He shook the cobwebs loose along with his police persuader, and threw three shots over the heads of three running figures. The young hoodlums all looked alike in the semidarkness. The banshee wail of a police car's siren was the signal for full retreat. Mike tore in and caught hold of a leather jacket, lost his grip and plowed up some gravel with his chin. Getting to his feet, he saw a kid bring a club down against another's head, then throw the weapon away and run like a frightened rabbit in the general direction of Canarsie.

Now! The Famous Presto Pressure Cooker is ELECTRIC!

Automatically Controls Heat
Automatically Controls Pressure
Automatically Vents Air

Presto has made the miracle of pressure cooking so automatically easy you'll call it magic! Simply place food in cooker. Close cover. Set "sweep" heat selector. Presto does the rest!

You'll serve the healthiest, tastiest meals on earth 3 times faster! And you'll do it the easy Presto way . . . automatically, electrically!

Automatic Electric Controlled Heat. Set it and forget it! Heat never varies. *Automatic Pressure Regulator.* Automatically maintains correct pressure . . . tells when food is cooking. *Automatic Air Vent.* Only Presto has it! Automatically retains pressure, releases air. *Pilot Light and Cooking Guide on handle* insure perfect results every time! $29.95

Fair Trade Price, Fed. Tax Inc.

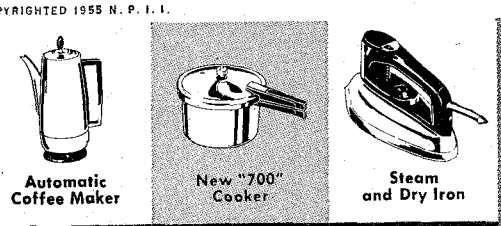
SAVE TIME
Cooks *everything* 3 times faster! Potatoes in 10 minutes, not 35. Spare Ribs, 15 minutes, not 2 hours. Save hours of cooking time! Serve complete meals in a jiffy!

SAVE HEALTH
Enjoy healthier, tastier meals because Presto seals in all vitamins, minerals. Retains all the delicious natural food flavors, textures, appetizing colors.

SAVE MONEY
Popular-priced cuts of meat become tender Blue Ribbon treats when cooked in a Presto. And . . . you use far less fuel!

Free! New Recipe Book included. 64 pages, illustrated

COPYRIGHTED 1955 N. P. I. I.



Celebrating 50 years of Presto progress!

National Presto Products — Underwriters' Laboratories — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

GIVE THE GIFT YOU'D LOVE TO GET

Presto®

OVER 22 MILLION SATISFIED PRESTO USERS

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mike fired another shot high just as the police car roared into the yard.

Two cops got out of the car, and Mike yelled at them. He was rubbing the knot on his head when they came up.

"Sure, a teen-age gang fight," he said. "Short, but not so sweet. I think there's two wounded left on the field of battle."

The kid who had been clubbed was beginning to stir. Mike played his flash on him and knew he'd never seen him before. He was about fifteen, with blond hair stained with blood. He wore a green jacket and tight pants. There was another kid over by a wire fence, and when the cops brought him over to the car he was grinding his teeth against the pain of a badly sprained ankle. Mike recognized this one. He had been in plenty of trouble before. His name was Johnny Messina.

"You belong to the Blue Hornets, huh?" Mike asked the boy.

The kid pressed his lips tight and stared insolently at the law.

"Where'd you come from?" Mike asked the blond tough with the three-inch gash in his head.

"Lower Slobovia," the kid said, then began to retch.

"Better get 'em to a doctor," Mike said, and thought of Red Gotowsky, Benny and Chipso. Maybe one of them had belted him with the rock. They would appear on the street tomorrow looking very innocent, with ready alibis, like the big hoods. There would come a night perhaps when switch blades and zip guns would take the place of rocks and clubs, and one of them might never grow to be a man. A psychiatrist could accomplish very little in a morgue.

Another police car came in. The sergeant who had dropped Mike off on his beat, hours earlier, got out.

"I see you got a couple, Mike," he said. "Nice work."

"If you have to get it," Mike said.

A few minutes later, when the prowl cars and a few inquisitive residents had left the scene, Mike went looking for the club a kid had thrown away, and he found it near some bushes at one corner of the schoolhouse. It was a sawed-off baseball bat about two feet long, and Mike Sweeney sighed deeply. There was certainly something wrong with the world when kids deliberately cut up a bat like this one. He thought of Red Gotowsky, who played high-school ball and hit around .370.

An idea came to Mike. Anywhere else, he told himself, it could hardly be worth considering. But this was Brooklyn. He shoved the sawed-off bat deeper into the bushes and went back to pound his beat.

The morning papers carried an account of the teen-age battle. Mike read where the blond kid had talked after they had patched him up. He'd sustained a slight skull fracture. His name was Ray Groslik and he lived over on Eastern Parkway. The Blue Hornets had come over to his neighborhood a while back and had smashed a lot of windows, and his crowd had been blamed. They had come here to return the compliment. The police had to let Johnny Messina go. They'd found a crude drawing of a hornet on his forearm, done with blue fountain-pen ink. It stayed there a long time, Johnny told the cops, if you didn't wash the arm.

"Crazy kids," Mike's wife said. "How does your head feel, darlin'?"

"O.K." Mike threw the paper aside. "They're not all really bad, Sally—not at first. But a couple of rotten apples will spoil a whole barrel. Kids like Red Gotowsky and Benny M——"

"I still say the law is too easy with those hoodlums," Mrs. Sweeney said. "I am not forgetting that they could've made me a widow last night."

Late in the afternoon, Mike Sweeney walked into Solly's and found Red and Chipso Valentine there. Young Gotowsky was a tall, rangy kid with a heavy-boned, squarish face, and he had a pair of pale blue eyes that never betrayed his thoughts. Chipso was the Romeo of the street, dark-haired and dark-eyed, and nearly always laughing. These two looked at Mike as if they had just returned from choir practice.

"Hi, Mike," Red said.

"Yeah, what's new?" Chipso asked.

Innocent little darlin's, Mike thought. *How I'd like to use the flat of my hand on 'em.* He said, "Of course, you guys were home and studyin' your lessons at ten o'clock last night."

Chipso grinned and shook his head. "We wouldn't lie to you, would we, Red? But we can tell you where we were. We've got witnesses."

"Oh, sure," Mike said, and felt a slow burn when Solly laughed.

Solly said, "Sure, if you know anythin', boys, tell it to Sweeney."

"Look, Mike," Red said impatiently. "We're tryin' to listen to the game."

Solly turned the radio up strong. Peewee was on second and the Duke was up. Red said, "He didn't git a loud foul, up to now. Come on, Duke!"

Mike walked away just as Connie Desmond said, "Strike three, called."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Resume speed."

No. 740-6 Shop-Toter Drill and Saw Kit • $34.88

New ¼" gear-chuck drill with powerful motor. ZP-1 Drill Saw turns drill into portable saw. Welded steel tote case. Complete 36-piece set for drilling, sawing, sanding, polishing.

No. 740-5 Shop-Toter Drill Kit
Same as 740-6 Kit but without ZP-1 Saw **$27.88**

Check any other ¼" drill kit against this list before you buy!

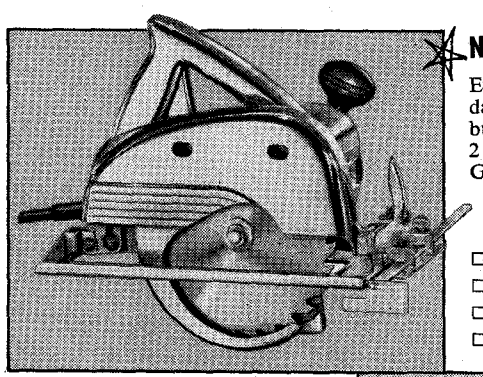
- ☐ Big full-2-amp. motor.
- ☐ Geared chuck. Locks tight with key.
- ☐ Welded steel tote case can take it.
- ☐ 36 pieces. Yes, 36 separate pieces.

MORE DO-IT PER DOLLAR Gifts for Dad!

Shopmate Power Tools offer quality features found in no other brand of tools selling at such low prices.

Check around. Price all leading, nationally advertised brands. See how little Shopmate Tools cost compared to others of similar workmanship.

Then, check Shopmate's quality features against all others. (Have this ad in hand when you do.) Do that and you'll insist on Shopmate Power Tools—the More Do-It Per Dollar Gifts for Dad!



No. 620 Clutch Saw • $48.88

Exclusive Pet-O-Matic Slip Clutch prevents dangerous "kick-back" or expensive motor burnout if blade jams or "pinches." Cuts 2 x 4 at 45°. Telescoping safety guard. Graduated adjustable rip guide.

Check any other saw against this list before you buy!

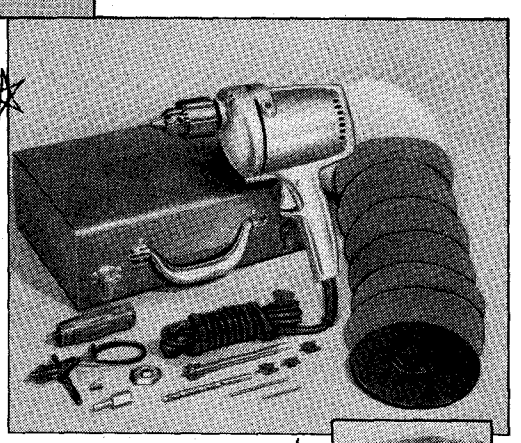
- ☐ A *clutch* is news in a saw at this price.
- ☐ Big *4800*-RPM motor. Power to spare.
- ☐ Cuts 2⅛" deep at 90°.
- ☐ Cuts 2 x 4 at 45°.

No. 6100-1 ⅜" Drill-Sander-Polisher Kit $39.95

Everything needed for heavy drilling, sanding and polishing. A big, 24-piece kit neatly packed in a hammerloid-finish metal carrying case. Nothing like it at the price!

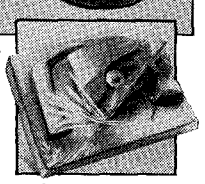
Check any other ⅜" drill kit against this list before you buy!

- ☐ Heavy-duty ⅜" capacity drill.
- ☐ Includes steel carrying case, 3 high-speed drill bits, 4 wood auger bits, polishing bonnet, 6 sanding discs, rubber pad, and side handle.
- ☐ *Geared* chuck—multiple ball-thrust bearing and helical gears.



No. ZP-1 Zip-Saw Attachment $7.00

Christmas-gift packed in beautiful Styrofoam. Converts any ¼" electric drill into a portable saw.



POWER Shopmate TOOLS

For name of your nearest dealer, write to:

PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS, INC.

320 W. 83rd St., Dept. SEP, Chicago 20, Ill. © 1955

In Canada: Portable Electric Tools, Ltd., 425 Birchmount Rd., Toronto 13, Ont.

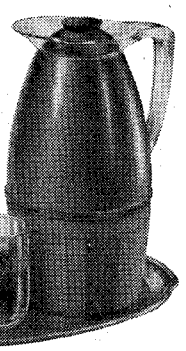
TEAR OFF HERE AND USE WHEN SHOPPING

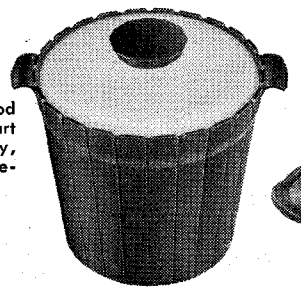
IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the smartest way to say

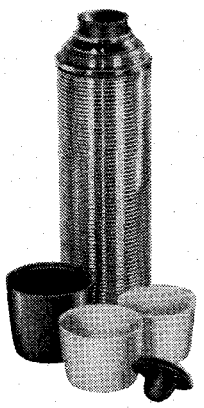
Merry Christmas





#1944 Ice Bucket. Wood stave design. Two quart size. Charcoal-gray, charcoal-brown, rice-white. $15.00

#154 Water Jug Set. For home or office. Quart size. Green, burgundy, mahogany, coral or gray. $15.00



#2484 Aluminum Case Bottle
Quart size $3.75
#2284 Pint size . . $2.09
#2084 10 oz. size . . $2.09

#5054 Food Jar. New "widest-mouth" jar for hot or cold foods. 10 oz. size. $1.89

Roy Rogers-Dale Evans School Lunch Kit. Full Color action scenes. Has 10 oz. size bottle. Ideal gift for children. $2.89

#334 Plaid Outing Kit. Two aluminum case quart size bottles, sandwich box. Ideal gift. $13.95

give the best... give THERMOS BRAND VACUUM WARE

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY • NORWICH CONN. • THERMOS BOTTLE CO. LTD TORONTO • THERMOS (1925) LTD., LONDON

"The bum!" Chipso groaned. You could tell he was suffering.

Outside, Mike took a long look around. The Brooks' sluggers were like that. Gil and Campy and the Duke. They'd have their slumps and then break loose and cannonade the fences when the chips were down.

The Bums lost that afternoon, four to one. The street was shrouded in gloom and tempers were edged. Mike had to break up a threatened free-for-all in Chappy's. He had to arrest a rabid native in front of the De Luxe delicatessen for flattening the nose of a Giant fan. After breakfast the next morning, Mike walked five blocks to a sporting-goods store and purchased a baseball bat. Returning home, he went down into the cellar of the two-family house where he had a workshop. He sawed the meat end off the brand-new bat; then rubbed the newness off the wood with sandpaper. He spent the best part of an hour working dirt into the bat, making certain that its label remained legible.

When he came upstairs, his wife asked him what he had been making.

"I'm not sure myself yet," he said. "I'll know better in a couple of days."

"That lump on your head did you no good," Mrs. Sweeney said, and went back to her ironing.

That night the street was loaded with a tension that was almost a material thing. The Giants were at Ebbets Field and the fiend, Maglie, was pitching against Carl. Mike stopped for a moment in front of Chappy's. The tavern was jam-packed, albeit ominously quiet. He asked a customer near the door how the Bums were doing.

"They're worse'n bums, Sweeney. They got one scratch hit in five innin's off that crummy barber. They should buy a hitter somewheres."

"What's the Duke done?" Mike asked.

"Him? If he had a plank t'night he couldn't hit a moose up close," the ardent fan growled. "Twice that Maglie fans him."

Mike walked on. He met Red and Benny and Chipso in front of the moviehouse. They'd left Solly's, Red said, because they could stand no more of Maglie's barbering.

"That Duke!" Benny said. He made the name sound like an epithet.

"Maybe you guys are to blame," Sweeney said.

"Us?" Red Gotowsky's voice was shrill. "Are you off your rocker, Mike? Next you cops will be blamin' us kids for startin' the Korean war."

"Sure, maybe I sent the Duke a box of doped-up chocolates," Chipso said, and slapped his hands against his knees and laughed like crazy. Benny just looked at the law, his mouth wide open.

"Tomorrow is my day off," Mike said. "Meet me in Solly's at ten tomorrow morning. I have something to show you boys."

"Sure," Red said. "But we'll bring two or three more guys with us. Nobody's goin' to think we're spilling secrets to the cops, Mike."

A fat man walked past, chewing viciously on a ragged cigar. Mike could almost hear him steam. "You happen to know the score, friend?" Mike asked.

"The Ji'nts got four off Carl in the first of the fift'. An' shaddap, I ain't a friend of nobody's."

"Let's go in and see the movie," Benny Molwitz said sadly.

At eleven-fifteen it was all over. Hil Hodges had averted a whitewash in the last of the ninth by poling one of Maglie's slants into the left-field seats with Peewee aboard. Leo's men took it, 5–2. Mike Sweeney was very glad when the police car picked him up at midnight. He would not be surprised, he told the sergeant, if he read in the morning that the Polo Grounds had been burned flat during the night.

Mike got up at nine, ate a hearty breakfast; then went down into the cellar and wrapped the sawed-off baseball bat in some old newspapers.

"I won't ask what you've got there," Mrs. Sweeney said after she had been kissed. "I'd only get a silly answer."

"You are an understandin' woman, darlin'," Mike said, and left the house, feeling very good in his mufti.

There were six big kids in Solly's when he arrived, and they were all crammed in one booth. One of them was Johnny Messina, and he looked at Mike as if he would relish grinding him between his teeth along with his wad of gum. There were two other juveniles here he knew to be youthful offenders on more than one count. Mike asked Solly if he could use his back room for a while. Solly said he could.

Once in the tacky storeroom behind a closed door, Mike Sweeney unwrapped the sawed-off bat and handed it to Red Gotowsky. "This is what was used to split the blond kid's head open the other night, Red. It was hard to believe when I found it. But you look at the trade-mark yourself. See if it isn't a Duke Snider Special. Most of his name is left on it."

Young Gotowsky turned the bat swiftly between his fingers, suddenly brought it up close to his eyes, that were already bugging out. His lower jaw sagged.

> The only place a middle-aged person gets more for his money than he used to is on a penny weighing machine.
>
> DAN BENNETT

"The Duke heard about it," Mike said gravely. "Don't ask me how. Police reporters git around. It's hard to believe, a Brooklyn kid sawing up a bat with Duke's name on it and then beatin' a kid over the head with it. The Duke, they said, took it hard. You wonder he can't buy a hit since?"

Chipso took the bat from Red's trembling fingers. There was a painful silence in Solly's back room. These kids, he knew, couldn't have been more shocked if he had told them that one of their number had torn up an American flag. This was a horrendous breach of faith. It was blasphemy.

Red Gotowsky whirled quickly and faced a beetle-browed kid with a lantern jaw. "You carried that bat, Frankie!" he angrily accused. "You sawed it off! One of Duke's ——"

"I didn't, Red! I found it in an alley back of your father's store! I didn't see no name on it! I ——"

"He is lying, Red!" Chipso yelled, and Benny Molwitz, Mike observed, was watching Johnny Messina closely.

An age-old truth came to Mike Sweeney's mind. Divide and conquer. He braced himself and watched Red Gotowsky, and then the beetle-browed kid yelled, "Nobody calls me a liar!" and leaped at Chipso Valentine.

Mike threw himself forward, his shoulder catching the tough kid and knocking him halfway across the room. Something clattered to the floor and Red Gotowsky pounced on it. Mike spun around and got between Benny Molwitz and Johnny Messina, straight-arming both.

"That's all!" he yelled. "You've had it! I'm a cop talking now! Bring me the knife, Red!"

It was a wicked-looking switch blade. Chipso Valentine's mouth popped open. "We had a rule none of us would pack them things, Red!" he choked out.

"The double-crossers!" Benny yelled.

Mike lined the three real bad ones against the (Continued on Page 104)

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mall

Model 1000 & 1B
HOME ECONOMY KIT

Here is the most wonderful brand new gift idea for the man who enjoys working with wood, metal or other materials. This Economy Kit includes a ball bearing geared chuck high speed drill, pedestal, drill bits, rubber backing pad, abrasive discs, paint stirrer, side handle and steel carrying case.

$29.95 Complete

Imagine the joy of owning all the basic tools essential to

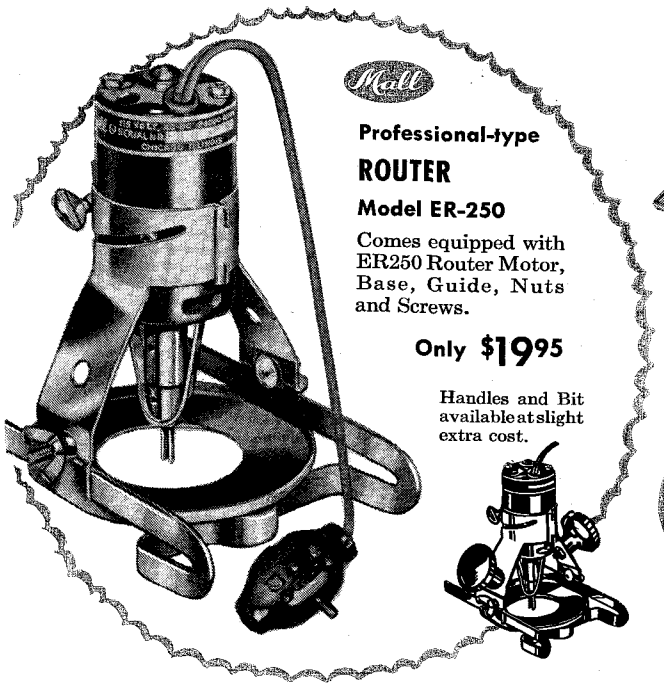
A Complete Home Workshop for Only $79.85

Here is the greatest, most amazing value in home workshop equipment ever offered. Compare these precision-built Mall power tools—point for point—with other lines of quality tools.

Just in time for Christmas comes one of the most amazing values in home workshop equipment ever offered!

Think of it! Here, costing no more than ordinary tools, are powerful, precision-engineered, famous MALL POWER TOOLS that enable anyone to do home shop work with the competence of the professional craftsman.

What wonderful Christmas presents these are to give or get—*the basic tools for a complete home workshop!* Because, behind the famous MALL name is the enduring reliability of MALL quality, MALL engineering, MALL performance, which have characterized MALL power-driven tools for 35 years.



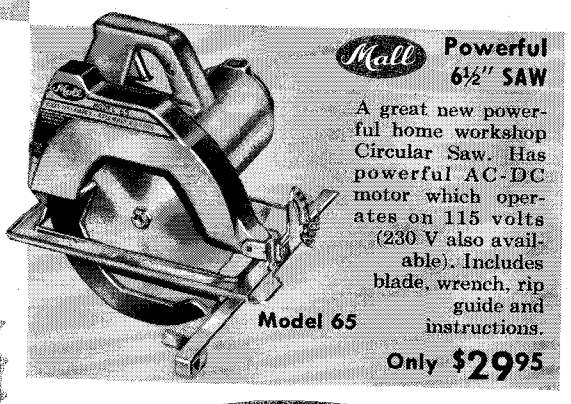
Mall

Professional-type
ROUTER
Model ER-250

Comes equipped with ER250 Router Motor, Base, Guide, Nuts and Screws.

Only $19.95

Handles and Bit available at slight extra cost.



Mall

Powerful 6½" SAW

A great new powerful home workshop Circular Saw. Has powerful AC-DC motor which operates on 115 volts (230 V also available). Includes blade, wrench, rip guide and instructions.

Model 65

Only $29.95

"Over 1000 Tools for a Million Jobs"

See Mall power tools at your dealer now. Other Mall Home Workshop Tools include: DRILLS of all capacities and variety of speeds; CIRCULAR SAWS of all variety of cutting sizes; BELT and ORBIT SANDERS; a wide selection of DRILL ATTACHMENTS.

Mall is one of the oldest and best known manufacturers of automotive service tools, construction tools, maintenance tools, timber chain saws, pumps and generators.

Mail Coupon Today For Your Copy of

The latest Mall illustrated catalog of Mall Home Workshop Tools. It's yours without cost or obligation.

Mall® TOOLS

HU-191

MALL TOOL COMPANY
7888 South Chicago Avenue
Chicago 19, Illinois

Please send me free and without obligation your illustrated catalog on Mall Home Workshop Tools.

Name.....

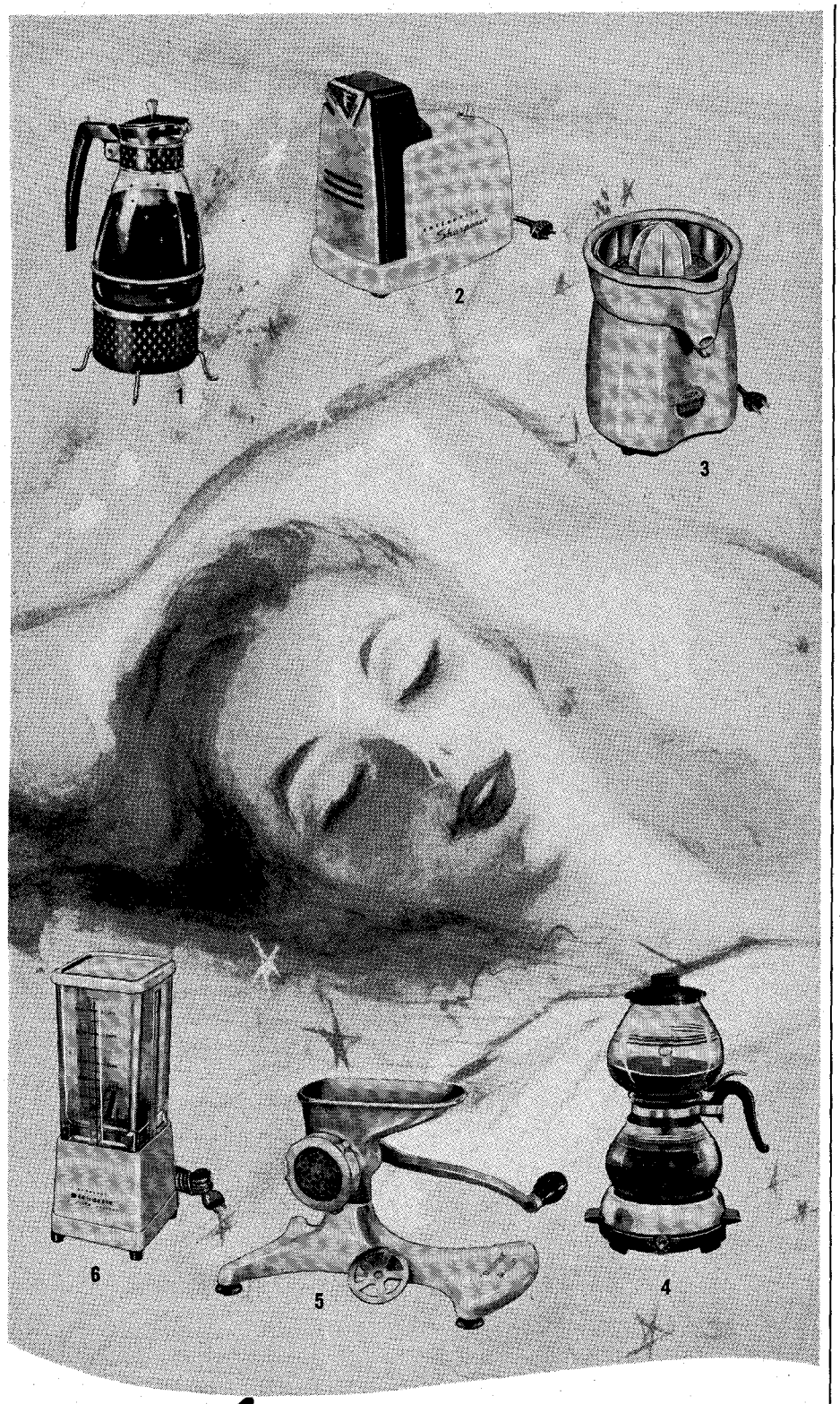
Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

☐ DEALERS! Check here for details on "Money-for-Dealers" Mall Franchises.

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

LICENSED TO UMZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Silex

A DREAM OF A GIFT

Each of these wonderful SILEX products can be that perfect gift. An attractive, practical, thoughtful choice of the right gift for the right person.

First Gift Choice Electric Housewares

1. Silex Starlight Carafe . . . copper and wrought iron. Wide mouth for stirring drinks, easy cleaning . . . wide enough for ice cubes! In three sizes. 8-cup with warmer, **$6.95**; 12-cup with warmer, **$7.95**; Set of four 2-cup with warmers. **$10.95**

2. Enterprise Electric Knife and Scissors Sharpener . . . beautiful, unusual and practical. Gives knives and scissors a keen professional cutting edge quickly, easily. Safe and efficient. **$14.95**

3. Handyhot Electric Juicit . . . approved by Sunkist! Fresh, better-tasting orange juice in seconds. Wonderful for home use and a thoughtful choice for any gift occasion. "Magic" strainer shreds pulp. Extracts 20% more juice. **$21.50**

4. Silex Electric Glass Coffeemaker . . . Here's the modern way to get the very best coffee every time . . . richer, clearer, more hearty brew! Semi-automatic brewing stove included. **$13.95**

5. Enterprise "no-clamp" Chopper . . . a food and meat chopper that works like a dream. Designed especially for today's modern kitchen, it requires no clamps, is easy to use and clean. Choice of colors. **$7.95**

6. Silex Handyhot Blendette . . . Mixes and blends from breakfast to midnight snack-time. An extra hand for Mom and a "must" for Dad's home bar. In white and popular pastel colors, too. **$17.95**

SILEX

The Silex Company, Hartford, Connecticut—Iberville, P.Q., Canada
Chicago Electric Division, Chicago, Illinois
Enterprise Manufacturing Division, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

(Continued from Page 102)

wall, and had to slap one hard to get him to co-operate. He found another knife on Johnny Messina, and looked at Red Gotowsky.

"Nice playmates, Red," he said. "You could easy have been mixed up in a killing."

"I swear, Mike, I didn't know they carried 'em!" Red looked very scared.

"The Blue Hornets," Mike said. "When is your next meeting, Red?"

"I'm through," young Gotowsky said. "So is Benny and Chipso. Like you said, we've had it." He picked up the mutilated Duke Snider Special as if it had been a small dog that had got hurt.

Mike said to the tough ones, "Get out of here! If any of you ever step out of line, I'll see that you're put away until you're old enough to vote."

"All right," the kid named Frankie whined. "Sure, Sweeney. But about that bat, I never ——"

"Get movin'!" Mike snapped. "Before I change my mind and haul you to the station house!"

He took Chipso, Red and Benny out into the front room and called to Solly for four sodas.

Red suddenly said, "Mike, what can we do? Maybe if they let us see the Duke ——"

"No," Mike said in a hurry. "I'll see him this afternoon. I got a friend who is a cop at the ball park. I'll tell Duke you sent word you were sorry, and that you will all be there rootin' for him." He took a five-dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to Red. "You get over there early and buy tickets. Podres goes this afternoon."

"Gee, Mike," Benny said. "Thanks."

"I'll bet the Duke hits a couple," Red said, and forced a grin.

Mike shivered. The Duke had better, and very soon, or just as sure as Leo had lip these kids would find some way to see him and ask did a cop named Sweeney give him a message, and if told that the Duke never heard of a dumb cop of that name, then Mike Sweeney would need to ask for a transfer as far away as Montauk.

"I never bet, Red," he said.

He was staring at a seventeen-inch screen at two-thirty, and he felt as if he were dying. The sweat on his brow was very cold—colder than the beer he had been drinking. The Duke had come up with one on in the first and had rolled one to the pitcher a Girl Scout could have stopped. The Giants had picked up a run in the top of the second—a homer by Willie Mays. At the end of the fifth, Mike was very happy that his wife had gone to visit her mother in Flatbush. A neighbor would most likely hear a shot in a few minutes and come running.

The hateful Giants were out in front three to nothing when the Brooks came up for their cuts in the last of the fifth. The Duke had fanned the breeze the last time up. Podres hit for himself and drew a walk. Junior Gilliam got the count to two and two and then belted one past Al Dark at short. The crowd began to stir. Peewee faced Gomez, took a strike and a ball; then shifted his feet and rifled one past Lockman into right field. Podres came in, and then the Duke walked to the plate.

Mike Sweeney said pleadingly, "Please, Duke! Now!" He thought of Chipso, Red and Benny over there in the stands, looking to Duke for forgiveness. And looking at each other, and maybe beginning to wonder. Smelling a rodent—named Officer Mike Sweeney.

The Duke took a low one, watched a strike go by. He swung at the next pitch and rocketed it foul into the right-field stands. Mike buried his face in his hands, not daring to look. He said a little prayer. Connie Desmond said, "Here's the next pitch. Snider swings ——"

The roar of the rabid Dodger fans poured out of the set and engulfed Mike. He took his hands away from his eyes and saw Mueller running toward the right-field wall. And then the Giant outfielder stopped and just stood and watched the ball sail over the screen and out into Bedford Avenue. The Duke trotted around behind Gilliam and Peewee, and the Brooks were leading, 4–3.

Mike silently thanked the Duke and Someone much bigger, and sank back in his chair. The maddening Giants tied it up in their half of the eighth, but the Duke came up with two gone in the Brooks' half and belted a Gomez pitch deep into the right-center-field seats. Mike turned the picture off. Win or lose, the Duke had belted a couple, and tomorrow those three kids wouldn't need to ask him if the Duke got their message. The answer was right there in the box score.

He would see Father Donovan in due time, for confession was always good for the soul. Even the good padre must realize that there were times when the end justified the means in this unusual borough, that everything was fair in love and Brooklyn.

THE END

Can You Name This Star?

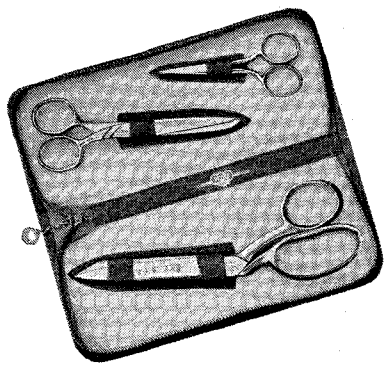
This grinning, husky twelve-year-old in his first long-pants suit, perched happily on the family car in Milwaukee, served in the Navy in World War I—in a training whaleboat at Norfolk—became an actor in 1922; married a year later; nearly went broke until his first movie role in 1930. During the past twenty years he has starred in such Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer hits as Captains Courageous, Boys' Town, Tortilla Flat, Sea of Grass and Cass Timberlane. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Spencer Tracy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Welcome Gift Suggestions by WISS

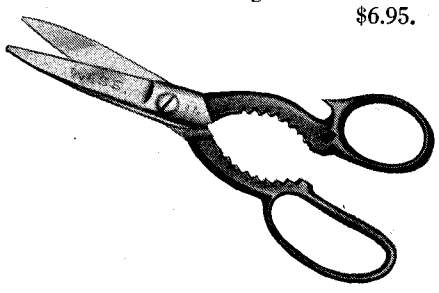


WISS GS-5 SEWING SET

Choose the set or just one pair of these favorite home necessities—dressmakers' shears, sewing, embroidery scissors. Handsome case of selected goat skin, silk lined and zippered protects them, keeps them accessible. Choice of colors, No. GS-5 $11.95. Individual scissors from $2.40 to $4.00.

WISS CB-7 PINKING SHEARS

First choice of fine seamstresses because they are the *quality* pinkers. For use on countless fabrics, single or several thicknesses to achieve a clean finish that's decorative and ravel-resistant. Best gift if she sews! $6.95.



WISS KITCHEN SHEARS

The handiest tool in the kitchen—throughout the house. Indispensable for cutting vegetables, preparing salads, trimming meat or fish. Ideal for cutting twine, rope, light wire or screening. Handles designed for opening jars, uncapping bottles, even cracking nuts. Available with red, green or yellow handles. Full length 8", No. 1KS $2.50 (slightly higher Denver and West).

WISS NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

J. WISS & SONS CO.
NEWARK 7, N. J.

Manufacturers of Shears, Scissors, Pinking Shears, Metal Cutting Snips, and Garden Shears.

Quality for over a Century

He Fixes Fish

(Continued from Page 25)

his first book on taxidermy he doesn't remember. But by the time he was fourteen he had mounted enough of his own specimens to ask for a job at the American Museum of Natural History.

He didn't get the job, but taxidermists there advised him what books to study. He began to experiment with techniques of his own. Occasionally some Jersey sportsman paid him to mount a hawk or fish, but mostly he worked for his own pleasure on his own catch. Meanwhile he earned his living washing bottles in a bottling plant, working as a lineman for a power company, and at various other jobs.

Then came the one time when fate took an obvious hand in Pflueger's career. Capt. Tommy Gifford, who skippered a charter boat out of Miami in the winter, was working out of Sea Bright in the summer. One day in 1925 when he had a lot of striped bass he couldn't sell, he hung them at the foot of the dock as an ad. A young man stopped to ask if he could have one of the fish. Gifford said sure, and the young man selected the biggest fish on the rack.

"I told him," Gifford says, recalling the incident, "that he'd do better to take two of the small ones. But he said no, he didn't want to eat it, he wanted to mount it."

A few weeks later the young man was back for another fish and asked Gifford if he'd like to see what had been done to the first one. "It was the first hollow mount I ever saw," Gifford said recently. "At that time most mounted fish were so heavy they had to be hung on a board an inch thick. Al's work was so far ahead of anything being done in Miami that I asked him why he didn't go down there to work."

Pflueger went, and that winter got his first job with a taxidermist. Two weeks later he quit the job and went in business himself, and within eight months the leading taxidermist in Miami had sold out to him.

Refrigeration wasn't good in the early days and fish wouldn't wait. Jack Carpenter, a long-time personal friend of Pflueger, says, "The first night my wife and I called on Al there were half-mounted fish all over his living room, and Al kept working the whole time." Soon he had to hire an assistant, then another, then several. He taught each man one special part of the business and started a kind of assembly line, with each assistant an expert at his own job.

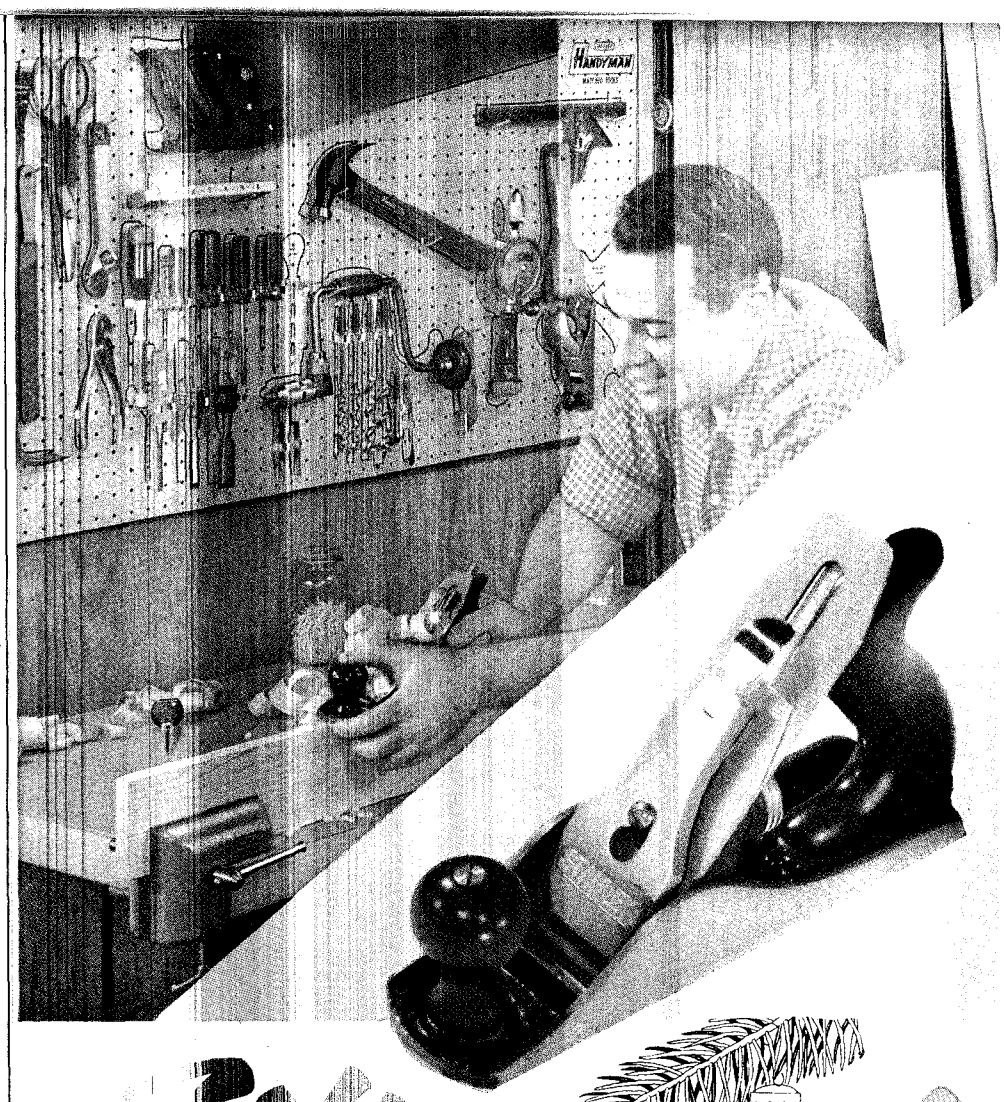
During his first twelve years in Miami, Pflueger moved his plant six times—each time because the business had outgrown the old place, and also on some occasions because of complaints from neighbors about the smell. In 1938 he bought a forty-five-acre plot in the middle of some dairy farms north of Miami and located his plant there. He now has seventy employees turning out forty-five to sixty fish a day. The interior of the main building, with better than 1000 half-completed, gape-mouthed fish hanging from overhead racks, looks like a Dali conception of a minnow's nightmare.

Pflueger has never been a person to let all work convert him into a dull boy. A man of tremendous energy, he has a gift for mixing work and play. Take, for example, the Sunday shortly after he went to Miami.

He was still single at the time, and he and Tommy Gifford took two young ladies riding in an open touring car. A few miles outside the city they saw a large alligator sunning itself on the far side of the canal. "Nothing would do," Gifford says now, "but Al had to get that gator. He said he had never mounted one and this was his chance."

There was a .22 rifle in the car, and Pflueger said he knew just where to shoot the alligator to kill it instantly. Apparently he did, for

(Continued on Page 107)



Stanley

MEN LOVE TO GET THEIR HANDS ON STANLEY TOOLS

Your favorite hardware store is a practical Christmas gift headquarters. Tools like these from the Tool Box of the World are a good reason why.

No. 4 Plane. The finest — a basic tool for every work bench. $9.50

No. N51½ "Nailmaster". A smacking good 16 oz. nail hammer. $3.50

No. 433H "Yankee-Handyman". Drills holes and drives screws. $3.98

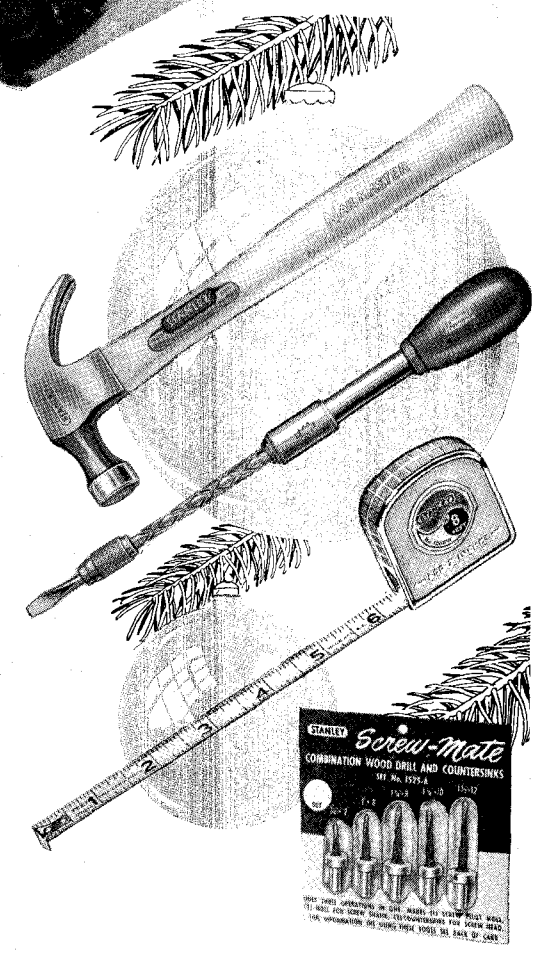
No. 1208W Pull-Push Rule. 8 feet of accuracy in a 2-inch case. $1.19

No. 1525A Screw-Mates. Combination wood drills and countersinks. $3.69

No. 64 Chisel Set. 4 keen blades in an attractive wrap-around case. $11.50

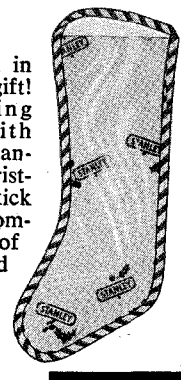
N. B. The No. H896 Tool Board shown above with 33 matched Stanley-Handyman Tools. $62.70

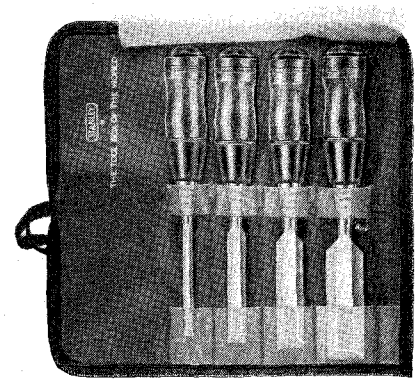
The tool board with hooks only. $5.50



FREE

Put an extra sock in your Christmas gift! This gay stocking wrap packed with these and other Stanley Tools for Christmas. He'll get a kick out of it. See the complete selection of Stanley Tools and Tool Chests at your favorite hardware store.



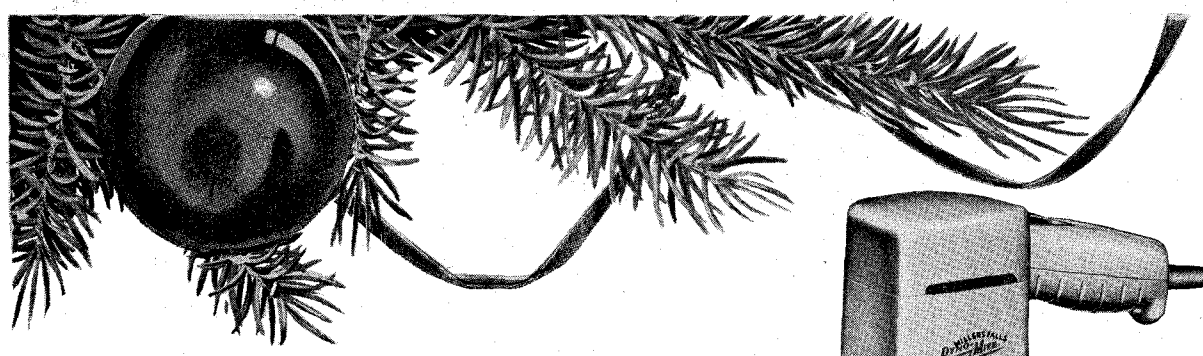


STANLEY

New Britain, Conn.

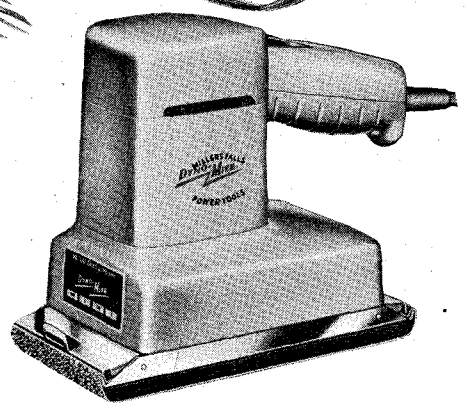
ELECTRIC TOOLS • STEEL • STEEL STRAPPING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



POWER-PACKED 1/4" DRILL

Finest of its type. Plenty of power to drill holes up to 1" in wood, 1/4" in *metal — without stalling or overheating* — and for smooth, easy sanding, polishing, paint removing. A "must" for any workshop. **No. 1814 Drill** with Jacobs Geared Key Chuck. **$25.70**



12 TIMES FASTER THAN HAND SANDING

This new self-powered Orbital Sander will sand in any direction without tracking, scoring or burning surface . . . gives a professional finish to your finest work. Can also be used to remove paint, varnish and surface imperfections. **No. 580 Orbital Sander,** regular $44.95 value, **Special for Christmas only** **$39.95**

FASTEST-CUTTING JIG SAW MADE

This new self-powered Dyno-Mite Tool is actually *6 saws in one.* Cuts straight, curved or irregular lines in wood, plastic, or metal. Will cut its own starting hole in wood without drilling. **No. 480 Jig Saw** *with 4 assorted blades,* a regular $44.95 value.
Special for Christmas only $39.95

Wonderful

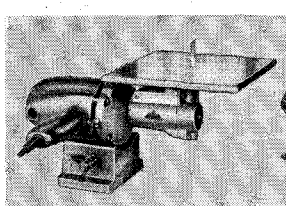
START A COMPLETE POWER WORKSHOP WITH THIS RUGGED 888 POWER UNIT

The gift that keeps growing! This husky 4.0 amp. Power Unit comes completely equipped as a 3/8" drill, 6" sander and polisher. Attachments shown below can be added any time to make a complete, power workshop, at a fraction of the cost of individually powered tools.

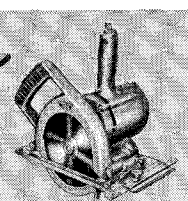
Special for Christmas only **$39.95**
Regular $44.95

with Jacobs Geared Key Chuck

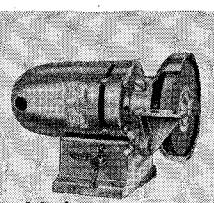
Add these versatile attachments for a fraction of the cost of individually powered tools.



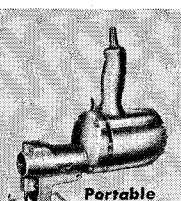
Bench Jig Saw Table
8" x 8" steel table clamps onto the 886 Jig Saw. No. 887 Jig Saw Table **$1.95**



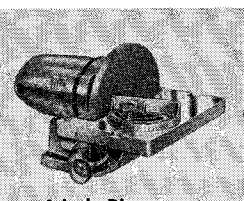
6-inch Portable Saw
Powered by the 888, this 6-inch saw cuts to 1 7/8" deep. Angle adjustment, ripping guide. No. 8811 Portable Saw **$17.95**



4-Inch Bench Grinder
With the 881 Stand, converts the 888 into a handy bench grinder. 4-inch wheel. No. 8810 Bench Grinder **$6.80**



Portable Jig Saw
With 888, jig saws wood or metal. Starts own hole in wood. No. 886 Jig Saw with 4 saw blades **$11.45**



6-Inch Disc Bench Sander
Frame bolts to 881 Stand. Has angle gauge and abrasive disc. Table tilts to 45°. No. 889 Disc Sander **$8.95**

Bench Stand
Converts the 888 into a handy bench power unit for use with Sander, Grinder, Jig Saw, etc. No. 881 Bench Stand **$3.40**

See these other attachments, at your hardware dealer's

No. 883 Bench Saw	$26.40
No. 884 Table Extensions, pr.	$ 5.70
No. 885 Saw Guard	$ 2.80
No. 8814 Drill Press Stand	$19.95
No. 8816 Drill Press Vise	$ 5.95
No. 8815 Speed Reducer	$12.45
No. 882 Orbital Sander	$15.95

FOR POWER AND PERFORMANCE . . .

GIVE... MILLERS FALLS TOOLS SINCE 1868 ®

MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
Dept. P-14, Greenfield, Mass.

DYNO-MITE®

FINEST POWER TOOLS MADE

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising continues

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 105) when he fired, the saurian made one convulsive shudder and was still. "So Al told the girls to turn their backs," Gifford says, "and he took off his clothes and took some rope we had in the car and swam over and tied it round the gator's neck. Then he swam back, and we pulled the alligator across to us and put it in the back of the car."

Gifford was driving. Al and his girl sat in the back with their feet on the "dead" alligator. But back in the heart of the city, at the corner of Flagler Street and Miami Avenue, the alligator suddenly came to life, banged open the car door and crawled out into the Sunday traffic. "You could have heard brakes and women screeching all the way to Key West," Gifford says.

The alligator took refuge under a parked car. Here Pflueger could not get at it, and the owner of the machine did not want to come close enough to drive the car away. "But finally Al got the gator out and tied it up and put it back in the car," Gifford says. "Only there was no getting his girl into the back seat again. We all sat up front, the girl in Al's lap."

Some of Pflueger's more enthusiastic friends credit him with many advances made in the art of fish taxidermy in the last thirty years. "Actually," Pflueger says, "I've never successfully used any method that somebody hadn't already experimented with. Maybe I've improved them a little." He has taken out only two patents—one on a hollow-mount process and one on a method of carving the forms over which the skin will be stretched. "I didn't patent them to keep anybody else from using them," Pflueger says. "I just didn't want somebody to get a patent that would keep me from using them." Apparently he means it. Once, when informed that another taxidermist had stolen one of his patents, Pflueger merely shrugged. "In this business," he said, "there is room enough for everybody."

Jack Carpenter, who has worked closely with Pflueger, estimates that Al has increased production by as much as 400 per cent per man-hour of labor. This has resulted largely from two things: the assembly-line method where every man does one specialized job, and the use of the spray gun to paint the fish.

Fish are sent to Pflueger from all over the world—William K. Vanderbilt once sent him more than 600 specimens from a South Seas expedition—and many of these have long since lost their original color and have to be repainted. In the hands of a skilled craftsman, Pflueger says, the spray gun is not only infinitely faster than painting by hand but gives a more lifelike blending of colors. Pflueger has one spray-gun artist who paints nothing but sailfish and marlin, another who paints dolphin and barracuda. His brother, John, who was once employed in the art department of a New Jersey lithograph company, uses the spray gun on all others.

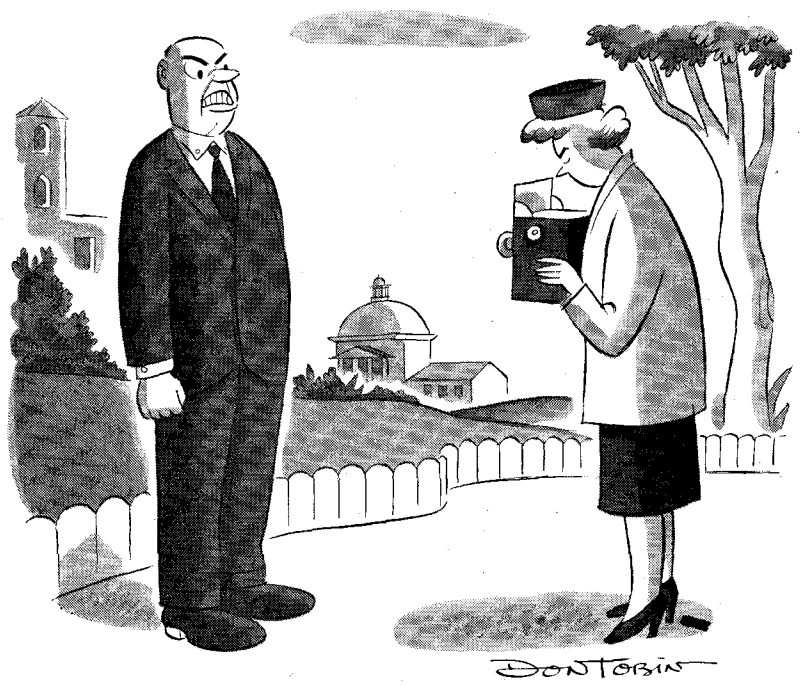
"By the arrangement of the scales and by knowing what color fades into what, we can make a pretty good guess of how the fish looked alive, even if it is one we've never seen," Pflueger says. "But it is much better if John has a color picture to work from."

This is the job of Richard Deckert, a seventy-six-year-old artist who may have sketched more kinds of fish than any other man. Fishing with Pflueger off Miami, Bimini, Cuba and Mexico, Deckert has made water colors of more than 500 freshly caught fish. The odds are that when John Pflueger starts work on some unusual specimen he has one of Deckert's water colors propped in front of him. Deckert also handpaints an occasional fish, such as the cubavera snapper, which has approximately 1600 individual scale marks.

The smallest fish Pflueger ever mounted was a one-and-one-eighth-inch sailfish caught in a net; the largest was a 1540-pound black marlin caught by Ray Hickok. "We don't get many like that," Pflueger says, "and it's a good thing. For a fish like that we use a plastic mold which takes about two months to make and costs us about eight hundred dollars." Even at a dollar a pound live weight—his standard price for marlin, tuna and swordfish—he insists he loses money on a job of this kind.

The Pflueger production line starts with the agent who accepts the fish. He tags it with its exact measurements, with the owner's name, and collects 50 per cent of the price for mounting the specimen. The fish are collected each night by a truck that makes the rounds of all the Miami docks.

At the plant the fish goes first to the skinning room. Then comes the problem of removing the oil from the skin, so that it will not turn yellow later. This is particularly difficult with billfish and with tarpon. Pflueger does not know how many methods and substances he has experimented with in an effort to find the perfect one. "And we're not perfect yet," he says. He now uses a system of washing the skins in detergents, then drying. With tarpon, the bone in the gill plates, tail and head has to be thinned down to get out the oil pockets.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I am saying 'Cheese'!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meanwhile a hollow cast of laminated paper is being made to the exact measurements of the fish. When ready, the skin is stretched over the cast and glued in place. Many fish arrive at the plant with tails or sails broken or mutilated in some way, and these have to be repaired. The fish then moves on to the painting room, is allowed to dry and goes into its crate for shipment, usually about a month after its arrival at the plant.

Pflueger is a man who has cast a lot of bread on the waters and had it come back in the form of cake. Allen Corson, fishing editor for the Miami Herald, says that the chief reason for Pflueger's phenomenal success, aside from the quality of his work, is his fairness toward his agents and the captains of the charter-boat fleet. Men who are in a position to make a pretty good guess estimate that at one time or another Pflueger has lent or given money to between 75 and 90 per cent—Pflueger says the figure can hardly be more than 20 per cent—of the Miami charter-boat captains. This may be partially business-directed generosity, but the wife of one charter-boat captain has another explanation: "Al always says, 'These people are my friends.'"

What might be considered an extreme example of Pflueger's willingness to help a friend occurred recently when he was cruising off Bimini with the owner of a marine-life exhibit who was making movies of giant rays and sharks being harpooned. In some clear, shallow water near the beach they found a number of big nurse sharks, eight to nine feet long. "I'd like a picture of somebody riding one of those things," the cameraman said jokingly.

"All right," Pflueger said.

"There really wasn't anything to it," he says now. "The sharks would just lie there and I could wade or swim up to them and grab ahold. Then they would take off. Sometimes I could ride one a hundred yards. Sometimes the shark would start to roll as soon as I caught it, and when it did, I had to drop off. But it really wasn't dangerous. They were nurse sharks. I wouldn't trust any other kind."

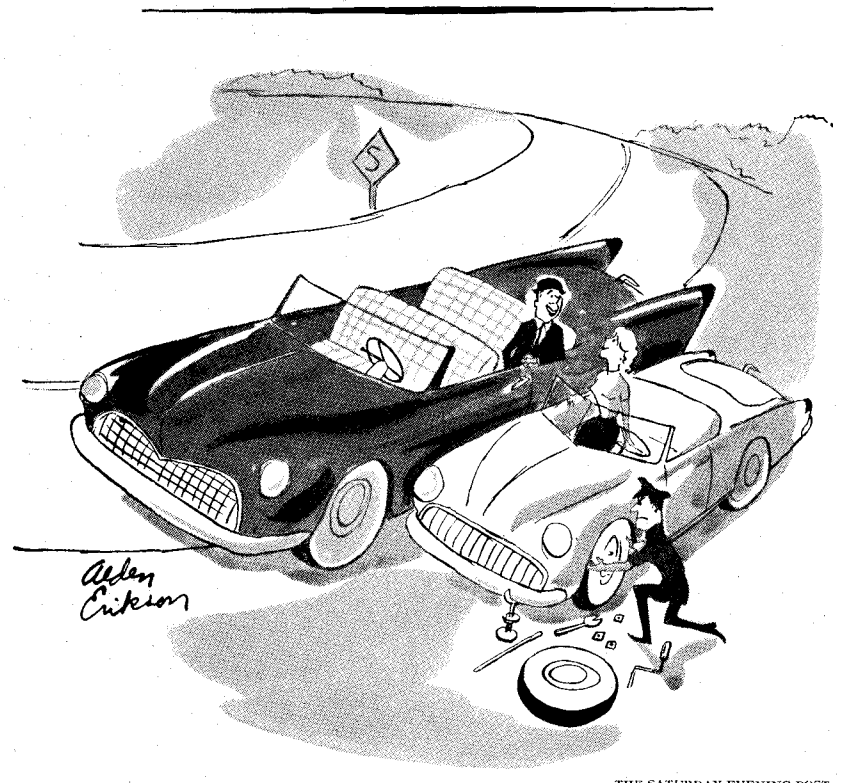
Sharks have always interested Pflueger, not because they are big or dangerous, but "because they are a tough subject. Until recently there was very little written about them." It is this kind of curiosity which has, logically enough, led Pflueger into the scientific side of his work.

Books are piled all over the big, rambling house in which he lives alone since his divorce several years ago. There are bound volumes of Natural History, of the Bulletin of the Bureau of Fisheries, of the Proceedings of the United States National Museum. There are at least a half-dozen zoologies, and long rows of technical books on fish. Pflueger has obviously studied them; now he not only uses the Latin names for fish and tree snails—he has one of this country's finest collections of tree snails, which he plans to give to the University of Miami—but he has actually come to think in these terms. "The common names just aren't accurate enough," he says. "What's called a redfish in one part of the country is a channel bass in another; there are three kinds of snook in Florida, and the name 'snook' doesn't tell you what kind. If you are going to be accurate you have to use the Latin names."

Probably because of his lack of formal training and his acute awareness of this, Pflueger has refused several offers by Doctor Rivas of the University of Miami to do purely scientific work. But at his own expense he has tackled a number of these problems. "Last year," says Rivas, "Al and I were talking about the possibility that blue marlin were sometimes caught off Hawaii and identified as striped. After that, I didn't hear from him for about a month; then one morning the phone rang, and it was Al calling from Hawaii, taking up the conversation right where we left off. He had visually identified blue marlin in Hawaiian waters."

Recently Pflueger has installed an electric winch on the stern of his boat, with a mile of steel cable, and has begun to fish the depths off Bimini. "I got interested," he says, "because so little is known about what's a half mile, a mile below the surface."

So far, he has made no startling discoveries, but there was one time when something took hold of the hook almost a mile below the surface, held for several hundred feet and let go. "We left the hook where it was," Pflueger says, "and in a few minutes the thing took hold again. We raised it another two or three hundred feet, and it let go again." This kept on until the creature was within 500 feet of the surface, when it dropped off for the last time. Pflueger thinks it was a giant squid. "I wish I knew," he says. THE END

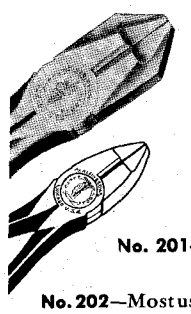


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why it's no trouble at all, my dear—eh, Hawkins?"

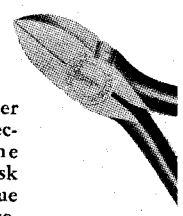
Give him KLEINS for Christmas

Bet you never thought of giving him pliers for Christmas. But it's a gift that man in your life will really appreciate—and use for years to come. Show him you want him to have the best—Kleins—the precision-made pliers that have set the quality standard since 1857. Ask your hardwareman.

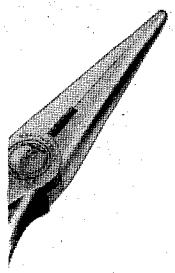


No. 201—Famous original Klein side-cutting pliers. Also available in "streamlined" pattern as 201-NE. Popular sizes are 6, 7 and 8-inch.

No. 201-NE



No. 202—Most useful plier you can choose for electrical repairing. The electrician's choice. Ask for narrow-nose oblique cutter in 5 or 6-inch size.



No. 203—This plier really gets the work out around the house or shop. Extra-long jaws for getting into difficult places—also handy cutters. 5, 6, 7-inch sizes.

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY
Many leading hardware stores are displaying the most popular Klein Pliers. Select the pliers you want and the comfortable handles to go with them.

BE SURE TO ASK FOR KLEIN PLIERS BY NAME

Mathias KLEIN & Sons
Established 1857 Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.
7200 McCORMICK ROAD • CHICAGO 45, ILLINOIS

IRHA advertising continues

USE GENUINE MOLLY

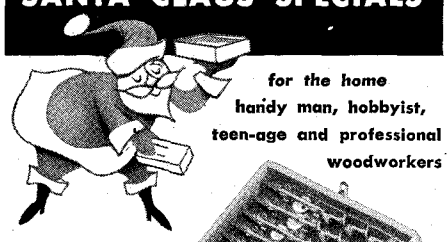
THE PERFECT FASTENER
To hold ANYTHING Securely in Hollow Walls, Floors and Ceilings

Unlike nails and screws, Molly allows you to install fixtures securely and exactly where you want them — not where studs are. Molly ends loose fixtures, crumbled plaster, broken walls. Molly reinforces the area in which used, won't pull through. Unlike other types of fasteners, Molly anchorage is permanent — fixtures can be removed and replaced in the same anchor. Mollys are inexpensive and money-back guaranteed.

Write for Free Folder
See Your Hardware Dealer

ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE MOLLY SCREW ANCHORS
MOLLY CORP. • DEPT. K-32 • READING, PA.

IRWIN
SANTA CLAUS SPECIALS

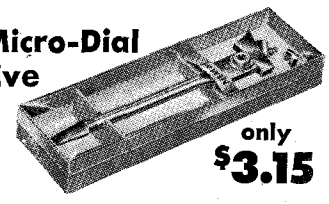


for the home handy man, hobbyist, teen-age and professional woodworkers

DM(x) Borchest Set only $15.50

13 Irwin original solid center auger bits, sizes ¼" to 1". Beautiful hand rubbed oak chest in Christmas box with colorful gift card and transparent lid. Patented spring-steel clips hold bits in place. Sizes shown for easy selection. Each bit hardened full length for longer life.

22(x) Micro-Dial Expansive Bit



only $3.15

It bores accurately from ⅞" up to 3". Change sizes with easy turn of a dial. Two cutters supplied with each bit. Drop forged from special bit steel, heat treated full length. A dependable all-purpose bit that does the work of a complete set of individual sizes.

See Your Independent Hardware Dealer

IRWIN
Wilmington, Ohio

the original solid center auger bit
•
screw drivers, screw driver bits

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All-American Weapon (Continued from Page 45)

side down, and the bullet was pushed down on top of it and rammed home with the ramrod. The greased patch filled the grooves, eased the bullet down, and partly cleaned the barrel when fired out of it.

The simple innovation of the patch—it can hardly be called an invention—led to the development of the first distinctively American firearm, the long rifle. As it was not necessary to make the gun sturdy enough to withstand hammering, a long, slender barrel, usually forty inches or more, became possible without increased weight. The longer barrel helped the bullet to pick up more speed before leaving the gun. Hence a smaller bullet delivered about the same wallop as the slower, bigger ones then in use. Instead of a ball of about .75 caliber, or three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the slim Kentuckies fired one of approximately .45 caliber—so far in advance of their time that the United States Army did not get around to using a bullet of that small a diameter until 125 years later, in 1873. The smaller bullet required only about a fourth as much lead to make, and half as much powder to shoot, both precious savings in the backwoods.

Probably the most unusual feature of the Kentuckies also resulted from the use of the patch. This was the hinged brass patchbox built into the side of the stock to hold hard grease for the patches. Much artistry went into designing and decorating these.

Although the American long rifle was developed before 1750, it was not widely used in the Revolution a quarter century later. Most of the Continental Line, or regular army, carried the smoothbore musket, which was easier to make and could be loaded faster. Contrary to claims that the rifle won the Battle of Bunker Hill, a contemporary account states: "The provincials (Americans) have not a rifleman among them . . . nor have they any rifle guns. They have only common muskets."

George Washington favored the long rifle from his frontier experiences. When a few Revolutionary sharpshooters were armed with extra-long-range Kentuckies, Washington wrote delightedly that they "hit a sheet of note paper (then eight by ten inches) three out of five shots" at a quarter of a mile.

Twelve special companies of riflemen from the Appalachian foothills and mountains of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia sniped at the redcoats so successfully that British hatred of "the shirt-tail men with their cursed twisted guns" is recorded in history. The American knack of picking off British officers was regarded as especially vicious and depraved. Under European rules of warfare, observed with some etiquette, well-drilled soldiers simply pointed their guns impersonally in the general direction of the enemy and hit perchance an officer, an enlisted man or a cow in the next pasture. The British, outraged at the methodical sniping of American marksmen, termed them "murderers." In vain, they threatened hanging. A rifleman named Timothy Murphy drilled a British general and thereby cinched an American victory at Stillwater, near Saratoga, New York. Rifle companies under Daniel Morgan's command helped to win the Battle of Cowpens, in South Carolina.

Yet the vaunted long rifle was the principal weapon in only one American victory, at Kings Mountain, on the boundary between the Carolinas, in 1780. There, oddly enough, both sides consisted almost entirely of Americans. Maj. Patrick Ferguson, foremost British exponent of the rifle over the smoothbore musket, commanded 1100 Loyalist militia and rangers, at least a tenth of them armed with breech-loading rifles patented by Ferguson. Nine hundred patriot riflemen from the Carolinas and Tennessee attacked the British encampment and killed eight men for every one they lost. Ferguson, the great believer in the accuracy of the rifle, exposed himself in an attempt to turn the tide and died pierced by seven rifle bullets.

Not until the close of the War of 1812, however, did the Kentucky really make history. The British sent one of their largest expeditions, 10,000 men including a brigade of victorious veterans of the Napoleonic campaigns under Lt. Gen. Sir Edward Pakenham, "the hero of Salamanca," to seize New Orleans and with it permanent control of the Mississippi Valley, whose commerce funneled through the port. Andrew Jackson defended the place from behind cotton bales and cypress logs with a motley force of local militia, Gulf Coast pirates, a few hundred United States Army regulars armed with smoothbores, and about 2000 Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen with little formal military discipline. Jackson's men were outnumbered more than two to one.

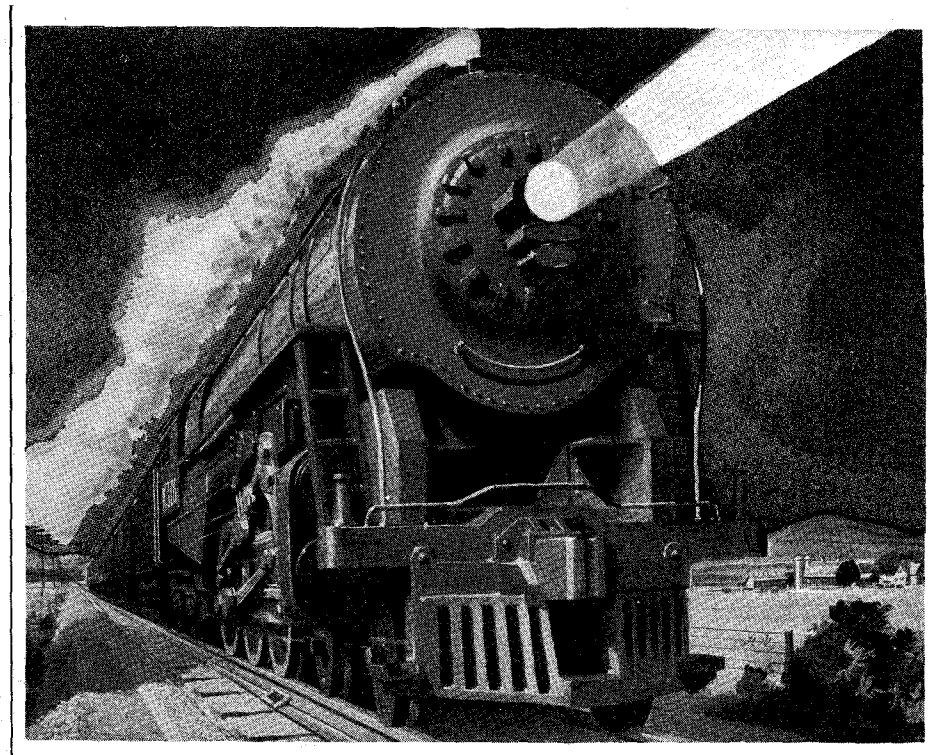
Across the level, swampy ground against this "pickup team" marched the solid red ranks of the most formidable fighting machine of the day. American cannon raked the British, but could not break the charge. Then the 2000 Kentuckians and Tennesseans, standing four deep, began taking turns with their long rifles. Jackson's orders to his unmilitary riflemen are said to have been superbly simple: Aim preferably at officers, fire whenever the British come in range, and reload while the other three men fire in turn.

At less than 200 yards, the advancing redcoat ranks melted away. The commander, General Pakenham, was hit repeatedly and finally killed. So were most other senior officers. The highest one left on the field to order a retreat was a mere major. The British lost more than 2000 killed and wounded; the Americans, eight killed and thirteen wounded. Scarcely ever have battle losses been more lopsided. Historians attributed it to the cotton bales and cypress logs. An anonymous ballad composer of the period proved more nearly right. He gave full credit for the remarkable victory to "the Kentucky rifle" in an eight-verse broadside entitled, The Hunters of Kentucky, or the Battle of New Orleans. Part of the fifth stanza went:

But Jackson he was wide awake,
And wasn't scar'd at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take,
With our Kentucky rifles.
So he led us up to a cyprus swamp,
The ground was low and mucky.
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here stood old Kentucky.

The Americans had lost almost every land engagement of the war, even abandoning Washington, D.C., to be partly burned by the British. Here at the very end—a peace pact was already signed when the Battle of New Orleans was fought early in 1815—came a glorious success quickly set to popular music.

From that day to this, the long rifle has been identified as "the Kentucky rifle." As almost any Pennsylvanian will now tell you, that is its one big inaccuracy. For the so-called Kentucky rifle originated in Pennsylvania and was used by numerous Pennsylvanians before there were any Kentuckians. Probably three fourths of the guns, including most of the finest, were made in Southeastern and Southern Pennsylvania. So few were manufactured in Kentucky that a recent firearms catalogue made a special selling point of the fact that "here is a very rare Kentucky—one that was actually made in Kentucky."



Illustrated: Mighty American Flyer 4-6-4 "Hudson."

NEW FOR '55! American Flyer No. 5510T "Mountaineer" freight. Complete with smoke, choo-choo sound effects, Pull-Mor Power, track, transformer.....Only **$29.95***

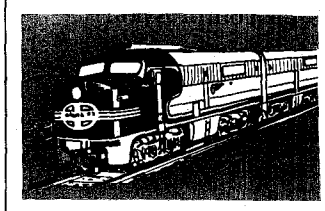
*Slightly higher Denver and West

Only Gilbert

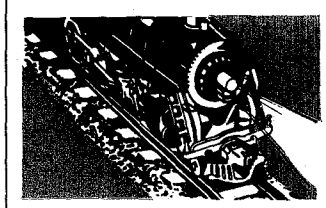
AMERICAN FLYER

has true railroading realism!

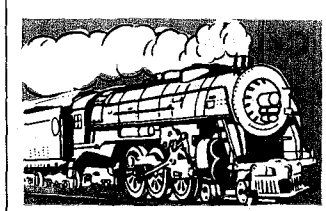
Only American Flyer has all these realistic features!



Scale-Model Realism! Every 3/16" equals one foot of real train.



2-Rail, Flat-Top Track! Like the kind real railroads run on.



Real Smoke and Choo-Choo! Timed to the action of the loco's wheels.

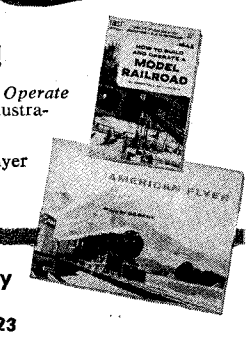
Rugged Pull-Mor Power! Nothing like it for extra hauling power.

Nothing equals the excitement of model railroading—American Flyer style! Mighty steam locomotives flashing along the straightaway, whistling for the grade crossings and puffing real red glowing smoke . . . sleek Diesel streamliners pulling long passenger limiteds smoothly, swiftly. With American Flyer it's more fun because every train is an exact scale model of the real thing. They run on real 2-rail track, too, and have powerful worm-drive motors. Sets priced from $19.95,* including track and transformer.

See Brand-New-For-'55 American Flyer Trains at your dealer's today!

Made by A. C. Gilbert, manufacturers of famous Erector Sets

Send for this DOUBLE-VALUE OFFER!



192-page book: *How to Build and Operate a Model Railroad.* Hundreds of illustrations. A wealth of ideas.

Brand new full-color American Flyer catalog. Shows you every train, all accessories. 44 pages.

Both only 25c—write today
(or catalog only, 10¢)

Gilbert Hall of Science, Dept. 23
Erector Square, New Haven 6, Conn.

☐ I enclose 25¢. Rush both big train books.
☐ I enclose 10¢. Send catalog only.

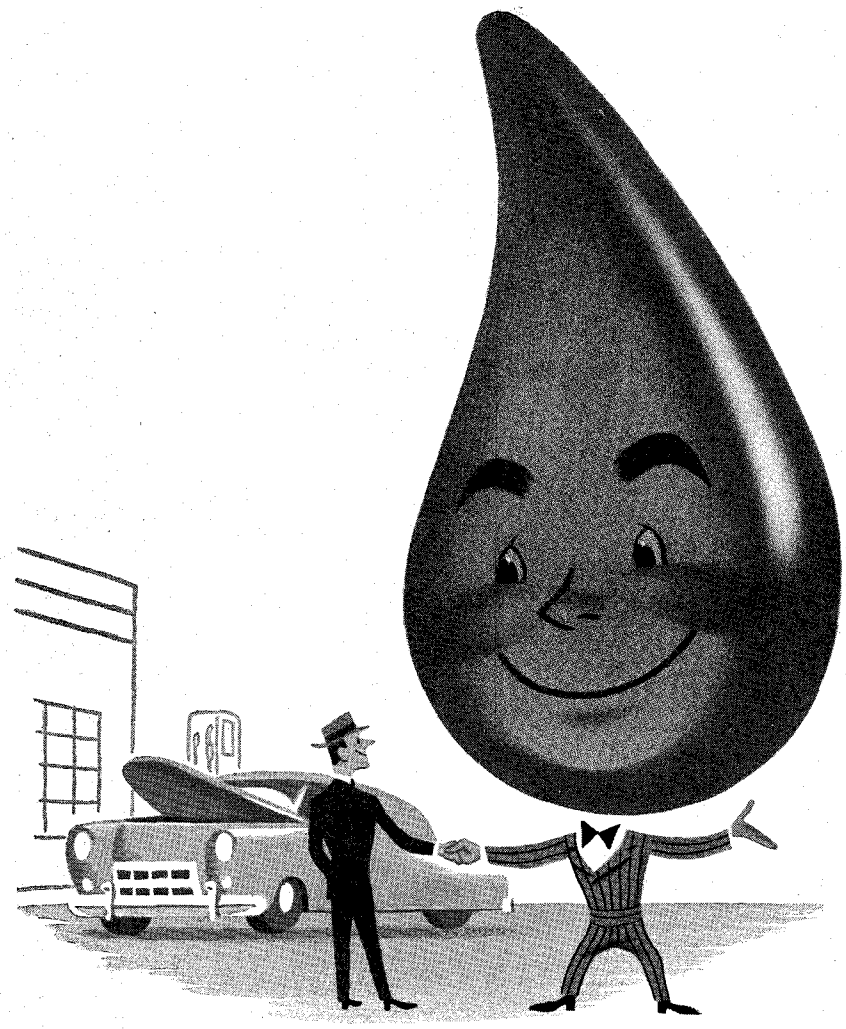
Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

IRHA Family Gift Center advertising

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The more you think of your car

— the more you'll think of me!

Whether your car has one of today's high compression engines or a motor that's getting up in miles, you need a motor oil that is tough.

When you use an oil containing additives, it's the oil that does the lubricating. The additives simply clear the way for the oil to do its work.

Pennsylvania motor oils are made from nature's finest crude oil. Because of their nature-given toughness, they just naturally do a better lubricating job . . . make your motor perform the way you want it to.

Next time you need oil, whether with or without additives, ask for a brand of Pennsylvania . . . carried by good dealers wherever you live and wherever you go.

Today's BEST Oils
Start with Nature's BEST Crude
...and that means Pennsylvania!

INSIST ON A BRAND OF

PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Like many early long rifles, the flintlock gun presented to Queen Elizabeth bore no maker's name. Its lock was London-made, numbers of these firing mechanisms having been imported, and it was obtained through a California firearms authority, James E. Serven, from the estate of a Rhode Island gun collector, Charles D. Cook. Yet its characteristics, such as the shape of the stock and brass fittings, prove that it was made in Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania's claim to have originated the Kentucky goes back, in a way, to the colony's Quaker Founder, peace-loving William Penn. Penn, in promoting the sale of his New World acreage like a modern real-estate operator, stressed its teeming game in pamphlets issued in four European languages. He urged settlers to bring "a long gun to throw shot," meaning the equivalent of a modern shotgun for small game, but some German and Swiss pioneers brought heavy hunting rifles from which the American long rifle evolved.

One famous figure identified with the long rifle is another Pennsylvanian of Quaker extraction. Daniel Boone, grandson of an English Quaker weaver who was one of Penn's settlers, was handed his first rifle before he was twelve. In pioneering in Kentucky later, Boone earned a reputation for accuracy against Indians as well as bear, deer, and other game. His expert shooting helped to popularize the name "Kentucky rifle."

Actually, this writer could find no evidence that Boone called his trusty long gun a "Kentucky rifle." He probably knew better, as four relatives were skilled gunsmiths who manufactured long rifles—three in Pennsylvania and one in North Carolina. Pennsylvanians' aggrieved attitude about the name of the rifle, Kentucky's chief claim to fame after race horses, colonels and bourbon, leaves Kentuckians asking, "What's all the shooting about?" Bayless E. Hardin, secretary of the Kentucky Historical Society, readily concedes that there is no reference in the Boone papers and other early documents to "Kentucky rifles" and calmly adds:

"I do not believe Kentucky would take a stand or have any feeling on the subject. Every once in a while someone in Pennsylvania, as if speaking for the state, protests. Of course the gun originated in Pennsylvania, but after the route to Kentucky was opened, it saw more usage west of the Allegheny Mountains."

Pennsylvania staked its claim as the birthplace of the long rifle only recently by erecting a bronze tablet on a one-room fieldstone building in Pequea Valley, near Lancaster. This proclaims that the first "Pennsylvania rifle," or "so-called Kentucky rifle," was made there about 1719 by Martin Meylin (1670–1749), a Swiss gunsmith who was one of the early settlers in the area. Muzzle-loader tradition is still strong thereabouts. At the nearby Pennsylvania Farm Museum with its fine collection of long rifles and rifling machines, Director Carl Drepperd tells of snuffing candles with bullets from inherited flintlocks. Drepperd, a descendant of local gunsmiths who were noted for "being able to spell their name from either end" with equal facility, plans to revive the manufacture and repair of old flintlocks with the ancient tools at the museum. The chief chronicler of the fabulous long gun also happens to be a Pennsylvanian, Capt. John G. W. Dillin, who was born ninety-five years ago in a two-story log house in the vicinity of Valley Forge. Back in 1924 Dillin, who lived in bachelor quarters with the walls covered with fine flintlock rifles and mellow old violins while cooking his food Indian style in an iron pot that was never washed, wrote what remains the most authoritative volume on the firearm. Inevitably, at that time, it was entitled The Kentucky Rifle.

As Dillin pointed out, Pennsylvania produced the first of the famous riflesmiths, but Kentucky almost certainly had the last of the old-timers. He was John Shell, of Leslie County, who claimed to have been born in 1788 and at any rate was too old for service in the Mexican War in 1846. Shell, who married for a second time when more than 100 years old, lived until 1922 and made and shot Kentucky rifles until late in his long life.

Far from being a lost skill, the manufacture of long rifles and other muzzle-loaders flourishes increasingly today. It took a new lease on life from target shooting revived by the National Muzzle-Loading Rifle Association, founded in 1932 and now 6000 strong. Supplementing the organized ranks are hundreds of individual shooters who started out as collectors of antique guns and gingerly decided to try their antiques' firing qualities. The writer, as range master of a muzzle-loader target-shooting club, has tested a number of guns which had gone unfired for a century or more. They are safe to fire only if inspection reveals that the barrel, breech plug and firing mechanism are sound and the antique iron or cast-steel barrels are loaded with old-fashioned black powder rather than modern, high-pressure powder. Otherwise, shooting them is an invitation to maim a hand or lose an eye.

For the shooter or collector who wants a brand-new long rifle, A.D. 1955, there are about a dozen present-day gunsmiths, painstaking spiritual descendants of the old craftsmen, who manufacture Kentucky or Pennsylvania muzzle-loaders. They would rather re-create old-style guns than produce modern ones. Among them are Richard Hicks, Glenn Napier, W. H. Large, Mark B. Burnham, Paul Freese, C. G. Brooks, Dave Taylor, Alvin Wagner, Lester Smith, Earl Pepiot, H. Ernest Resley, Hacker Martin and Royland Southgate. Most live in or near small towns in the Middle West or South.

> When small boys and girls play husband and wife, that ought to be warning enough to the boys.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

Flintlock shooting irons can be made to order for about the cost of custom-built, high-power modern hunting rifles. Three representative gunsmiths, for example, start their prices at $140, $150 and $165 for flinters full-stocked in maple, with octagon barrels in .38 to .45 caliber, large brass patchboxes and a scattering of decorative silver inlays. The price for a really fancy job, with twenty inlays, a double set or hair trigger, elaborate scrollwork patchbox and special grade of tiger-striped maple stock may run $350 or more.

In terms of dollar buying power, modern flintlocks cost no more than those of the old days when five dollars might represent a month's wages. The more resplendent flintlocks sold for twenty-five dollars or so in the heyday of the long rifle, from about 1785 to 1825. Many had twenty or thirty silver inlays in the shape of stars, eagles, hearts, scrolls, fish, diamonds, crescents and Masonic symbols. Makers vied in tricky concealments of the latches that held the patchbox lids. The frontiersmen lavished on their rifles much the same expenditure, affection and gadgetry that modern motorists give their automobiles. Like a big, glittering car, a big, fancy rifle was a sign of standing in the community.

The really showy Kentuckies were made after the Revolution, which left a surplus of fine gunsmiths, especially around Lancaster,

(Continued on Page 112)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Having fun is good for you...

Whether it's going to a game or having some other kind of fun, it helps you relax, gives you a break from the daily grind and improves your outlook for tomorrow.

Feel good so you can enjoy your fun

Sometimes you don't feel up to fun. And no wonder! It isn't easy facing all the nagging little things that come along in a day. After a rough day, you may have a headache, upset stomach or general achy-ness that slows you down. That's when you should . . .

take the medicine that's so refreshing

ALKA-SELTZER tablets dropped into a glass of water fizz and become a liquid way to relief. Starting with a liquid is wise because anything else you swallow has to be changed by your body into liquid form before it can help you.

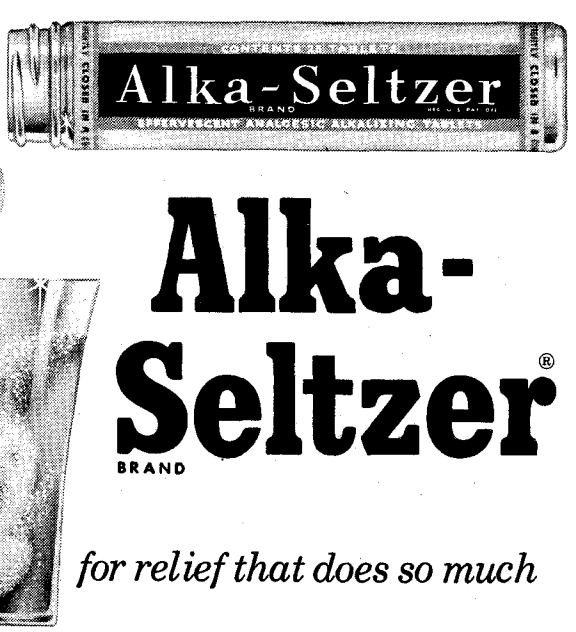
ALKA-SELTZER becomes a relief-giving liquid that's better because . . .

ACTION IN THE GLASS changes ALKA-SELTZER tablets into a liquid. This is the form your system can use most easily and naturally for relief.

ACTION IN THE GLASS supercharges ALKA-SELTZER with lively bubbles. This soothing liquid speeds relief.

ACTION IN THE GLASS makes ALKA-SELTZER easy to absorb immediately. You'll like ALKA-SELTZER for refreshing relief . . . *the medicine that's so refreshing.*

For HEADACHE, UPSET STOMACH, GENERAL ACHY-NESS, COLD DISCOMFORTS.



Alka-Seltzer®
BRAND

NEARLY EVERYONE does something to take care of a cold. Many people rest more than usual, eat lightly and avoid exposure. When you take ALKA-SELTZER along with whatever you do when you have a cold, you feel more comfortable—it helps you feel better while you're getting better.

favorite of so many *for relief that does so much*

Miles Laboratories, Inc. • Elkhart, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

PEOPLE WHO GO FAR...

GO WITH

BANK OF AMERICA

TRAVELERS CHEQUES

BUY THEM AT BANKS AND TRAVEL AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

ESHELMAN ADULT SPORT CAR Model 6 HP

1/5 THE COST OF ANY OTHER AUTO

70 Miles Per Gal. Gas.
35 Miles Per Hour
Also Adult Golf Cars

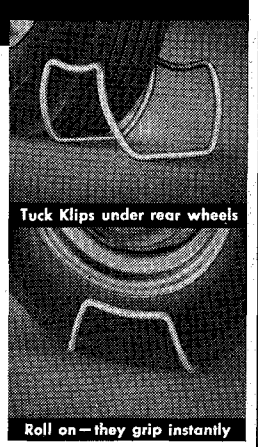
Write For Free Catalog.
SHIPPING POINTS: BALTIMORE, RENO, CHICAGO
ESHELMAN
Dept. MC-311B
109 Light St. Balto. 2, Md.

Pat. Pend.

when you're stuck in snow...ice...or mud take the...

Easy Way Out

with CAMPBELL TRACTION KLIPS!



Out of ruts, up slippery hills, away from icy curbs. Quick, easy, sure emergency traction!

- On or off in 10 seconds!
- No dirty hands or clothing!
- Made of long-wearing spring steel!
- Handy lever flips them off!

CAMPBELL TRACTION KLIPS for a SURE START when you're stuck

CAMPBELL CHAIN Company, York, Pa.

Makers of CAMPBELL Lug-Reinforced TIRE CHAINS

(Continued from Page 110) Pennsylvania, the nation's first arsenal. Competition gave rise to progressively more handsome guns. Before 1775, the principal decoration consisted of raised or incised carving on the flat-butted stock. Now, however, a rash of inlays broke out, patchboxes became highly decorative and butts grew more crescent-shaped.

Full-bearded Joe Kindig, Jr., the York, Pennsylvania, antiques dealer who owns probably the world's largest and finest private collection of Kentuckies, feels that the long rifle represents the choicest flowering of eighteenth-century American craftsmanship.

"In no other field did a man have to show so much skill," Kindig points out. "The gunsmith who made an early Kentucky had to be three fine artisans in one. In forging the lock and barrel, and rifling the barrel, his ironwork equaled that of the best ironmasters in the country. In shaping the stock of curly maple, one of the most difficult woods to work, and in carving decorations on it and inletting the metal parts of the rifle into it, his woodworking rivaled that of the famous Philadelphia and Newport colonial furniture makers. And in designing and engraving the long brass patchbox in the stock, his sheer artistry, though done in a baser metal than silver, compares with that of many colonial silversmiths. He created a rifle that was unmistakably an individual product, and contained something of his spirit and soul."

Kindig laments that none of these early works of American gunsmithing art has ever been appreciated to the extent of $1000 in the open market, whereas colonial highboys and like furniture have commanded $30,000 to $40,000. The last time that one of Major Ferguson's patented British breechloaders went on the market, it nearly avenged the slain major by bringing $975, distinctly more than the going rate for the American rifles that slew him. The Kentucky presented to Queen Elizabeth II, by comparison, was price-tagged at only $160.

Even so, the antique American guns are now worth at least eight to ten times the prices of thirty years ago. Until after Dillin's definitive book on the rifle appeared in 1924, top figure for a fine colonial flintlock with silver inlaid stock and ornate patchbox was about thirty-five dollars in Kindig's early catalogues. Even rarer than Kentucky rifles are Kentucky pistols, which display the same characteristics, except that they have no patchboxes. One of these, correctly identified, is listed in a 1921 Kindig catalogue at forty dollars. Today, Kindig says, it would be cheap at $400.

Kindig speaks with authority. Where the average firearms enthusiast who has one good Kentucky treasures it more than his wife does her engagement diamond, and anyone with a dozen has a sizable collection, Kindig counts his somewhere in excess of 500 and can't quite keep count. Most collectors rack their rifles horizontally for display. His stand vertically, sometimes two and three deep, for space. A convinced Friend, or Quaker, he has never fired any of his fine muzzle-loaders.

To those who regard the Kentucky rifle as a thing of the past, to be hung on the wall or revered like a Boston ancestor, it may come as a surprise to learn that the long rifle still takes its share of game in this day of high-powered modern rifles with telescopic sights. Reports indicate, in fact, that the few faithful users of the old Kaintuck probably averaged a much higher bag of game per shot than any other group of hunters in the field last season. Of fourteen New York State deer hunters who reported that they used Kentucky-type rifles, thirteen got their deer with a single bullet.

As for squirrel hunting, Muzzle Blasts, published by the National Muzzle-Loading Rifle Association, contains notes such as:

Wayne Wilson, Grant Park, Illinois, did his squirrel hunting with a flintlock rifle last fall. Fired seven shots and brought back seven squirrels all shot through the head.

Part of the unerring marksmanship of the deer and squirrel hunters goes back to the old long-rifle tradition of making every shot count. Unlike modern guns, the muzzle-loaders can't be reloaded fast enough to get in a second shot before the game frisks out of sight. So their users substitute stalking and good shooting for the modern tendency to blast away repeatedly at anything that moves.

Use of Kentuckies and other muzzle-loaders in hunting met resistance recently in several instances from state game authorities who contended that the old black-powder guns lacked the punch to "kill clean," and that wounded game ran off to die slowly. Gradually the muzzle-loader enthusiasts won out by demonstrating the walloping power of their weapons. The South Dakota Legislature enacted a so-called "Daniel Boone Law" which recognized Kentuckies and other muzzle-loaders as big-game weapons and authorized their use for big game provided bullets of .42 caliber or greater size are used.

In Arizona, the only state which specifically outlawed hunting with the old-time guns, special ballistics tests were made with a Kentucky rifle shooting a .457 caliber bullet and a modern-made muzzle-loader firing a slightly smaller ball of .42 caliber. The big Kentucky revealed a surprising muzzle velocity of 2410 feet per second and the smaller gun averaged 2213 feet per second, the charge in both instances being a stiff measure of black powder. The results compared passably well with modern hunting arms using smokeless powder. The Kentucky's round balls lose speed much sooner than the slim modern bullets, of course, and stray increasingly at ranges of more than 200 yards. Most modern hunting, however, is done at less than that distance.

Admittedly, the Kentucky with its round ball cannot compare as a target gun with the heavy muzzle-loaders of the 1840–1880 period that shot conical or picket bullets. These, including such guns as the writer's .38 caliber Edwin Wesson, perform well at twice the efficient range of the average Kentucky. Using a mammoth 1880 bench-rest target gun, Walter Grote, of Canton, Ohio, recently shot perfect bull's-eye scores in the national competition at Camp Perry at 100, 200, 300 and even 600 yards. But there are still events where the Kentucky holds its own with them all. At the annual September shoot at historic Fort Ticonderoga, New York, it is fired in competition at 25, 50 and 100 yards, with no odds asked or given. The 100-yard flintlock event is shot from rest on a standard 100-yard target without the telescopic sights which most users of modern rifles employ at that range and even at fifty yards.

One pleasant phenomenon of present-day Kentucky shooting is the participation of an increasing number of women. Behind these powder-burning ladies in their slacks is solid tradition. During the Revolutionary period, Mrs. Alice Powell Ferree, wife of gunsmith Jacob Ferree, tested all his new guns and was widely hailed as the best shot in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, now Pittsburgh. For the modern lady marksmen who miss, there is a consoling counterpart in Mad Ann Bailey, once an indifferent shot, who lived in 1774 near what is now Point Pleasant, West Virginia. After the Indians killed her husband, Mad Ann stalked them with deadly accuracy and became a terror with a long rifle.

What—aside from the feeble pull of the historic past—possesses a twentieth-century woman to leave her automatic dishwasher and television set to shoot a Kentucky rifle? It goes back to the same basic feminine instinct, love of husband and home, that led to a lot of female shooting at redskins. Mrs. Marie MacKeraghan, of Staten Island, New York, is a woman who can explain it well. She and her husband, Laurance, rank among the top husband-wife teams in muzzle-loader shooting. Originally, he shot in .22-caliber small-bore competition while she sat and knitted. She ended this unsatisfactory arrangement by going after him with a gun. They've now been happily married for twenty-seven years and she believes that shooting as teammates helps.

Mrs. MacKeraghan's favorite Kentucky is a .40-caliber rebuilt rifle which measures four and a half feet from butt to muzzle. Its owner, who stands five feet eight and a half, is proud of "loading her own," something that few women muzzle-loaders do. Black powder and greased or "spit" patches are messy, and the feminine vogue is to let the man load, just as, in fishing, he baits the hook. Little gals can load a long rifle handily when they have to, however, Mrs. MacKeraghan says. "They stand on a box or dig a hole in the ground for the gun butt."

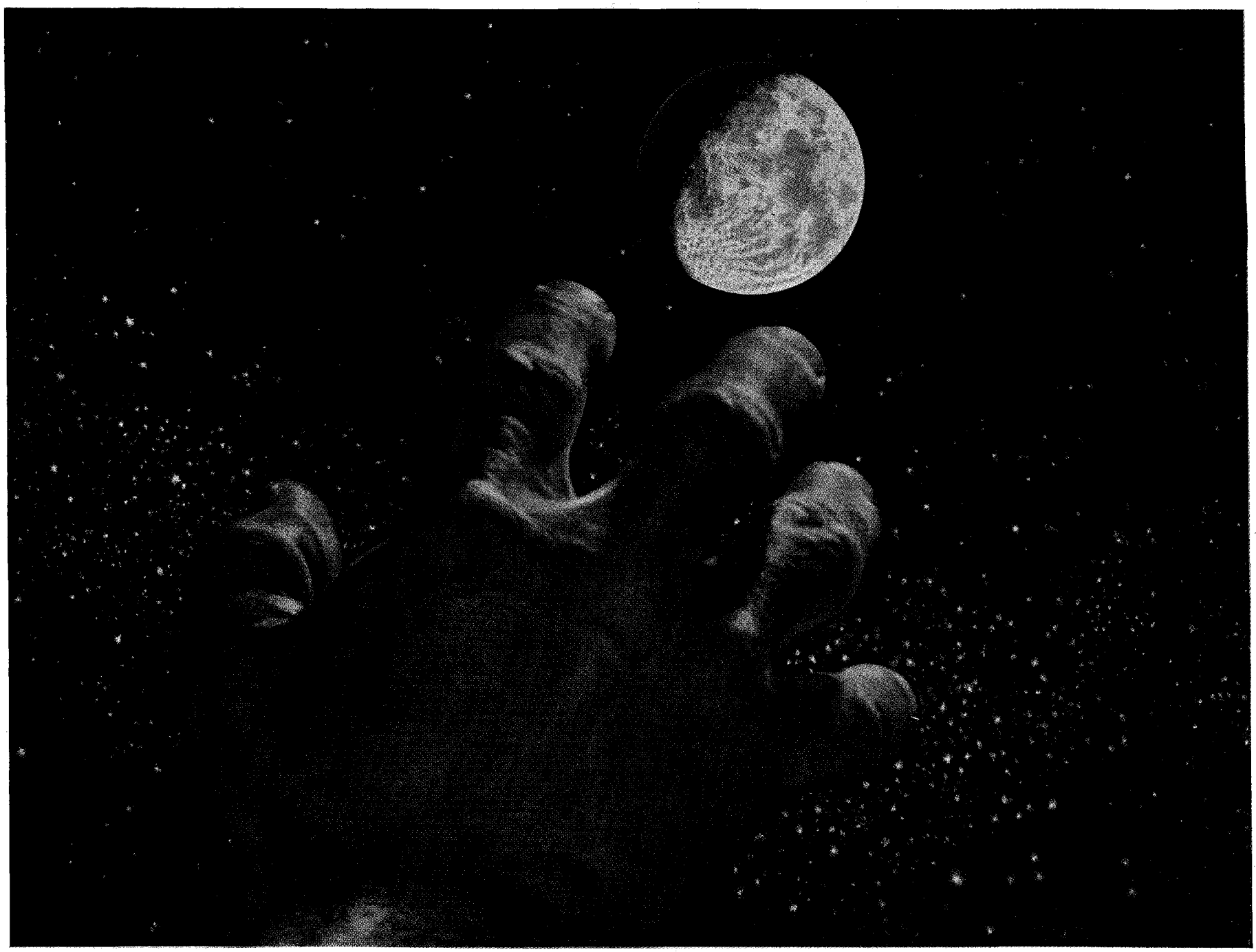
In the 1953 national championship competition of the muzzle-loader association at Friendship, Indiana, a woman, Mrs. Norma Fingerhuth, of Tiffin, Ohio, placed second, and another trigger-fingered matron, Mrs. Laura Brooks, came sixth. Their husbands, both good shots and faithful loaders, finished among the also-fireds. Someone, probably a woman, summed it up: "Any time a woman can get ahead of her husband with a muzzle-loader, you can't call the muzzle-loading rifle obsolete."

THE END

"Well, gentlemen, I see my time is up. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Reaching for the moon

Once it meant the impossible...
today it's a progress report on scientific research

WHO DARES call anything impossible today? Not when research scientists are constantly seeking and finding new wonders to improve the way you live.

ONLY A DREAM YESTERDAY... reality today. A generation ago, Union Carbide scientists began taking oil and natural gas apart and putting the pieces together again in ways unknown to nature.

The result? A steady stream of entirely new chemicals . . . an average of one a month for the past 25 years. The benefits of these petroleum chemicals are everywhere—man-made textile fibers, amazing plastics, life-saving wonder drugs, enduring paints and enamels . . . the list is endless.

NOT ONLY CHEMISTRY has felt the touch of Union Carbide research. Alloying metals that make possible stainless and other fine steels, oxygen from the air for medical and industrial use, a variety of carbon products—all have been developed, made better or more abundant through UCC research.

AND THE MOON? The work of Union Carbide scientists in new metals such as titanium, in rocket fuels, and in the beneficial uses of atomic energy, is helping man reach in that direction, too.

FREE: *Learn how* ALLOYS, CARBONS, GASES, CHEMICALS, *and* PLASTICS *improve many things that you use. Ask for "Products and Processes" booklet XK.*

UNION CARBIDE
AND CARBON CORPORATION
30 EAST 42ND STREET UCC NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
In Canada: UNION CARBIDE CANADA LIMITED

UCC's Trade-marked Products include

SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS
Dynel Textile Fibers
LINDE Silicones
PRESTONE Anti-Freeze
ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals
BAKELITE, VINYLITE, and KRENE Plastics
EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries
HAYNES STELLITE Alloys
NATIONAL Carbons
PREST-O-LITE Acetylene
UNION Carbide
ACHESON Electrodes
LINDE Oxygen
PYROFAX Gas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Gun at His Back (Continued from Page 26)

"They'll find your cab."

"That's what this adjuster character says. They always get the taxis back. Nobody steals a cab for good. Why make a settlement? Tomorrow they'll find it. Five tomorrows, and no cab. A fine police force we've got. A black-and-white cab shows up like an elephant, and they can't find it."

"Quit grouching and drink your beer."

Sam drank some of his beer. "If it was the other way around," he said; "if it was me put a gun on Jesse Pope, if he went down to the cops and picked me out of a line-up, he'd have his cab back before this. You know why? The cops'd have me in the basement, hammerin' on me till I told them where to find the cab. They don't hammer on Jesse Pope, they let him out on bail."

"They don't hammer on anyone. And you know it."

"They should let me, then," Sam said. "Me and that Pope in a basement, no guns, just our hands. In a half hour, he'd sing like a bird. I've got a grudge against that guy."

"You'll settle your grudge in court," she said. "You identify him and he goes to prison. What more do you want?"

"Blood," he said. "About five gallons."

A sheriff's posse hit the front porch then; or maybe it was the space patrol. With Roy and Perry you never knew. One day they were riding to head the bandits off at Dead Man Pass, the next were coming in, jets blaring, from outer space. They were a couple of fine roughnecks, seven and nine. They burst into the front hall, yelling.

"Pop! Hey, why didn't you tell us?"

They danced around, they climbed all over him. They wanted a ride in pop's new cab, right now. Sam looked at them and listened and shook his head.

"They've gone nuts," he said. "So young too."

"No." Grace had walked to the window. "There is a new cab out front, and it has your name on the door."

"Holy Mike!" Sam said. "What's this?"

The cab was brand-new, wearing the Atlas black-and-white checkered paint job. Sam's name was on the door—Sam Hattan, owner-driver—on the registration slip. And on the title, folded and tucked beneath the horn ring. Sam sat at the wheel, shaking his head, trying to catch up with this. Forty-one miles on the speedometer. The key was in the switch. The gas tank was full.

Grace said, "Is it from the insurance company?"

He looked at her. "Would the insurance company give me a new cab for the old one I lost? Would they park a new cab and go away or would they make the pay-off a production?"

"Then who?"

"Stick around," Sam said. "We'll find out."

The boys went whooping up the walk toward the house. Sam sat in the cab, admiring it, scowling. He looked in the glove compartment and found an envelope with his name on it. The envelope held money. Two hundred dollars. Sam put it back, slamming the glove-compartment door. He got out of the car and slammed the car door. Grace looked at his face and was frightened.

"Take it easy, Sam. Really ——"

"It's beautiful," he said thickly. "It's a rig I'd give my right arm for. What goes on? Is somebody trying to drive me crazy?"

"If it has your name on it, isn't it yours?"

"Did I work for it?" Sam asked. "Did I dream and sweat and slave? Did I take my dough down in my grubby little fist and say, 'I've got the money, give me a cab'? Did I? No! Then how could it be mine?"

"Pop!" Roy yelled. "You're wanted on the phone."

The voice on the telephone was a man's, a stranger's, pleasant and deep. A red-faced voice, Sam decided. A voice to go with a man who liked to eat and drink the best, and could afford it. A big-bellied voice. "I'm calling to find out if you've looked out your front window yet."

"I looked," Sam said.

"That cab is yours."

"No, it ain't," Sam said. "Mine had eighty-five thousand miles on it. It had nicks and scratches. The cab out front is new."

"You made a trade," the voice said. "A beat-up cab for a new one. You're a lucky fellow."

"I ain't lucky," Sam said. "And I ain't stupid."

"You've had some medical bills and lost five days' work," the pleasant voice said. "If you'll look in the glove compartment, you'll find an envelope that should make you feel better."

"Two hundred bucks," Sam said. "I saw it."

"Still not satisfied?"

"Look, Jack. You haven't told me your name, but I know it's not Santa Claus. There's a price tag on that rig, and I don't think I'm gonna like it."

"There is no price tag. You lost a cab, lost some work and suffered some injury. You're being reimbursed. Settling, shall we say, out of court?"

"Now it comes," Sam said. "It's this Pope; right?"

"He'll be released if you aren't positive in your identification. And you could be wrong. A mistake like that is easy to make. Since you've no complaint financially, there's no need for further trouble."

"Come and get your cab," Sam said.

"Do you want more trouble?"

"That's right!" Sam said. His voice was furious now. "I want trouble for that cheap, two-bit stick-up that slugged me and stole my cab! He's going to jail!"

"You've been paid ——"

"The hell I have!" Sam yelled. "That cab can sit there till it rusts down to a pile of junk. You can't buy me off, or talk me out of it—that Pope's goin' to jail. I picked him up for a fare. I got a gun in my neck, a knot on my head, and I lose my cab. Nobody does that to me, you hear? Nobody!"

"You'd better think it over," the voice said.

And the wire was dead. Sam slammed the phone back on its base, swearing. He turned to find Grace close by. There was concern in her eyes, she was shaking her head.

"You and that temper," she said.

"So I'm a sorehead," he said. "I got a right to be. They come at me with a new cab, something I've wanted for years. A big fat gift, the guy says. Only it ain't a gift, it's a bribe." He dug stiff fingers through his hair. "All I got to do is say it wasn't Pope that slugged and robbed me. All I got to do is turn a dirty stick-up loose. Not me! Not for a fleet of cabs."

"He wouldn't be the only one loose."

"He's the one that slugged me! That makes him my job." Sam glared. "Are you sayin' I should hold still for this?"

"I'm thinking ahead," she said. "And worrying a little. I know you won't hold still. But they don't. And there's bound to be some wear and tear while they're finding out. New cabs aren't for cheap. It must be important to get Pope free. Very important. They'll keep trying."

"So let 'em try!"

They talked no more about the new cab that evening. Sam wouldn't even look out the window. But the next morning he looked out the window, and the cab was still there. He went down to police headquarters, detective bureau, auto theft. He sat in a battered chair beside a battered desk and talked to Earl Garrow, lieutenant-in-charge. Garrow was a big man, gray and heavy. He had a scar on his cheek, a scar on his chin. His eyes were tired.

"And two hundred in the glove compartment?" he asked.

"In twenties. It's still there."

Earl Garrow made notes on a desk pad. He used the telephone briefly. "You bought it," he said. "Paid cash. Ordered the paint job. Accepted delivery."

"That's a lie!"

"Somebody used your name, Sam," Garrow said.

He looked at his desk, his big shoulders sagging a little. He seemed to have some kind of weight bearing on him. When he looked at Sam again, his eyes were more tired than ever.

"You better get after your insurance company," he said.

"You mean you're quitting?"

"I'm facing facts," Garrow said. "A week ago, I would have given a hundred-to-one we'd have it in a day or two. A cab is easy to find. A thief won't keep one. He'll use it and get rid of it as soon as he's done with it. Leave it parked somewhere. He wouldn't take it out of town, or out of the state. A black-and-white cab, he wouldn't get to first base."

Sam said, "Maybe it's in a garage."

"Not a commercial garage. We've covered them."

"A private garage. Or on a side road, out in the weeds."

"We've looked and we're still looking," Garrow said. "But you've got a living to earn, Sam. You can't wait forever. We'll keep trying, but in the meantime ——"

"Nothing doing!" Sam said. "You know how it is with a settlement. They give you what it's worth in a used-car lot, not what it's worth to you. I'd be out of business." His tough face was stubborn. "I want my cab. You find it or I'll find it."

Garrow looked at him a long time. "And the new cab?"

"Let it rust! The hell with that new cab!"

Garrow took a yellow pencil from the desk and studied it for a moment. "A few years ago," he said, "City Hall had its arms around a lot of wrong guys. We've cleaned most of them out. There's still a couple we can't touch, but we keep trying. We had a man ready to go before the grand jury last week. Johnny Swan, a thief who wanted to get clean. Names, dates, places—Swan had it all, but he didn't show up. He was scared off, bought off, or quit."

"So what?" Sam said.

"I told you to show you we need help," Garrow said. "We can't do our job without help. Jesse Pope is nobody, a cheap hoodlum. But he belongs in jail. You can put him there. The question is, will you?"

Sam said, "Well, I'll be ——"

"You told me you would," Garrow said. "I know you mean it—now. But you've got a living to make, a family to feed. There's a new cab sitting in front of your house, money, (Continued on Page 116)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Determined to escape, Joe the Jailbird overpowered a guard and snatched his cell keys, but was subdued before he could use them. Hustled to court, he was charged with robbery—"the taking by violence from one person by another of any property with intent to appropriate the same to his own use."

"Joe may be guilty of attempted jail-breaking," his lawyer conceded, "but he certainly didn't commit robbery. He only intended to unlock his cell with the keys. As he did not intend to keep them, he is not guilty of robbery."

"He took the keys by violence, intending to keep and use them for as long as he needed them," the prosecutor replied. "And that is robbery."

If you were the judge, would you sentence Joe for robbery?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe got off. A person is not guilty of robbery under Texas law, the court ruled, unless he intends to deprive the victim of his property permanently.

Based upon a 1940 Texas decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

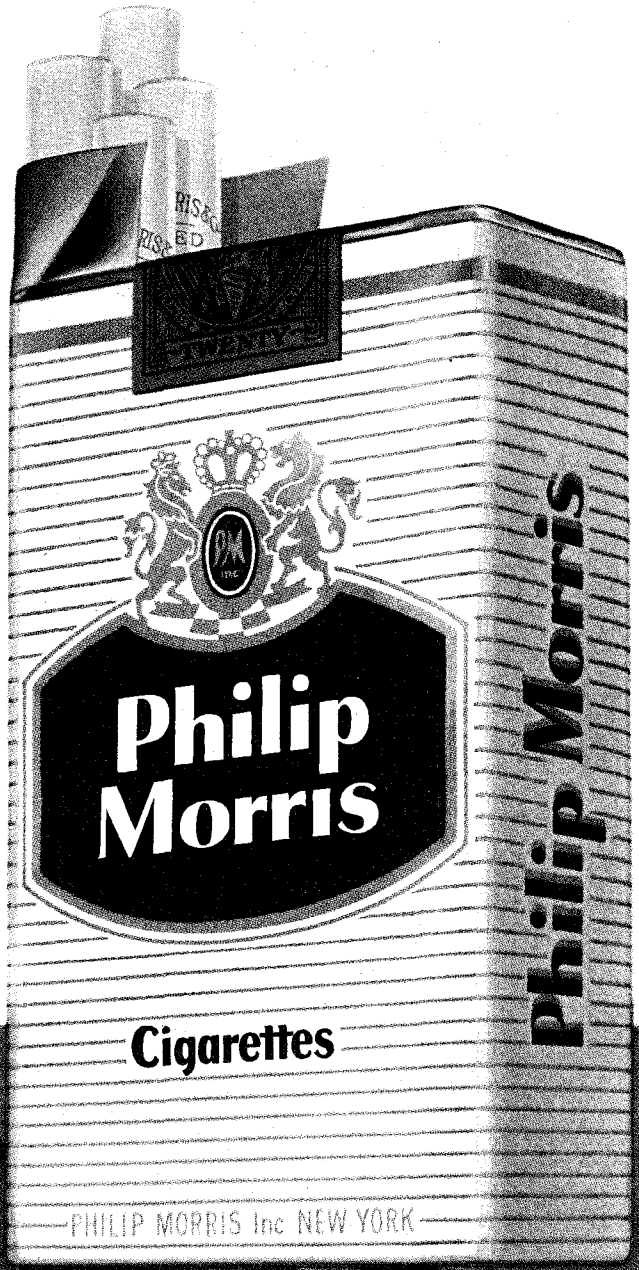
New Philip Morris

— MADE GENTLE FOR MODERN TASTE

This smart new package is a symbol of something all Philip Morris smokers have enjoyed for months—a new cigarette —made gentle for modern taste.

Born gentle, then refined to special gentleness in the making, this new Philip Morris meets the requirements of modern taste — of today's young smokers.

Today, enjoy the gentle pleasure—the *fresh unfiltered flavor*— of new Philip Morris.



©1955, Philip Morris Inc.

Philip Morris

...Smart New Package... King Size or Regular...*In the Snap-Open Pack*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 114) and ——" He shrugged big shoulders. "All you've got to do is change your mind and say it wasn't Pope. Who could blame you?"

"You're saying this?" Sam asked, outraged. "You, a cop?"

"That's right."

"So you can drop dead!" Sam started for the door.

"Hold it!" Sam turned to find the big detective smiling. The man's eyes weren't tired now. "You're a hothead," Garrow said. "You get wild when somebody shoves you around. Give me a thousand like you, and we'd have a clean town. Sit down, Sam, and let's talk about how to jail Jesse Pope."

The Atlas Cab Company, a co-operative effort embracing sixteen independently owned black-and-white cabs, had an office—business manager, stenographer, dispatcher—in one corner of a garage. Sam had to cross the floor of the shop to get to it. On the way, he stopped to kick the foot of a mechanic who was all but out of sight beneath a jacked-up cab.

"Willie Mays is a dog," he said.

"Yogi Berra," a deep voice answered. "Showboat Berra."

Sam went on to the office. Irvin Ormandy, the business manager, was a tubby man of forty-five. He had long-lashed blue eyes and no hair on his head. He had a high voice. "Everybody look at this guy," he said. "At our Sam, here. He's driven past too many corners. Next he'll be counting his fingers."

Everybody looked at Sam: Nell Foster, the stenographer; Vic Turner, the dispatcher. Nell was a blonde, a knockout, the kind Hollywood would have chiseling rich old men. Nell had three kids and wanted three more. Vic was going to be a lawyer when he finished night school. He had more nose, Adam's apple, hands and feet than anybody. Sam glared at all of them.

"Who told you about that cab?" he demanded.

"Grace told me," Irvin said. "I've been calling your place, trying to get hold of you. A new hack—but new!—a couple of hundred bucks, and you're walkin'?" He hunched his round shoulders as if in pain. "What do you want, already? A bus?"

"I want my hack!"

Vic said, "That junker."

"That junker's mine! I bought it! I paid for it!"

He was nuttier than a filbert factory—Irving and Vic wouldn't have it any other way until they'd worn the gag down to a nub. Nell thought he was wonderful. After a while, they talked sense.

"The cops have about given up on my hack," Sam said. "So I'm looking for it, and I could use some help. How about asking every driver in town to keep their eyes peeled."

"Will do," Irvin said. He looked at the wall. "The reason I've been trying to get hold of you is Eddie Marks wants a couple of days off. He wants you should drive his cab for him."

"Nothing doing!" Sam said.

Irvin looked at him angrily. "Why not?"

"Then Pete wants a couple of days; then Walt," Sam said. "Then all the rest in turn. Between them, they keep me driving. Oh, no! I'm not starving. Tell 'em thanks, but no soap."

"So you ain't starving!" Irvin said. "So you're too proud to take a lift. If Eddie's daughter is getting married, and if Eddie wants a couple of days to help on the house his daughter's guy is building for her—does that make it O.K.?" He thrust his round chin at Sam. "Whaddayuh need—a sworn-out affidavit?"

"I'll drive for him," Sam said.

On the way out, he stopped again at the jacked-up cab. The mechanic was out from under, bending over a fender now. Otis Chance, twenty-eight and big, a freckled man with orange-red hair. He grinned at Sam. "Orestes Minoso—with a name like that, he's a ball player?"

"Only the best," Sam said. "What's Duke Snider got but a batting average?" He grinned at the big man. "Grace's got fried chicken for tonight. You and the missus be on time."

"Hold on, now." Otis' freckled face became sober. "It's not I don't like fried chicken," he said. "But I got a standing rib in the locker, and since you ain't work——" He looked at Sam's set face. "We'll be on time," he said. "We'll eat real hearty."

"Now you're talkin'," Sam said. He turned away. "That Campanella, another bush-leaguer."

"Mickey Mantle," Otis said. "Phooey!"

Sam went home. The new cab was still standing at the curb, a beauty, a hacker's dream. Sam felt sick, looking at it. "I'm crazy," he said. He went into the house. He kissed Grace, stole a piece of the chicken she was frying, opened a can of beer and sat at the kitchen table.

"I'm driving for Eddie tomorrow," he said. "He wants to work on the house his daughter's going to live in—he says."

"That's Eddie," Grace said.

"Sure," Sam said. "Every guy in the co-op will come up with some reason he's got to take off. To keep me working. What can I do? Throw it back in their faces?"

"Be glad you know them," Grace said. She went into the dining room to lay a table cloth; she came back. "There's been a car on the street all afternoon," she said. "Parked here, parked there. Roy and Perry talked to them. They're police."

"Yeah," Sam said. "Garrow told me he'd keep an eye on us." He looked at his wife. "You aren't scared, are you?"

"Do I look like the heroine type?" she asked.

"Want me to call it quits?"

"One coward in the family is enough," she said. "I'll do the worrying for both of us."

Sam changed clothes and went outside. Evenings, before dinner, he liked to work around in the yard. He had a square of lawn, flower beds, shrubs—nothing fancy. Mr. Meeken, next door, was another like him. They swapped flowers and small talk across the fence. Mr. Meeken, near seventy, had retired out of the bail-bond business. He came to the fence to talk about the new cab.

"In forty years of selling bail to crooks and hooligans, I never saw one that's big-hearted," he said. "You ain't got that new cab because somebody is sorry they took yours."

"I'm supposed to earn it with a bad memory."

"That Jesse Pope is a two-bit punk."

"He must be somebody's boy," Sam said.

"Somebody big," Mr. Meeken said. "Nobody big will keep a punk on the street unless they have to. The new cab says they have to. If you don't take the cab, they've got to think of something else. Someway to ruin your memory. It might be for good."

"The cops are watching my place."

"I saw 'em." Mr. Meeken's pipe went out and he lit it again. "Twenty years ago, I like to got rich selling bail, the town was that dirty. Things are better now. But we've still got a few hooligans around. So far, the cops haven't been able to get anything on 'em; nothing big enough to root 'em out."

"Garrow told me."

Mr. Meeken nodded. "The few we got left like it just the way it is. They got a nice quiet business—slots, games, a safe job now and then, a few stick-ups on a commission basis. Not big, but it's a living—you know?"

"I got a knot on my head. I lost my cab."

"It happens all the time," Mr. Meeken said. "And the big ones ain't gonna let you louse it up. If you won't take the cab, they'll get tough with you. They got to."

"You keep saying I'm tangled with big ones."

Mr. Meeken pointed his pipestem at Sam. "Who else is going to buy a cab to keep Pope loose? His wife, maybe? His kind never have a wife."

Sam's face went stubborn. "Big or little, it's the same difference. The guy's a thief, he goes to jail!"

When he went back into the house to clean up for dinner, Grace wanted to know what Mr. Meeken had talked about. "A new kind of primrose," Sam said. "Looks like an orchid." He was glad when Otis Chance and his wife, Judy, arrived. Judy was a little thing, quicker than Otis, laughing-eyed. There was no room for gloom when Judy was around.

"I saw a flying saucer," she told Roy and Perry.

"Aw, you're kidding," they said.

The flying-saucer routine had the kids laughing all through dinner. And a different routine kept Sam busy. He and Otis had a feud. Otis fielded an All-Star National League team of his own choosing—Maglie, Campanella, Ed Mathews, Schoendienst, Dark and others. Sam went against him with his pick of the American League—Whitey Ford, Yogi Berra, Kuenn, Avila, Rosen and the best of the rest. They used averages, percentages and brags, instead of balls and bats. As usual, it was a ding-dong dilly of a game. As usual, nobody won.

After dinner, they sat in the back yard while the girls did the dishes. Sam told Otis what Mr. Meeken had said. Otis' face turned grave.

"Ask me," he said, "and I'll have to tell you you're nuts. You're a cab-driver, not a cop. You've got no business bucking this kind of a game. I should give you your hero medal now and lock you up."

"I lost my cab," Sam said. "I got a knot on my head. Somebody's going to pay for it—in the jug!"

"You've got a grudge," Otis said. "Look. I used to be a dock-walloper. I know all kinds of people on the water front. I talked around about this Pope. I hear he spends his nights in the dives down there. Working, if you'd call it work."

"What about it?"

"Would he use your cab, lose it, where he's a stranger? I don't know if the cops shook down that end of town or not. But I've got a small army working on it. I'll let you know."

Grace and Judy came out. Grace looked at Sam's stubborn, scowling face. "Another orchid-type primrose?"

"A tie ball game," Sam said. "Last of the tenth. Bases loaded, two out. Willie Mays is up, the count is three and two. What's to be happy about? I'm dead!"

Sam drove for Eddie Marks the next day. And the next. Then he drove for Peter Jeffers, then Walt Stevens. And a week went by. The new cab sat at the curb. The cops parked here, parked there. The big-bellied voice didn't call again. Garrow came around to say Judge Davidson had fixed Jesse Pope's trial date at a week from Monday. No more delays.

"Eight days more," Garrow said. "Still with me?"

"Hell, yes!" Sam said. "And what about my cab?"

Garrow looked tired again. "Nothing. Not a trace."

Sam started the next week in Joe Sexton's cab. A day shift. Wednesday, he worked with Carey Knapp's cab. A night shift. He drove with a twelve-inch wrench on the seat beside him. When he left the cab, he left the wrench, and two men picked him up at a bus stop. A big man, who looked like a wrestler, and a smaller man, who had a gun. They hustled Sam into a car. The smaller one drove, the big one sat behind Sam.

"A new cab," the smaller one said, "pay for your bruises. Why isn't that enough?"

"Go to hell!" Sam said.

They parked on a dark side street. The big man took hold of Sam's head, lifting him, pulling him, until the middle of Sam's back was bent over the back of the front seat. The smaller one held Sam's legs. Between them, they could break him in two.

"Do it our way," the smaller man said, "you'll be all right. Cross us, and after the trial you get this. Here's a sample." They put their weight on Sam. The hide of Sam's belly almost split, his spine almost cracked. "How d'you like it?"

"Go to hell!" Sam said.

They gave him more. Then they dragged him out of the car. "Think it over," they said. They weren't kidding, and they beat him around the belly and the kidneys to prove it. Then they clubbed him down and drove away.

When he could, Sam went home. Grace helped him out of his clothes and into a hot tub. She was afraid.

"Can't you quit now, Sam?"

"I can quit," Sam said. "Then I can quit looking at you, and my kids, and my neighbors. And I can shave in the dark. I can, but I'm not about to."

He spent an hour with Garrow and the mug books the next morning. "They must be a couple of imports," Garrow said. "They're not here, and I don't know them." He closed the book. "They'll stay under cover, they'll come out when there's work to do." He looked at Sam, his jaw tight. "Can't promise we'll find them."

"That's news? Could you find my cab?"

Garrow shook his head. "We do our best, and too often it's not enough. I know it well, so well I've got to say we're asking a lot from you. Maybe too much. I won't ask you to go another foot for us."

"Who's going for you?" Sam was angry again. "I never did. It was my cab they took, my head they hammered on—it's been my beef all the way! If you want out, get out! I'll find me another cop! Or I'll do without cops!"

"We're in," Garrow said. "All the way."

Sam drove Carey Knapp's cab the late shift again that night. He had the wrench beside him on the seat, he carried it home with him when the shift was done. No trouble. Another night shift, and then he went on the day-side with Jake Small's cab. Otis Chance was waiting for him when that shift was finished.

"I've got a little something," he said. "A night-watchman friend of mine saw a black-and-white cab on Flower Street the night Pope took yours. I checked the trip tickets. None of our guys had a fare in that neighborhood."

They had a couple of hours before dinner, they went down to Flower Street in Otis' car. (Continued on Page 118)

Small Interrogators

By Stephen Schlitzer

They fling me a series of
challenging queries—
These curious little
entrancers—
And I'd willingly answer
the questions they ask
If they didn't question my
answers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Big difference in THE BIG M
_more usable horsepower!

New 225-horsepower Montclair hardtop coupe in persimmon and classic white

Look again at THE BIG M coming up that mountain.

Its gas pedal is still far from the floor. Yet THE BIG M breathes easily all the way—actually gaining speed as it points its nose skyward. No mere mountain stands in its way *for long!*

THE BIG M is powered big—just for hills like this. Its new SAFETY-SURGE V-8 engine is the mightiest in all Mercury history—225 horsepower*! And not just for razzle-dazzle. It's there to give you far more *usable* power—especially for pickup, passing and, as we said, for effortless hill-climbing.

THE BIG M is agile—to cope with today's stop-go traffic. It has new stamina, new efficiency—to roll up mile after mile of dependable, economical motoring. It takes curves as if on tracks, thanks to further improvements in ball-joint front suspension—a Mercury exclusive in its field.

Why not get acquainted with this miles-ahead BIG M today at your Mercury dealer's? See bold new styling *innovations*! 12 *stunning* models! New fleet of low-silhouette hardtops! 10 new Safety-Engineered features! New Flo-Tone Color Styling!

Best of all, remember that BIG M prices start below many models in the low-price field.

MERCURY DIVISION · FORD MOTOR COMPANY

For 1956_the big move is to THE BIG MERCURY

A MAGNIFICENT VALUE IN THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS

**Available in Montclairs and Montereys with Merc-O-Matic Drive (optional)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• You hear a bigger whoosh
• You smell a fresher aroma
• You taste an extra richness

Why? Because Chase & Sanborn "Dome Top" Coffee is *fresher* than any other leading brand. It's the *only* one that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than vacuum cans or bags.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

Chase & Sanborn

THE COFFEE THAT TELLS YOU IT'S FRESHER!

Now! Chase & Sanborn's Delicious Flavor—yours in the NEW FULL-BODIED INSTANT

First instant coffee so full-bodied it makes *truly satisfying* breakfast coffee!

(Continued from Page 116) It was a short street in a water-front district—warehouses, machine shops, fenced-in equipment yards and docks. They talked to an old night watchman. At first, it looked good. The old man was another ball fan. He listened to the ball games on a small radio; he was sure of the date. The Dodgers had shut out the Braves that night. Junior Gilliam had got three for three.

Otis grinned. "How about that Gilliam?"

"Another busher," Sam said. "Nothin' but lucky."

And then it looked lousy. The old man had seen the cab go down Flower Street, and that was all. With Mathews at the plate, he'd had no time to look around. He didn't know why the cab had gone down Flower Street—it was only three blocks to the docks. The fences were solid, the building walls were blank.

"Wrong street by mistake," Sam said.

Sam and Otis were on the way home, on Crestview, twenty blocks away, when it suddenly looked good again. The water front at the foot of Flower Street was little used. Anyone could drive out on the docks if they moved a barricade. "My hack's in the river!" Sam yelled. Otis burned rubber going around corners, going back.

They moved a barricade, they drove out on the docks. They found fresh scars on the bull rail, oil and rubber stains. "Bingo!" Sam said.

They went underneath the dock, on the catwalks, through heavy fire-wall doors to a point below the stains. Sam stripped and went in. The river was at a summer low, the tide was out. The cab was in twenty-five feet of water, upright on the river bottom. Sam went up for air. Then he went down again to find out why Jesse Pope had drowned the cab, instead of leaving it on a side street.

"There's a dead guy in it," he told Otis.

"Now it figures," Otis said. "It's murder."

They weren't able to go far with what they knew. A door in the fire wall opened and two men came down the catwalk toward them. The small man with the gun was in front, the big one who looked like a wrestler was a pace behind him. Sam cursed himself for a fool. Naturally they'd watch the place where the cab had gone in. If nobody found it, they were in the clear; if somebody found it, they'd have to deal with them. Even half-bright, Sam thought, he should have been able to see that coming.

"We could use some cops," he said.

"About six of those fine cops," Otis agreed.

It was dim and quiet under the dock. No one could see what went on; the fire walls, the heavy deck planks would muffle the sound of shooting. The two men came on. Sam was naked, shivering with the cold, cursing. Otis was silent.

"You couldn't let it alone," the small man said. "We tried to make it easy for you, but you wouldn't have it. You had to keep prying till you got yourself killed." He lifted the gun. "Well how do you like it now?"

"Go to hell!" Sam said.

Sam and Otis were side by side on the narrow catwalk in front of the gun. The small man was a pace away, the big tough was just behind him. The small man's eyes went from Sam to Otis, trying to decide between them. He picked Otis, the bigger. The gun moved to center on Otis' chest. It was for real, Sam knew. He was going to shoot Otis now. And Sam couldn't take it. He yelled a curse.

He dived for the gun—and he got the gun, because this was something only an insane man would do. His hands were on it when it fired, the bullet went wide. The kicking slide numbed Sam's hands, but he had hold of the gun long enough to tear it free and lose it in the river. Sam closed with the small man; Otis trampled them both on his way to get his hands on the big tough. Now it was their kind of fight. No guns. Fists and knees and gouging thumbs and butting heads, and no stopping until they had blood, say about five gallons.

Earl Garrow, two plain-clothes men, two uniformed patrolmen, found them in the middle of it. Garrow was a cop; he had to break it up. He did, but he didn't hurry. When he pulled Sam up, the small man's face was a red ruin.

"All right, hothead. That's enough for anybody."

It wasn't enough. Sam wanted more. When he couldn't have it, he started in on Garrow. "Now you show up! Where the hell were you ten minutes ago?"

It seemed that Garrow, and every other cop in town, had been looking for Sam and Otis. "The boys followed you here the first time. They lost you on Crestview, when you doubled back."

"They've been following me?"

"Night and day," Garrow said. "Since these two roughed you the first time. We didn't want it to happen again." He looked at Sam's naked hide. "So your cab's in the river?"

Sam sobered. "With a dead guy in it."

The dead man was Johnny Swan, the man who'd wanted to go before the grand jury with names, dates and places. And the lid was torn from the garbage can. Jesse Pope knew all the same names, dates and places. Charged with the murder of Swan, he was beyond the help of the men who'd tried to buy or frighten Sam, the men who'd ordered Swan murdered. Jesse Pope could only help himself; he gave the names and dates and places for whatever help they might be. They were little help to him, but a great help to the city. Because of this, the city sent Garrow on an errand.

He stopped for Otis and Judy Chance. "Will you come with me?" he asked. "I've got a tough nut to crack. I may need your muscle." He took them to the home of Sam and Grace Hattan.

Grace answered the door. "Sam's in the back yard," she said.

Sam was fighting aphids. His hair was wild, his eyes were angry. He glared at Garrow. "Well, what d'you want now?"

Garrow looked at Grace. "Your husband's crazy."

She smiled. "He has been for years."

"A Yankee fan," Otis said. "Wouldn't he be?"

To Grace, Garrow said, "I had something to say to him. But I won't waste it. I'll tell you, instead. He doesn't know what he's done, and if he ever finds out, he'll never admit it. He had a grudge; that's his story. But the city would like to say thanks. They sent me here ——"

Sam said, "Nobody owes me nothin'!"

"Shut your mouth," Otis said. "You'll get clobbered!"

Garrow said, "Mrs. Hattan, Sam's cab is practically worthless after a week in the river. The city has a new one. It's no good to us. We can't sell it; no buyers. We can't auction it; no bidders. You see, everyone knows the story of that cab. He's not the only one who can be stubborn. If he doesn't take that cab, no one will. They'll let it sit till it rusts to a pile of junk."

Grace looked at him. "They really care that much?"

"That much," Garrow said.

"Sam's dead," Grace said. "He can be stubborn about most things, but a kindness kills him. He'll take it."

When Garrow had gone, Otis looked at Sam, and the big man's freckled face wore that wide, teasing grin it wore when Otis was about to tell Sam that Stan Musial had just hit another homer.

"How about them fine folks in this town?" he asked.

"Major league," Sam admitted. "All the way."

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They're Learning About America

(Continued from Page 27)

received his award last fall, he might well have suspected a fabulous *Yanqui* practical joke. He simply was going about his activities as associate professor at the University of Bahia and manager of a construction firm when, out of the blue, it seemed something called an Eisenhower fellowship dropped in his lap. He hadn't applied for it, and furthermore the appointment was so unorthodox and liberal that it seemed too good to be true. But it was, and when he learned it would require extensive travel in the U.S.A., de Freitas sighed joyfully, saying, "Ah, now I will see those beautiful structures, those dams—Hoover, Shasta, Grand Coulee."

And see them he did, plus many other wonders. The fellowship entitled him to a free-wheeling program of study, with none of the pinchpenny restrictions so common to scholastic grants. First-class round trip passage was provided for de Freitas and his wife. "Letting fellows bring their wives along just about doubles the value of the program," say officials of Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships, Inc., the foundation which operates the program. While in this country the couple were given an allowance of $650 a month to cover rent, food, clothing, entertainment and incidentals. For a single fellow, the stipend is $400 a month. "We want Eisenhower fellows to live on a reasonable middle-class standard, like United States citizens," add the officials. "That's part of the plan." There was a $250 account on which de Freitas could draw for books, magazines and reference materials. All traveling expenses were paid.

When the Brazilian worked out his study program, he found the rules few and flexible. He could enroll in an advanced course at any college or university; Eisenhower Fellowships, Inc., would pay the tuition. But if he chose not to attend any formal school, that would be all right, too; he could concentrate on practical training in United States business and government. He planned a combination program, taking a term in hydraulics and dynamics at Stanford University while Celia brushed up on photography in a local high school. The rest of the time they traveled, visiting dozens of engineering schools to examine United States teaching methods, and, of course, following a route that took them to the great hydroelectric dams. As de Freitas told me, "Brazil has many resources for a higher standard of living, but until our power problem is solved, all other developments must wait. That is why I specialized in hydroelectric power."

Just a few weeks ago Doctor and Senhora de Freitas sailed home on the S.S. Brazil, taking with them a rich, if intangible, cargo. The young engineer gained much technical knowledge that will aid him in his profession, and his country in her development. But he also absorbed much of our philosophy of government, at the grass roots as well as in the history books, and he finds it good. "Living like an ordinary citizen in a college town—that was wonderful," he said. "Celia and I went to all kinds of meetings—even the PTA—to see how people run community affairs. The lesson, I think, is that your high standard of living comes not merely from your rich resources. At the bottom is your system of self-government by which your people, your communities and your towns develop themselves."

When Eisenhower fellows go home with ideas like that, the directors and backers of the program get a happy glow and feel that their work and money are paying dividends. They have had that glow rather often in recent weeks as the pioneer class of Eisenhower fellows has filed its last reports. That feeling is their main reward, because Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships, Inc., is strictly a nonprofit, nonpolitical, nongovernmental foundation, established two years ago by a group of internationally minded business and professional men as a tribute to President Eisenhower on his sixty-third birthday.

In the summer of 1953 a group of happy Pennsylvania Republicans decided that it would be a fine thing to throw a giant birthday-eve party for President Eisenhower in his new home state. The steering committee, headed by Philip T. Sharples, Philadelphia manufacturer and then state G.O.P. finance chairman, naturally wanted to give their guest of honor some suitable memento. After much discussion, the group tentatively settled on some Early American furnishings for the Eisenhower home-to-be near Gettysburg. Then Sharples called the President's brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, president of Pennsylvania State University, and asked him to feel out the acceptability of such a gift. Milton checked with Mamie, and soon the word came back: No personal possessions, please. If there was to be a gift, why not make it something symbolic of President Eisenhower's abiding interest in better understanding between nations? Perhaps an exchange scholarship.

Fine, agreed the committee, but what kind? "We wanted it to be in character with the man for whom it would be named," recalls Sharples. The committee asked Ward Wheelock, a Philadelphia advertising executive—later lost at sea in a yachting disaster—to study existing exchange programs and see where a new scholarship might fit in. Wheelock came back with a dubious report. There were dozens of exchange plans, all worthy, but most of them of the ivory-tower type. Then he struck a promising note. Instead of trading a few inexperienced students, why not make this a whole broad program for training men who had established themselves as potential leaders in their fields—men who soon might be in a position to make their ideas count on a wide scale? And why not tap the vast reservoir of technical skills in United States industry, government and professions?

Those questions crystallized the program. Thomas B. McCabe, public-spirited president of the Scott Paper Company, was given the assignment of translating the concept into a going concern, and became chairman of the foundation's board of trustees.

President Eisenhower was enthusiastic about the whole plan. It was a gift that he greatly appreciated. In accepting it he described the program as "something that could well be the most meaningful thing that has happened in our time."

However, after the hurrahing was over, the sponsors found that their fertile imaginations had plunged them into at least a year's work before the first Eisenhower Fellowship could be launched. Money had to be raised, and an entirely new kind of organization had to be built to search the world for potential leaders. During the first year Thomas J. Watson, Jr., president of International Business Machines Corporation, served as finance chairman and persuaded corporations and individuals to put up $360,000 through an 11,000-letter campaign conducted through "captains" in each major industry. Fund raising for the upcoming year's operations is being handled by Philip D. Reed, chairman of the General Electric Company. "We have no one angel, no Government funds," the foundation directors point out. "As of now, Eisenhower Fellowships operates on annual contributions, but we hope to raise enough extra each year to build an endowment."

The foundation recruited its personnel as well as ideas and funds from the business world. Edwin T. Gibson, who retired four years ago as executive vice-president of General Foods, is president of the organization. A lively man of seventy, he is having the time of his life carrying out his long-held belief that United States industry has a high educational responsibility. "We've all got to live in the world and we should use all the methods we have to make it a better one," he says. "I believe these fellowships can spread understanding where it will count."

He is seconded by J. Hampton Barnes, executive director of the foundation since the first of the year, and a former Delaware newspaper publisher. Eisenhower Fellowships, Inc., now has modest offices, converted from apartments in a small building at 149 East 78th Street, New York City. This is handy to the high-level contacts which play a vital part in each fellowship "course," but the offices are homelike to make the fellows feel at ease—and to keep the overhead low.

Gibson and Barnes don't hesitate to call for help from many of the top men in United States industry, finance, government and education. That, too, is part of the plan. For example, when Akhoury Sitanath, a young railroader from India, was mapping his fellowship program, he had the advice of William T. Faricy, president of the Association of American Railroads. Muhammad Ayub, from Pakistan, specializing in government budgets and finance, was "tutored" by the Under Secretary of the Treasury and the president of the International Bank, among others. Dr. Gabriel Baldovinos, a scientist from Mexico, calculated that the time of certain big businessmen who advised him was worth an average of forty dollars an hour. That's why he always was ready to pepper them with searching questions. "You have to absorb much in a hurry to make efficient use of time worth that much," he told me.

> The best way to arrive at a decision is on your own two feet.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

This doesn't mean that Eisenhower fellows operate exclusively in the upper air of big business and government. Enrique Edwards, a gregarious public-relations specialist from Santiago, Chile, who soon learned to introduce himself as "Henry," took a 15,000-mile trip around the country by bus, railroad and plane mainly to study various types of people and patterns of United States thought. He scraped acquaintance with anyone who would talk with him, from field hands to corporation presidents. He even made some valuable contacts when going to church. "The wonderful people," he says. "So fascinating and different. Not at all like the movies." Felix Sing Yah Chang, who is head of the foreign department of the Bank of Formosa, found that the quickest way of learning the everyday mechanics of United States banking was to act as a temporary page boy. "That way the employees became accustomed to having you around and didn't freeze up when you watched what they were doing," he explained.

A number of fellows took part in local activities as they traveled around the country. David Moushine, a heavy-construction expert from Israel, took a lot of kidding from other fellows about the "hit" he made as a speaker before a young-businessmen's club in New Orleans. There was a record-breaking turnout for the affair and Moushine was astonished by his crowd-pulling power—until he found that the main attraction was a bevy of contestants for a beauty-queen title.

Screening the free world for individuals who have the bright spark of leadership involved the foundation in delicate international negotiations. While the Eisenhower name opened all doors, some of them led to political pitfalls. Certain foreign governments assumed that the fellowships were a thinly disguised United States propaganda weapon and probed suspiciously for a hidden gimmick. Not a few saw the fellowships as a plum for a relative or a political creditor. These had to be deftly side-stepped.

All together, thirteen foreign countries were eligible for fellowships the first year. Those chosen were underdeveloped, much in need of trained managers and technicians in vital fields. Foundation officials or trustees visited each country to set up special committees, each one consisting of three national figures and two resident United States businessmen, to select candidates for fellowships.

Occasionally, the roving fellowship officers found themselves in tight spots. In Turkey, Hampton Barnes met with Prime Minister Adnan Menderes, who at the time was in a free-swinging hassle with his political opposition. Barnes had planned to ask Menderes to name the Turkish members to that country's selection committee, but the prime minister was in a whimsical mood and turned the tables by asking Barnes for a slate. Luckily, the foundation director had cased the Turkish scene. He proposed a banker and a government official, both of Menderes' party. Then, taking a deep breath, he suggested that the prime minister might demonstrate his belief in democratic processes by appointing a man from the minority party—specifically, Mr. Kasim Gülek, head of the Republican People's Party, which had been fighting Menderes.

The Turk stiffened and Barnes feared for an instant that he was about to become the victim of an international incident. Then Menderes broke into a huge laugh, slapped his leg and promised that he would name Gülek, which he did.

The progress of its first assortment of scholars convinced Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships, Inc., that it was on the right track. "One of our biggest problems," says Barnes, half seriously, "is keeping these guys from catching on that they are smarter than we are." Although the generous financial support given fellows has shaken some educators of the genius-in-a-garret tradition, Gibson and Barnes point out that the whole program is geared to outstanding men who are on the way up. "Each fellow is a mature, experienced man who knows what he needs and what his country needs," Gibson said. "We give him the means to go after the knowledge in the most effective way."

There proved to be no such thing as a "typical" Eisenhower fellow. In skin color the first crop varied from Caucasian white to Asiatic brown to African black. They all spoke some English—one of the requirements—but their native tongues included Urdu, Turkish, Mandarin, Greek, Siamese, Italian, Portuguese, Hebrew, Japanese and Spanish. All they had in common was supercharged minds and a desire to learn as much as possible about their businesses or professions in the United States. They studied our factories, mmes, banks, research labs, irrigation projects, universities, labor unions, farms, Government departments, town meetings, newspapers, political parties, men in the street, men in high office, big cities and small towns—almost everything that makes the United States tick.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The main question in the minds of these exploring fellows was: "Can this be made to apply to my country?"

Take Dr. Baldovinos de la Pena, who looks and talks much like a stocky Desi Arnaz and is a relentless hunter of new ideas. Born thirty-four years ago on a small farm in Puebla, Mexico, he believes that a scientific revolution must be brought about on his country's lands to solve a chronic food problem. He was technical director of Mexico's National Corn Commission when awarded an Eisenhower fellowship. His talented wife, Yolanda, a language student and opera singer, smiles approvingly at his intensity. "Gabriel never makes small plans," she says. "He has plans for Mexico for the next twenty-five years, I think."

Doctor and Mrs. Baldovinos spent their year in this country working out of carefully selected "centers," usually university towns. When I found Doctor Baldovinos at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey, and asked what he had accomplished in his first ten months, he handed me several book-size reports of technical information and the following summary:

Miles traveled: By car, 7680; by train, 4800; by plane, 11,500.	
American cities visited more than 5 days	14
Universities visited	12
Professional contacts made	455
Industries visited	14
Books acquired	44
Bulletins, reprints, etc.	330
Professional conventions attended	3

He might have added that he had translated an American technical movie on hybrid-corn breeding into Spanish, attended the Advanced Management course at Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration, and—most important of all—worked on a plan which he hopes will solve Mexico's problem of low farm yields. In fact he is returning to his country as technical director of this project, under which seven Mexican banks are pooling funds to establish a new industry for the manufacture of much-needed agricultural chemicals. The plan is laid out for twenty-five years, of course, and envisions an ultimate investment of $467,000,000.

"We have to build the future, not worship the past," declares the determined Doctor Baldovinos. "We have been raising only ten or twelve bushels of corn an acre, but we know that with good seed, plenty of fertilizer, water, and chemicals to control weeds and insects we can raise as much as two hundred bushels an acre. That's what we're going to try to do."

Of course, not all that the visitors saw impressed them favorably—and Eisenhower Fellowships, Inc., doesn't intend that they shall be guided only to the sweet and good, holding that genuine understanding must be based on an "as is" view. Occasionally this led to some strange twists and tense moments. After Felix Chang toured some of our poorer sections, he said, "This makes me appreciate United States foreign aid more than before, because I have seen for myself that some of it could have been used in your own underdeveloped areas." Frederick Arkhurst, a brilliant thirty-five-year-old Negro from the Gold Coast of Africa, an information specialist, diplomat and winner of a master's degree with honors from the University of Aberdeen, found the "white only" signs in the deep South a shock in a country where men are supposed to be free and equal. Later he told me, "Perhaps I could have avoided going there at all. But that would have divorced me from many interesting observations. I wanted to get as complete a picture as possible of your tremendous racial problem."

While these inquisitive young men from other lands were probing United States life, several Eisenhower fellows from this country were hitting pay dirt abroad. One of them, Theodore S. Repplier, president of the Advertising Council—the advertising industry's public-service organization—used his fellowship to travel around the world exploring the front lines of the ideological struggle between communism and democracy. He came back with a new line of strategy for United States propaganda.

"The underdeveloped peoples of the world are in a ferment," he says. "They want to cover the same ground, right now, that we covered in the United States over a number of generations. Communism is making a strong appeal, although a phony one, by telling these people, 'Become communistic and you'll succeed overnight.'"

The big job, as Repplier reported personally to President Eisenhower, is to spread basic understanding of the United States system. "Here we have evolved something new in the world—a system in which the people themselves supply the capital and share in the rewards. Yet most of the people in the world think of our system in the old, exploitive terms, as the communists have painted it. We need to teach these people just what we have here and how it works." As a start, he has suggested a new theme, "People's Capitalism," as the basis for a straightforward propaganda campaign. The idea has been adopted by the United States Information Agency. (Mr. Repplier is author of THEY GIVE US A GOOD NAME, an article describing the work of U. S. information officers in Japan, in the POST of September 24, 1955. —ED.)

Shortly before these first Eisenhower fellows from abroad started back to their native lands, I asked a number of them what, most of all, had impressed them in the United States. They gave many answers, but always included one, in different words and accents, which adds up like this: "The most amazing thing about your country is your system—perhaps even a new civilization—which produces so much wealth for so many. Somehow you have discovered how to spread prosperity around. That is something new in the world."

And they learned a number of other lessons about us that they considered worth taking home. A few samples:

José de Freitas: "Most casual visitors don't realize that it wasn't easy to build your country. But after reading your history and seeing your great distances, your mountains and your deserts, I know that your people faced even greater obstacles than we do in Brazil. That gives me courage to argue for things we need to do."

Enrique Edwards: "In both big and little business I found the warm human touch. Employers don't put themselves apart from workers, and companies put much effort into integrating their industries into local communities."

Felix Chang: "A highlight of my visit was meeting immigrants who had made good. This is still a country where, if you work hard and use your head, success is possible. That is what we hope to create back home."

Frederick Arkhurst: "Your widespread education and the way your system gives dignity to work is striking to anyone from an underdeveloped country. No country can progress as long as work is considered beneath the educated man."

But they also are carrying pleasant memories that are "part of the plan," as Edwin Gibson would say. The fellows' wives will spread the word of the gadget-filled United States kitchen, which one of them told me "is the way out of the servant economy." They will long remember the cornucopian supermarkets, "where things look so good that you always buy more than you intended to." They value the many spontaneous kindnesses offered by all kinds of people, in big and little towns, just as David and Doris Moushine count as one of their "most-American" experiences a chance meeting with an old, weathered sheepman near Ten Sleep, Wyoming. His yarns of early days in the West resembled those of the Moushine family, which pioneered in the Negev in Southern Israel. The roadside chat stretched into a visit of several days at the sheepman's ranch.

Perhaps the most important single item on each fellow's export manifest is friendship for the people with whom they worked in the United States and for others in their group. There was little opportunity for fellows to study as a class, because each must go his own way, but international comradeship developed just the same; something that is quite evident when two or more Eisenhower fellows meet, choose the languages they will talk—often using several—and compare notes on their "lessons," their homelands and their plans. This spirit of kinship proved a surprise to a well-meaning businessman who was horrified one day to find that he had appointments scheduled at the same time with Ayub, a Moslem, and Moushine, a Jew. He knew the two hadn't previously met, and fearing an embarrassing encounter, arranged to meet them in different rooms. But the plan went awry and when the businessman came into the office, he found the two fellows chatting happily, at the start of a close friendship.

Now, with a year of actual operating experience under its belt, Eisenhower Exchange Fellowships, Inc., is busy raising money and planning courses for a new assortment of scholars. Eight new countries are on the list—Norway, Western Germany, Iran, Egypt, Liberia, Spain, Bolivia and Colombia. Four are repeats—Turkey, Pakistan, India and Brazil. The fellowship officials want to keep the program relatively small and "come up on it," but in the future they hope to expand the budget to provide twenty-five to thirty fellowships a year.

The men behind the program see Eisenhower fellowships not as a huge crusade, but as a direct means of kindling some glowing sparks of personal international good will in key places. They hope it will be a cumulative process, a chain reaction as the supply of Eisenhower fellows builds up. If it works out that way, Ike's birthday gift will be a mighty nice present for the whole wide world.

Football's Biggest Show

(Continued from Page 28)

former players who will never get back to an Army-Navy game. On the West Point side, at least twenty football men have lost their lives in wars, from Paul Bunker, a 1901–02 All-American, who died in a Japanese prison camp in World War II, to Tom Lombardo, the 1944 captain, and John Trent, the 1949 captain, both of whom were killed in Korea.

At Annapolis, the list of known war fatalities among football players is even higher. There were thirteen from the 1935 squad alone. The 1915 squad, to give a random additional example, produced Rear Adm. Henry Mullinix, whose ship was torpedoed by the Japanese in 1943. From the class of 1930 came a halfback named Harold Bauer, who was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor after being shot down while leading a marine fighter-plane squadron at Guadalcanal in 1942, and an end named Dudley Morton, whose submarine, the Wahoo, was lost in 1943.

These honor rolls are a part of the special atmosphere that surrounds this game. There are older football classics than Army-Navy. In many college stadiums you will see more elaborate band shows and cheering-section stunts. Each region has traditional contests of deeper local appeal. In any season there may be some title-deciding game which generates greater country-wide excitement. But the Army-Navy rivalry has the broadest base of all. These are national schools. Their meeting is college football's one truly national attraction.

Of the 100,000 who see the game, more than half—at a conservative estimate—come to Philadelphia from other parts of the country. There probably is no other annual one-day event that draws such an influx, nor any that requires such a multiplicity of advance preparations.

In the Philadelphia area this week various Federal and local agencies have issued emergency directives. Without special clearance, no aircraft may fly within three miles of Municipal Stadium the afternoon of the game. All drawbridges must stay down, so as not to impede the flow of traffic. Certain factories in New Jersey whose smoke sometimes drifts across the Delaware River to the stadium will suspend operations. Philadelphia firemen are hosing down nearby city dumps to suppress any fumes.

Authorities are surveying the playing field to determine whether some spots need touching up with green dye. The concessionaires, Nilon Brothers, are ready with everything from 150,000 hot dogs to 10,000 chrysanthemums raised especially for this date. The Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio railroads have worked out the complex logistics of bringing as many as forty special round-trip trains with 25,000-30,000 passengers to the stadium from New York and Washington within a period of less than two hours. Philadelphia hotels are preparing to fit 8000-10,000 visitors into a total of 6500 rooms.

This diverse multitude is turning out for a football game which is always a war. It is generally close—in only eleven of the fifty-five Army-Navy games has the margin been more than fourteen points. And as a long line of upsets has demonstrated, you never know in advance who's going to win.

Shortly before one recent Army-Navy game, a cadet player was chatting with a friend. "I'm worried about the number of green linemen we have this year," he confided. "They don't realize what it's going to be like. You don't know what shock action is until you've played in an Army-Navy game."

It has been that way from the beginning. No football series was ever such a complete "natural" as this competition between the two service academies. At military outposts all around the world, Army and Navy men have arranged parties to hear the game broadcast on Saturday, whether it comes on at breakfast time, as in Hawaii; in the evening, as in Europe; or at three o'clock in the morning, as in the Far East.

This sort of thing has been going on for years. As early as 1926, telegraphic accounts of the game were being relayed to the fleet by short-wave radio. Game broadcasts were

(Continued on Page 122)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great Day for Olin Batteries and Flashlights

The holiday fun keeps going – when you have a good supply of world-famous Olin Batteries handy. Electric toys and games get a new lease on life. Portable radios keep their voices. Your flash camera records the holiday festivities on roll after roll while the new Olin-powered rotisserie awaits its first bar-b-que. Yes, super-dependable Olin Batteries – the batteries that are built stronger to last longer – add *so* much to modern living.

AND REMEMBER – Beautiful Olin flashlights and lanterns make a wonderful surprise gift – as useful as they are inexpensive. Keep one or more for yourself and you'll be prepared for any minor holiday emergency either at home or away.

EXCITING NEW CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS!

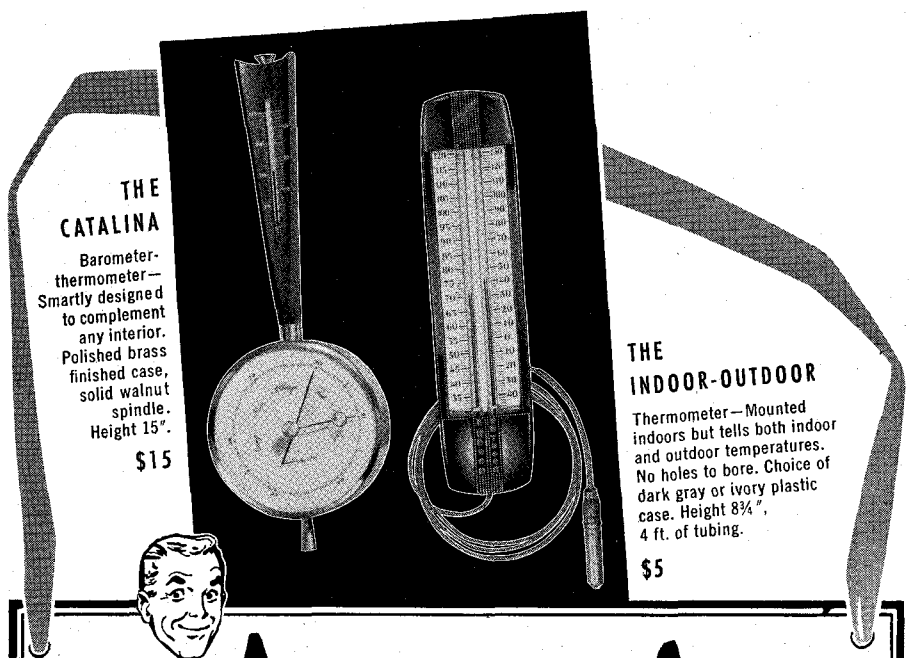
Each one comes with Olin Batteries to make Christmas bright with modern living.

1. **OLIN** deluxe flashlights and lanterns. (98¢ to $7.95)
2. **ROTO WIZARD** model 4B bar-b-que motor by U. S. Associates, Inc. ($14.95), BIG BOY brazier ($57.50). Four Olin batteries turn up to 20 pounds of meat, give six months of weekend service.
3. **MARVELOUS MIKE** tractor. Changes direction automatically upon contact with stationary objects. Directed by completely automatic robot brain. ($9.95)
4. **No. 888 ZIMPHONE** dial bell-ringing 2-phone set. Modern dial cradles, 50 feet of 3-conductor wire with plug-ins. Loud, clear hi-fidelity. ($7.95)
5. **BULOVA RADIO #247,** the "Companion." A 3-way portable in sun-tan leather. ($53.90)
6. **BROWNIE HAWKEYE** camera, flash model, with synchronized Kodalite flash-holder. Takes both black and white or color pictures. ($11.70)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WINCHESTER

GUARANTEED BY
OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



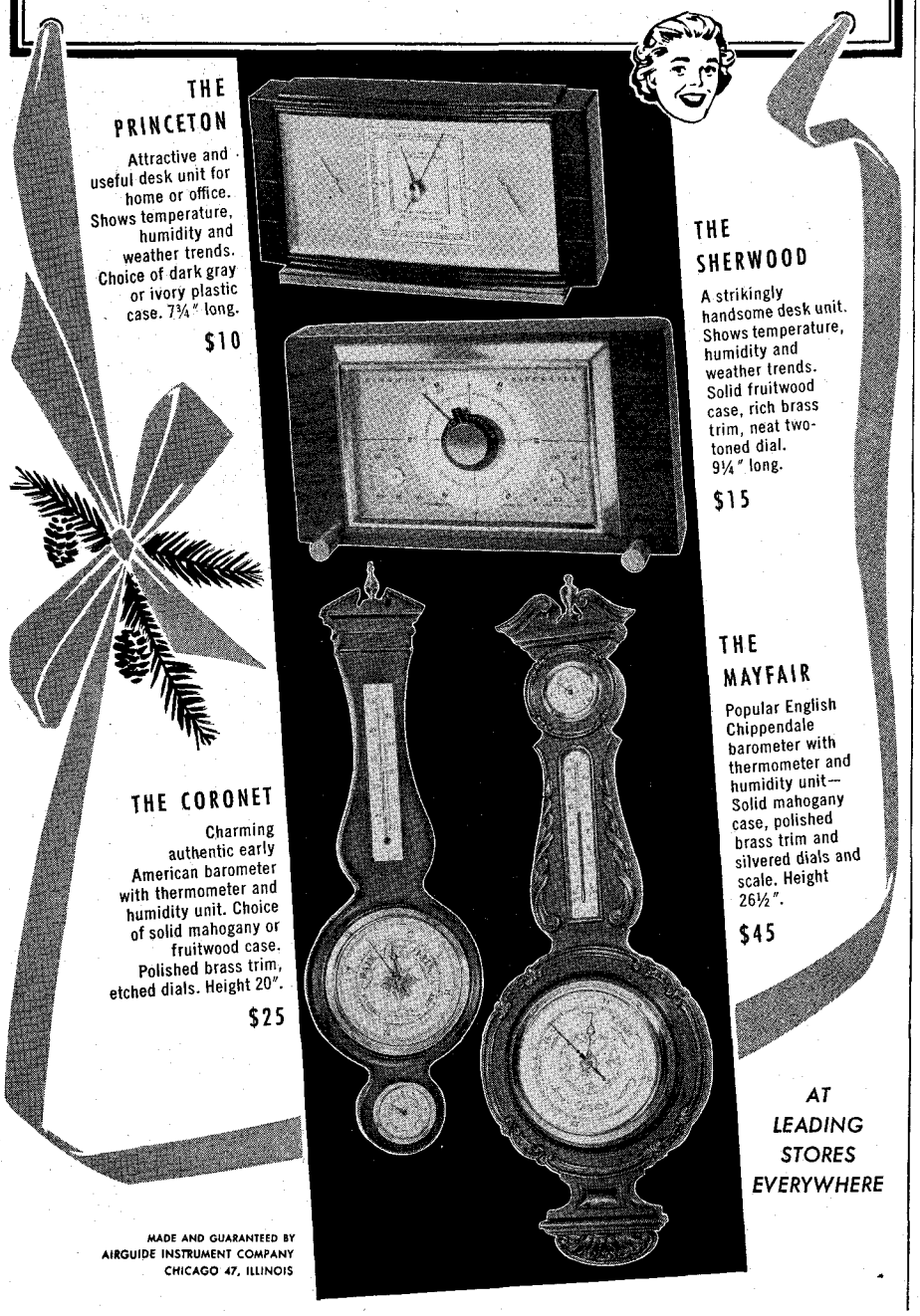
THE CATALINA
Barometer-thermometer—Smartly designed to complement any interior. Polished brass finished case, solid walnut spindle. Height 15".
$15

THE INDOOR-OUTDOOR
Thermometer—Mounted indoors but tells both indoor and outdoor temperatures. No holes to bore. Choice of dark gray or ivory plastic case. Height 8¾", 4 ft. of tubing.
$5

Airguide
WEATHER INSTRUMENTS

JUST THE RIGHT GIFTS FOR HIM FOR HER FOR THEM

. . . always gratefully received, always admired, always used and enjoyed for years and years . . . available in a wide variety of models and prices . . . famous for distinctive styling, American craftsmanship and accurate performance . . . choice gift selections at your favorite store now.



THE PRINCETON
Attractive and useful desk unit for home or office. Shows temperature, humidity and weather trends. Choice of dark gray or ivory plastic case. 7¾" long.
$10

THE SHERWOOD
A strikingly handsome desk unit. Shows temperature, humidity and weather trends. Solid fruitwood case, rich brass trim, neat two-toned dial. 9¼" long.
$15

THE MAYFAIR
Popular English Chippendale barometer with thermometer and humidity unit—Solid mahogany case, polished brass trim and silvered dials and scale. Height 26½".
$45

THE CORONET
Charming authentic early American barometer with thermometer and humidity unit. Choice of solid mahogany or fruitwood case. Polished brass trim, etched dials. Height 20".
$25

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY AIRGUIDE INSTRUMENT COMPANY CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 120) beamed to all overseas areas during World War II. Col. Russell P. (Red) Reeder (Ret.), a former Army player and assistant coach who is now an assistant graduate manager of athletics at West Point, tells about hearing a broadcast of the 1942 game about 200 yards from the front lines on Guadalcanal.

This year the Armed Forces Radio Service will send its own live broadcast of the game over the facilities of the Voice of America, whose six powerful shortwave transmitters in New York sweep from Thule in the north down across Europe and south to the Caribbean. Ships and military installations in the Pacific will get the regular commercial radio broadcast of the Mutual Broadcasting System, which has added Hawaiian and Latin-American outlets to a 576-station domestic hookup. At bases in this country Army and Navy men can see the game on television over a 160-station National Broadcasting Company network.

Some of the country's most eminent citizens are rabid Army-Navy football fans. General of the Army Douglas MacArthur was student manager of the 1902 West Point football team—he was also a varsity baseball player. MacArthur's interest has never diminished—he still gets intensive briefings on Army football affairs from Coach Earl (Red) Blaik. As superintendent of the Military Academy from 1919 to 1922, MacArthur promoted football and athletics generally. When the first of Army's great Blanchard-and-Davis teams snapped a five-year losing streak against Navy in 1944, he radioed from his headquarters as supreme commander in the Southwest Pacific:

THE GREATEST OF ALL ARMY TEAMS STOP WE HAVE STOPPED THE WAR TO CELEBRATE YOUR MAGNIFICENT SUCCESS
MACARTHUR

A potent Navy enthusiast was President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had been Assistant Secretary of the Navy during World War I. F.D.R. never attended the game during his twelve years in the White House, probably because his physical condition made it impossible for him to observe the custom of changing sides at half-time. This custom was dropped during the regime of President Truman, who turned out almost every year. In any event, Roosevelt was a strong armchair rooter for Navy. He consistently bet sizable sums on the game with his military aide, Maj. Gen. Edwin (Pa) Watson.

Several years before Roosevelt's first term, Army and Navy stopped playing for two seasons—1928 and 1929—in a dispute over player eligibility. Annapolis had adopted the prevailing rule which limits a boy to three years of college football. West Point insisted on its right to field any bona fide cadet, even if—like such Army stars of that era as Light Horse Harry Wilson and Christian (Red) Cagle—he had already played four full years at a civilian college before entering the Military Academy.

In 1930, with the depression setting in, President Hoover ordered an Army-Navy game played to raise money for charity. In 1931 the same thing happened, so in 1932 the academies decided that they might as well resume relations on their own. The difference of opinion on eligibility remained, though, until a day in 1938 when President Roosevelt abruptly invoked his authority as commander in chief to settle the issue in Navy's favor. F.D.R. handed Pa Watson a note for delivery to the Military Academy: "From now on West Point will abide by the three-year rule."

Although the Army-Navy game steams up alumni and well-wishers everywhere, it is at the schools themselves that things come to full boil. There are football rallies every week at both Annapolis and West Point, but for the climax game everything is magnified.

Signs go up on the buildings expressing the "Beat Army!" or "Beat Navy!" theme. The big Thursday-night rallies may feature "name" speakers. At West Point one year Ike Eisenhower—still a general then—addressed the cadets by telephone from Washington, saying, "The Army and the Navy are the best friends in the world 364½ days a year, but on this one Saturday afternoon we're the worst of enemies!"

At Annapolis, war paint has been applied to Tecumseh, bronze replica of a wooden figurehead from the old warship Delaware. Tecumseh is a talisman to whom generations of midshipmen have made obeisance in appealing for favors—a passing mark in an exam, a victory over Army. Meanwhile West Pointers are awaiting the outcome of the annual Goats-Engineers game—a contest between teams drawn from the lowest-ranking and highest-ranking students. A victory for the Goats always is perversely regarded as a good omen for Army against Navy.

Friday morning the teams leave for Philadelphia—"If only to get them away from the bedlam around here!" says Capt. C. E. Loughlin, Navy's director of athletics. The same day, tractor trailers depart with the displays the middies and cadets have rigged up for pregame and half-time stunts.

One year the cadets constructed a giant wooden cannon from which they intended to shoot a dummy sailor. They test-fired it first on their own parade ground, which was fortunate, because the dummy sailed about 500 yards through the air—enough to carry him far out of the stadium in Philadelphia.

The powder charge was reduced to proper porportions and the cannon was sent off to the stadium. It never got inside. It was too big to pass under even the largest entrance gate. The cadets still didn't give up on it. They took the cannon back to West Point, rebuilt it on a smaller scale and brought it back to use the following year.

Many stunts center around the Navy goat, Bill XIV, and the Army mules, Hannibal and Pancho. The Navy goat came onto the field one year in a float designed to resemble a perfume bottle. Another time he emerged from a Trojan wooden horse. The mules last year, billed as "Army's Answer to Atomic Warfare," rode in together on a trailer truck. To Navy's delight, the truck subsequently got stuck in the mud near one of the end zones.

Once the middies and cadets take their seats, they supplement their organized cheering and singing by holding up signs ribbing each other. Several years ago, for instance, when Army was being criticized for a light schedule, the Navy came up with this parody of the West Point song, On, Brave Old Army Team:

We don't play Notre Dame,
We don't play Tulane,
But we play Davidson,
For that's the fearless Army team.

Sometimes there are extracurricular pranks. The weekend before the 1946 game some midshipmen slipped into West Point in the dark of night and daubed the streets and statues with bright red paint. They were ordered back after the game to scrub it off.

Then there was the successful "goat-napping" of Bill XIV by a group of cadets in 1953. Professing deep regret, the West Point authorities sent the goat back to Annapolis with an escort commanded by a colonel, who issued this statement upon arrival: "They say in the Army that there are four general classes of officers—aides, aviators, asses or adjutants. I am adjutant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at West Point, have been playing aide to a goat all day, and feel like a bit of an ass."

If Navy wins on Saturday, relays of midshipmen will keep two bells at Annapolis ringing for twenty-four hours. One victory bell was brought from Japan by Commodore Perry and presented to the Naval Academy in 1858. The other came from the bridge of the World War II aircraft carrier Enterprise.

If Army wins, the team will be met, when it returns to West Point on Sunday afternoon, by cadets with the victory wagon. The players will be loaded into this venerable conveyance and hauled up the hill into the grounds. As many cadets as can get a hand in will pull the wagon by a long rope—"The 2400-Mule Team," this is called.

On Monday you could tell who lost just by watching the boys get up in the morning at either academy. Many of the lads at the losing school will be shivering in their underwear—cadets and midshipmen are in the habit of wagering their bathrobes on the game.

The superintendents of both institutions—Lt. Gen. Blackshear M. Bryan at the Military Academy, Rear Adm. Walter F. Boone at the Naval Academy—think of the Army-Navy game as a high point in their programs of athletic training for all students. Both place stress on physical-contact sports such as football. The superintendents also value the game as an *esprit* builder and as an outlet for blowing off steam.

They further regard the Army-Navy as good institutional advertising. In particular, they think it helps to get boys interested in the service academies. They like to see as many candidates as possible applying for West Point or Annapolis appointments each year. It was this publicity angle, incidentally, which led Navy to accept a Sugar Bowl bid last season.

Finally, the Army-Navy game is a financial must at both schools. Congressional appropriations for the service academies make no provision for intercollegiate sports. For years their athletic programs—twenty varsity sports at Navy, seventeen at Army—have been supported by independent agencies, the Naval Academy Athletic Association and the Army Athletic Association, respectively.

The associations get some of their money from membership dues and from other sports. But about 90 per cent of their total revenue comes from football, and the Army-Navy game is by far the largest item. It constitutes the difference between profit and loss.

At Annapolis last year the Naval Academy Athletic Association took in $911,000. Of this, football produced $805,000, with the Army-Navy game accounting for $395,000—Navy's half of the gross. The situation at West Point was comparable.

These figures explain why the Army and the Navy prefer to play at Philadelphia Municipal Stadium, which has been the scene of the game since 1936, except for a three-year interlude during World War II. The Philadelphia site has a number of assets. It is conveniently located about halfway between the two academies, and convenient also for the Washington dignitaries who like to attend.

But the most compelling advantages are financial. This stadium seats more people—about 100,000—than any other on the Eastern seaboard. The city of Philadelphia charges Army and Navy only a token rental, hands them the concessions and other extra-profit sources, and provides various services free.

And it doesn't cost the schools much to send the 2500 cadets and 3700 midshipmen to a Philadelphia game. They put them on trains Saturday morning, give them lunch; then turn them loose after the game until midnight, when the trains start back. The total expense is about $35,000.

This last item is the biggest single reason why the service schools always resist proposals to move the game to another part of the country, as they did recently when Chicago made a pitch for the 1956 game. Athletic officials at the Naval Academy—which will be the "host" school in 1956—estimated that transportation alone for taking more than 6000 cadets and midshipmen to Chicago would cost nearly $700,000. Extra expenses for meals and hotel accommodations would run the bill up to more than $900,000. The schools obviously couldn't pay this themselves, and it was questionable whether Chicago would want to pick up the tab—as it did back in 1926, when Army and Navy were brought out to dedicate Soldiers Field in the only non-Eastern game of the entire series. Anyway, the Defense Department recently turned Chicago down.

Since World War II, the Army-Navy game has often been the artistic as well as the financial salvation of Navy's football season. Navy had a great collection of players during the war, although they couldn't quite match the West Point squads featuring Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis. But in 1946, with the war over, several of the Naval Academy stars promptly went back to civilian schools, and Navy headed into a losing cycle that was to last for six years.

The 1946 Navy team won only a single game. Meanwhile Army, with Blanchard and Davis still on hand, was going through its third straight undefeated season. The Army-Navy game that year shaped up as no contest, and it started out that way, with Army running up a 21–6 half-time lead.

In the second half, events took an amazing turn. Navy pulled the score up to 21–12, then to 21–18. Midway in the final quarter they started one last drive from their thirty-three-yard line. With Municipal Stadium a madhouse, and frenzied spectators pouring down from the stands along the side lines, the clock ran out with Navy in possession on the Army four. That night Navy rooters were as exuberant as if they had won.

In 1948, Navy had lost every game on its schedule, while Army lost none. The middies proceeded to battle the cadets to a rousing 21–21 tie. Then, in 1950, came perhaps the biggest of Army-Navy upsets. By this time the West Pointers had gone through twenty-eight games without a loss. Navy's record for the season was two wins and six defeats. Yet the lads from Annapolis pounded out a convincing 14–2 triumph.

Army leads in the all-time series standings with twenty-eight victories to the Navy's twenty-three. There have been four ties. The cadets also have pulled their share of surprises over the years. Coach Earl Blaik, who took over at West Point when Army football was at low ebb in 1941, thinks honors have been about even in the upset department during his tenure.

Blaik has had an over-all record of ninety-five wins, twenty-five losses and eight ties during the past fourteen years at Army. His log against Navy, however, has been only six-seven-one. As Blaik analyzes it, Army lost in 1941-42-43 to superior Navy squads. The 1944 and 1945 games, which Army won, were battles between two even teams.

"In 1946," Blaik continues, "we started out to annihilate them, then just staved

> The honeymoon is over when the husband begins siding with the toaster.
>
> SIDNEY BRODY

his face is familiar

He may live next door to you, or work in the next office. He likes the open water . . . holds his own at sports . . . dresses with a certain flair. In business, he is on his way up.

His watch? A self-winding Omega Seamaster, world renowned for its dependability, its unmatched good looks.

Wherever he goes, his shock-protected, waterproof* Seamaster is an international symbol of good taste. Its high-precision movement is attested by accuracy awards from the great international timing observatories.

If you, too, will not be satisfied with second best, choose a Seamaster by Omega, official timepiece of the Olympic Games.

SEAMASTER: Self-winding, waterproof, from $95 to $225. Calendar models with automatic date indicators, $125 to $300. All have 18K gold applied figure dials. Other Omega watches from $71.50, Federal tax included. *Waterproof as long as crystal, crown and case remain intact, and if opened, properly resealed.

SEALS OUT WATER...
SEALS IN ACCURACY

This is the Olympic Cross, conferred upon Omega for unvarying accuracy as Official Watch of the Olympic Games since 1932.

Ω OMEGA
Seamaster®

THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them off. When we took them in 1947, they were expecting to beat us. Before that 1948 tie, practically our entire squad was weakened by nausea from some tainted turkey on Thanksgiving Day. In 1949 we trounced Navy. When Navy beat us in 1950, I guess you could call that an upset. But it was no upset when they won in 1951 and 1952. Our 1953 victory was an upset for Army. So that makes two upsets for us and one for them."

Blaik thinks the game means even more to the Navy than it does to the Army. "There is tremendous pressure in the Navy from the top on down for victory over the Army," he declares.

Each school always has an open date the Saturday before the Army-Navy game, which allows two weeks to get ready. Aside from this mixed blessing, Blaik declares that Army's preparations for Navy are basically the same as for every other game on the schedule. "We play our games one at a time," he says.

The Navy coach, Eddie Erdelatz, says the same thing. Like Blaik at West Point, he took over at Annapolis when football had hit bottom. Until last season, when Navy had its first standout team in years, his chief success was in the Army game. Going into this season, Erdelatz had won twenty-three, lost nineteen and tied four in his five years at Annapolis. Against Army, however, he had won four out of five.

Erdelatz at this point won't talk much about the Army-Navy games he has coached. He doesn't want to appear to be claiming that the victories were due to his masterminding. He mentions tactical innovations he has put in for certain Army games, but is at pains to add that the big thing was the tremendous spirit of the players and the entire Naval Academy.

The spirit on both sides has been fabulous from the first Army-Navy game in 1890. Football was already an established thing then at many colleges, following the pioneering example of Princeton and Rutgers in 1869. The Naval Academy had played its first outside opponent in 1879. At the Military Academy, on the other hand, the policy-setting academic board had opposed sports competition as a frivolous distraction, and had never authorized the formation of a football team.

It was an enterprising cadet named Dennis Mahan Michie who was most responsible for breaking through this barrier. Michie knew and loved football, having played it at Lawrenceville Academy. More important, his father happened to be the biggest wheel on the Academic Board. When the Annapolis team challenged West Point to football combat in 1890—a challenge young Michie is believed to have instigated—he talked his influential father into getting official sanction for the game.

So the Army-Navy series opened on the parade grounds at West Point on November 29, 1890. Along with the 270-man corps of cadets, the audience included, according to the New York Sun, a delegation from New York City consisting of "about 150 officers of the Navy, the Army, and the naval reserve, with not a few ladies." Chairs were found for the ladies. Everybody else stood.

Dennis Michie—who later died in action in the Spanish-American War, and in whose honor the modern West Point stadium is named—had organized a robust fifteen-man Army squad, featuring "a line of giants." However, this original Army team couldn't match the skill in such maneuvers as the V wedge of the more experienced Navy players, who had come through a six-game schedule with four wins, one loss and one tie. The Navy captain, Charley Emrich, became the first high-scoring hero of the series, going over for four touchdowns—worth four points apiece at that time—in a 24–0 Navy victory.

There is a legend that another first was established that day when the Navy squad, marching up the hill from the ferry station to the West Point grounds, appropriated a goat from somebody's front yard and brought it along for good luck. According to an Annapolis inquiry on this point, the goat didn't make his debut as a Navy mascot until 1893; the Army mule entered the picture in 1900.

But if it took a few years for all the trimmings to evolve, the central element of intense interest was established immediately. A contemporary account reports that at the conclusion of the first game, "The Annapolis men went wild over their victory. When the score reached Annapolis last night the naval cadets"—they weren't "midshipmen" then—"were so delighted with the victory of their team that they fired twenty-four guns and then paraded the streets with horns."

Similarly, when the news of a 32–16 Army victory at Annapolis the next year was wired back to West Point, "the pent-up enthusiasm of the corps broke forth. The cadets marched around the post. The superintendent extended his congratulations, the band played, guns were fired (eleven, one for each member of the team), bonfires were lighted with fine effect."

Scene from the second Army-Navy contest, played in 1891 at Annapolis. Army won, 32–16. The Charlie Chaplin-type at right is the referee.

The heat over those early games flamed up to the point where the highest authorities in Washington cracked down. In the 1893 game at Annapolis, where 10,000 watched the Navy win by 6–4, there was plenty of rough stuff on the field and some even more violent outbursts in the crowd. One row between a brigadier general and an admiral wound up in a challenge to a duel. Whether the duel ever came off is not definitely known, but this episode led to suspension of the series. President Grover Cleveland's Cabinet accomplished this by the device of having the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy order the respective schools to play football only on their home grounds. The game didn't resume until 1899.

This was the first—and longest—of four interruptions in the series. The 1909 meeting washed out when Army canceled the balance of its schedule after a cadet player, Eugene A. Byrne, was fatally injured in a midseason game against Harvard. During World War I the 1917 and 1918 games were called off. The final break was the aforementioned dispute of 1928–29.

It would take a book to do full justice to all the great games and players of the Army-Navy series. There was Charley Daly, the dynamic little Army quarterback at the turn of the century, who later became a successful West Point coach. There was Navy's "Three-to-Nothing" Jack Dalton, who kicked field goals to beat Army by 3–0 scores both in 1910 and 1911. There was Babe Brown, who kicked two field goals for a 6–0 Navy win in 1912.

One of the all-time superathletes at West Point was Elmer Oliphant. In his first appearance against Navy in 1915, he scored every point as Army won, 14–0. The next year the orders of the day at Annapolis read like this the morning of the game: "6:00 A.M.—Rise; Stop Oliphant!; 7:00 A.M.—Breakfast; Stop Oliphant!" Navy just couldn't do it. Oliphant starred again in a 15–7 Army victory.

A top thriller was the seesaw 1922 game which Army won with a last-minute touchdown, 17–14. But the No. 1 classic is generally considered to be the 1926 game before 110,000 at Soldiers Field in Chicago. Navy was unbeaten that year. Army had been stopped only by Notre Dame, 7–0. The middies jumped off to a 14–0 lead. Then the cadets caught up and went ahead. In the fourth quarter Navy got its third touchdown—and third extra point by Tom Hamilton—to finish in a 21–21 tie.

That was as close as Navy came to winning from 1922 until 1934—the longest time either team has gone without a victory. There were two tie games during that stretch, and two years when they didn't play. In 1934 Navy finally broke through with a 3–0 victory on a field goal by Slade Cutter and a great all-around performance by Fred (Buzz) Borries, the quarterback and safety man. Says Navy's assistant director of athletics, E. E. (Rip) Miller, who was an assistant coach in 1934, "Borries made about ten last-man tackles in that game."

Since then the balance of power has been shifting back and forth, with the five-straight Navy streak from 1939 through 1943 as the lengthiest period of dominance on either side. The first three of these wins came under Coach Emery (Swede) Larson, who never lost to Army either as a player or a coach. In 1939 Larson had a big sign put up over the main entrance to Bancroft Hall at Annapolis: IT CAN, IT SHALL BE DONE. BEAT ARMY.

Year after year, the Army-Navy game is staged before one of the biggest of all sports crowds. Tickets often are as hard to find as uranium. Although 102,000 is generally given as the attendance figure for the games at Philadelphia Municipal Stadium, this includes everybody inside the park—the more than 6000 cadets and midshipmen, the 1600 Pinkerton guards, the 400 city policemen, the 1500 program and concession vendors, the nearly 500 representatives of the press and broadcasting.

The schools actually have between 91,000 and 92,000 tickets to sell. They offer them first to members of their athletic associations. The Army Athletic Association and the Naval Academy Athletic Association each have memberships of about 15,000, consisting primarily of alumni, plus such added starters as congressmen, all of whom automatically qualify. Members can order personal-use tickets at five dollars apiece, and additional ones at six dollars.

The members always take most of the tickets, and sometimes all. From 1945 through 1950 none were left over for public sale. In 1951, when the so-called cribbing scandal at West Point practically wiped out the varsity football squad, there was a ticket surplus. But things are back to the point where you have little chance of getting a ticket unless you have an Army or Navy friend to order it for you. A few tickets always wind up in the hands of scalpers, of course, and generally there are a couple of hundred late turnbacks in Philadelphia on the day of the game.

Both West Point and Annapolis recruit boys with football ability. The day is long gone when Army and Navy—or anybody else—could stay in big-time competition without recruiting. And the predominant view at both schools is that it is important to their standing with the public to make a good showing in the big red-blooded American sport of football. West Point and Annapolis authorities will assure you, however, that football players are treated just like any other students, and must meet the same standards for getting in—and staying in.

The 1951 cribbing at West Point revolved around the fact that the same examination would be given to different groups on different days. Some cadets tipped off others on what questions to bone up on; for still others, the offense simply was being aware that this was going on. Says General Bryan, the West Point superintendent, "I wasn't here when it happened. I can tell you that West Point today is sound. Our boys are cadets first and football players second."

Last year Army star Don Holleder was kept out of the first two games on the schedule as the result of punishment for a disciplinary infraction. This year halfback Mike Zeigler similarly was disqualified for the entire season. Zeigler and fifty other cadets got out of the doghouse early, however, when Prince Albert of Belgium came to the Military Academy on October fourth. An ancient West Point custom provides that visiting royalty can request amnesty for all cadets undergoing punishment.

How do Army and Navy football players compare with the other students by such yardsticks as percentage staying in the service and advancement in rank? No precise figures are available, but it is the belief of officials that the football men do just as well, if not better. The number who have been decorated for heroism is high.

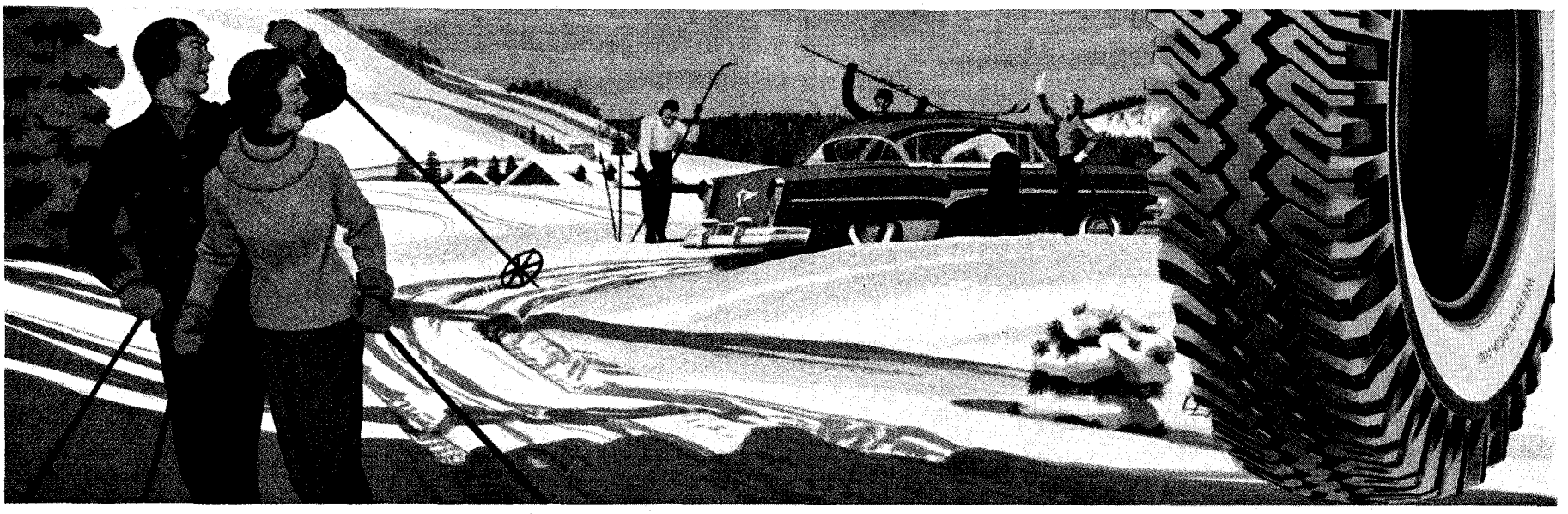
As of 1950, there were eighty former Navy players who had become admirals, including William F. (Bull) Halsey, Jonas Ingram and Richard Evelyn Byrd; and ninety-eight Army players who had become generals, including Omar Bradley, Joe Stilwell, James Van Fleet and Dwight D. Eisenhower. Ike never got in a Navy game, though. He made the first team as a halfback in his second year, but suffered a knee injury two weeks before the finish of the season which ended his West Point football career.

A few years from now service-academy football will become a three-way affair. The new Air Force Academy expects to start playing Army and Navy as early as 1958. Football men won't be surprised if the ambitious younger institution makes trouble for the older ones straight off. It is apt to be a long time, though, before Air Force vs. Navy or Air Force vs. Army acquires the special significance of an Army-Navy game. This one has a large niche all its own. THE END

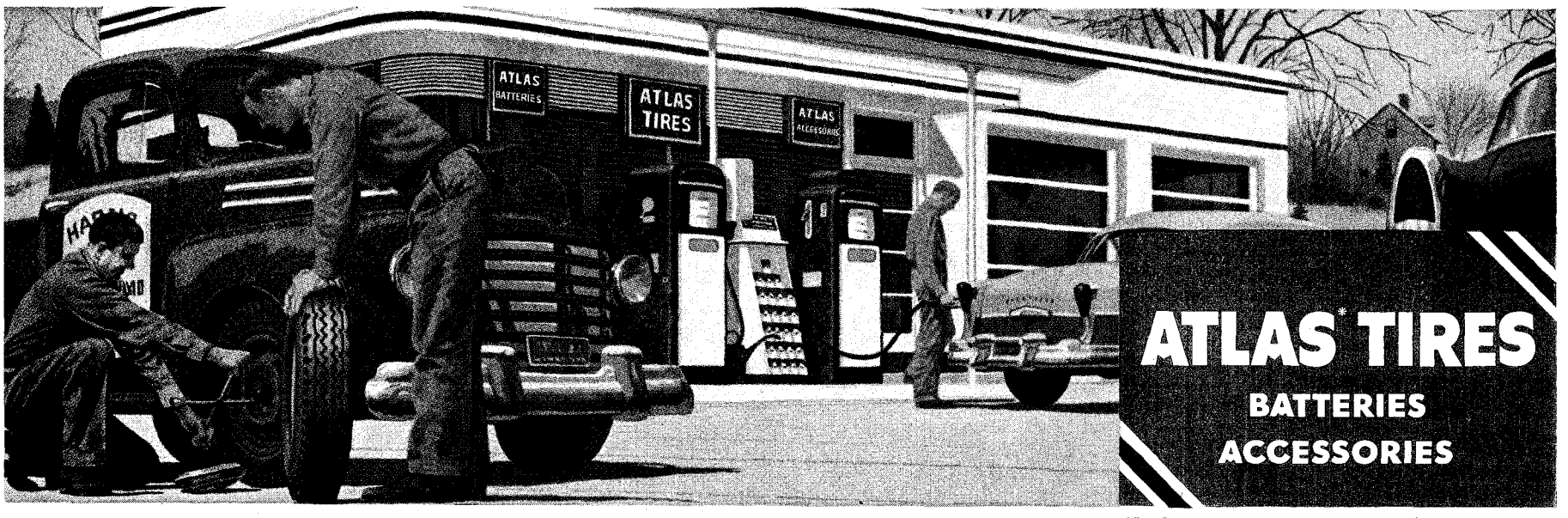
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever your needs for winter driving
YOUR ATLAS DEALER OFFERS TOP TIRE VALUES

for all-around use... Atlas Cushionaire Tires—tubeless or with tubes—are perfect for driving in town and country, for short, medium and long distances, and all-around general use. They're easier steering, softer riding, cooler running—and safer, too. Wide, flat 7-rib tread, with hundreds of anti-skid edges and sturdy sidewalls, means extra safety and mileage.



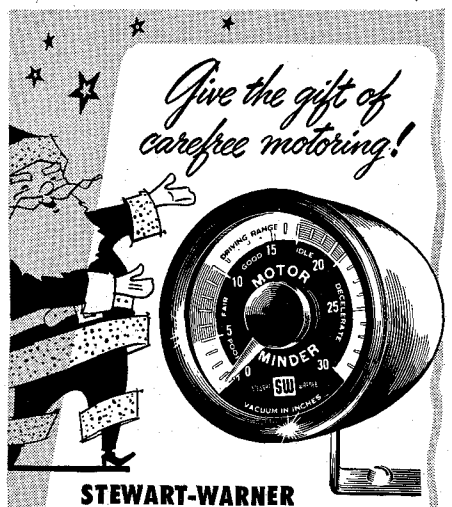
for rough-weather driving... If you live in an area where snow or mud makes driving difficult, Atlas Weathergards are your best bet. They take snow and mud in stride—offer sure traction and braking no matter how rugged the road conditions. Long-lasting, smooth-riding, quiet-running. Special tread won't clog up with mud or snow.

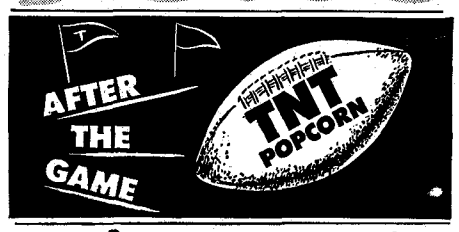


*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1955. Atlas Supply Company, Newark 2, N. J.

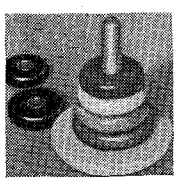
See your ATLAS dealer NOW. There are 38,000 Atlas dealers in 48 states and Canada—ready to honor without delay the famous Guarantees on Atlas Tires. Remember, too: Atlas dealers are specifically trained to repair and service *all* brands of tubeless tires. Drive in at your local Atlas dealer—for tires and service you can depend on.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Give the gift of carefree motoring!
MOTOR
MINDER
STEWART-WARNER
MOTOR MINDER®
Checks engine performance on-the-road—Shows how to save gas, avoid repair bills!
If he drives a car, here's the perfect Christmas gift! With the Stewart-Warner Deluxe Custom Model Motor Minder he'll know how his engine performs – as he drives! See at a glance how to s-t-r-e-t-c-h gas mileage. This combination engine analyzer and driving gauge checks performance of plugs, valves, carburetor, manifold, piston rings, etc. Warns of trouble developing in advance on easily read, illuminated dial. Installation is simple—just follow easy instructions.
Get it at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, send us his name and address with your check or money order for $10.95. Motor Minder will be sent prepaid!
only $10.95 It's the gift that pays for itself!
STEWART-WARNER
Instrument Division, Dept. R-115
1840 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois



Catalog illustrates 43 wonderful chew-safe, color-safe Holgate Toys like this play-packed *Rocky Color Cone*. Also includes valuable selection chart showing toys suitable for each age from 6 mos. to 8 yrs.



ROCKY COLOR CONE for children 6 mos. to 2 yrs. $1.

HOLGATE TOYS
Train as well as entertain

FREE
HOLGATE BROTHERS CO.
Kane, Pa., Dept. S-115
Please send me free Holgate Toy Catalog.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Death in the Wind

(Continued from Page 47)

"I believe I'd try to help him," her father said. "But if you had a daughter who was making an emotional fool of herself, what would you do?"

"I'd give her my blessing," Paula said.

"You have my blessing," he said. "Heaven help you."

Pierre came down the steps, carrying his duffel case, and got into the car without a word. As Paula drove away, he murmured, "Papa said the number on the back of the photograph was important. If we found it, wouldn't it help?"

"It might," she said. "If we knew what it meant, it might help a lot."

"I will look for it," he said. "I will watch the license numbers of all the cars."

He did not speak again until they reached the causeway road across the marshland, when he said, "I hope Peggy hasn't flown away."

"Who is Peggy?"

"A little gray gull with only one leg," he said. "Peggy is short for peg leg. I always throw the bread toward Peggy, so he'll get enough to eat."

Naturally, Paula thought, he would take care of the handicapped, the weakling. She said cheerily, "Don't worry. I'm sure Peggy hasn't flown away."

When they reached the house on the point, Porter Bellows had returned from the barracks; his car was standing by the garage. Paula suggested that Pierre run on to the beach and see if his one-legged gull was there, and went on to the house.

Seeing Anna, the cook, at a kitchen window, she asked, "Is Mr. Bellows in the house?"

"I didn't see where he went," Anna said.

"I came to get some shirts for Pierre," Paula explained, and went on to the entrance door. It opened on a large living room dominated by a massive fireplace, and to reach the stairway opposite she passed near the hearth. She saw a pile of feathery ashes in the fireplace, and some fragments of burned paper. Some printing caught her eye and she stopped and picked up a triangle of paper, charred at its base. FAWCETT POINT BULLETIN, the printing said; it was a piece from one of Pierre's newspapers, that had been run off on the copying machine in her office.

Anna's voice said, "He's been burning all kinds of things. He cleaned out Mrs. Bellows' desk and burned everything up. He just doesn't want anything to remind him of her, I guess."

An eager voice called from the kitchen, "Anna! Anna! I need a bucket!"

"Why do you need a bucket, Pierre?" Anna called back.

"Dad-dee is picking mussels and he said I could help him, Anna. Please, where is the bucket?"

Paula followed Anna into the kitchen and saw the boy standing just inside the door. His face was shining and he said, "Dad-dee isn't angry, Paula. Dad-dee says everybody makes mistakes. Just think twice, he said."

"That's pretty good advice for anybody," Paula said.

"What's the use picking mussels when there's no way to cook them?" Anna asked.

"Dad-dee said that maybe Paula would make me some *moules marinieres*," Pierre said. "Paula has gas at her house, not electricity."

"I think *moules marinieres* would be nice," Paula said.

Anna gave Pierre a bucket, and as he started away Paula thought it was an odd time to be picking mussels. To be sure, Pierre was very fond of *moules marinieres*, but mussels should be cooked immediately, because they spoiled so quickly, and the weather today was hot. She moved across the lawn to the sea wall and realized she was standing where the white oak had fallen. The tree was gone, but a pile of sawed wood showed what a power saw had done to it. The hole left where the roots had been ripped up had been filled in with topsoil and the guard rail was patched with new cedar.

Directly below her stood Porter Bellows, barefooted and with his pants rolled high on his ankles. He was stooping among the rocks, and she saw him pick a cluster of mussels and toss it up on the concrete ledge below. Pierre was approaching with the bucket, and as he looked up Porter saw Paula.

He called, "Hi! Want to join the mussel pickers?"

Close beside him was the flat rock on which Paula had knelt to reach for the watch; Ruth had been found almost exactly where she had been standing, Joe Burns had said.

"Porter, we don't want mussels today."

He glanced up. "But Peter loves *moules marinieres*. He ——" He looked about him. "Oh," he said. "Yes." He moved back to

Youth at the Wheel

By Richard Armour

A girl in a car
With a boy knows this much:
His foot's on the brake,
But his mind's on the clutch.

the concrete ledge, picked up the cluster of mussels and threw it far out into the water.

"Some other time we'll have *moules marinieres*, Pierre!" Paula called down. "I'm afraid they'd spoil in this heat!"

She turned away from the sea wall. Here where Ruth had been killed, Porter Bellows had taken off his shoes and waded into the water. Here where Paula had found the watch, he had chosen to look for mussels; at least, when Pierre discovered him there, he had said he was picking mussels. She felt a little shiver pass along her spine.

Behind her, Porter called her name. She waited until he fell in step beside her.

"That was an odd thing about that photograph," he said. "It broke my heart to correct Peter in front of everyone. The boy has too much imagination."

"Maybe he did hear Ruth talking to someone, Porter."

"That's possible, of course, but I can't imagine who it would be. Ruth was not one to share confidences." He glanced up at Paula, his eyes blinking behind the horn-rimmed spectacles. "Will you join me in a drink?"

"It's a little early for me, Porter."

"I rarely take a drink during the day," he said. "But these are sad and lonely days for me. I need something." He went in through French doors to the living room, took a bottle of Scotch from a cupboard and poured a large drink. He brought it back to the porch, stood gazing out across the water, and murmured, "I'm going away from here, Paula. Far, far away. I thought I might go back to Venezuela. I've spent a little time down there, you know."

"No, I didn't know," Paula said.

"I was interested in oil investments," he said, and drank deeply. He sighed and said, "I suppose you have no idea what it means to be alone in the world. My only relative is a sister whom I haven't seen in years. The last I heard of her she was in Honolulu. I tried to get in touch with her last spring, before my marriage, but my letters came back. She married a man named Walter Adams and went out there in the fall of 1949. I made inquiries of the Chamber of Commerce and the police in Honolulu, without result."

"Porter, that's a shame," Paula murmured.

He smiled at her. "I'm not telling you this to enlist your sympathy, but because the thought came to me that a family is a very important thing. There is no loneliness like being a man without ties, and I was thinking of little Peter, with his mother killed in the war and his father never known to him. The way he invented a story to go with that photograph was very revealing. Paula, I want that boy to be happy. I want to do what's best for him. Peter is Davis' adopted son, and if Davis should prove to be innocent, I won't stand in the way of any plans he might make for Peter's future. I wish I could believe he is innocent."

"I'll tell him that," Paula said.

He finished his drink, put his glass down, and said, "Is there anything I can do for you, Paula?"

"I came to get some clean shirts for Pierre."

"You know your way," he said, and gestured toward the house. "I have an appointment in town. I'm sure you'll excuse me." He took her hand and pressed it. "You're a sweet girl, Paula. I'll never forget you. Never."

She entered the house and went up to the second floor. The door of Ruth's office was closed and she passed it by and went on to Pierre's room. She opened a bureau drawer and selected three clean shirts. She put them on the bed, hesitated only an instant, then went back along the corridor and opened the door of Ruth's office.

The room was paneled in dark walnut, with ceiling-to-floor bookcases on one side of it. The desk was a slanting-lid Chippendale with a center section of four small drawers set off by pilasters carved in the shape of lighted candles and flanked by pigeonholes. She removed the top drawer and put her hand into the aperture. At the back she felt a round knob and pressed it; the right-hand pilaster sprang out an inch.

She pulled it out the rest of the way, disclosing a vertical drawer of which the pilaster was the front, but the drawer was empty. She felt for another knob, and found it at the back of the space for the bottom drawer. At her push the other pilaster moved, but this secret drawer was also empty. If anything had been hidden in this desk, it was here no longer.

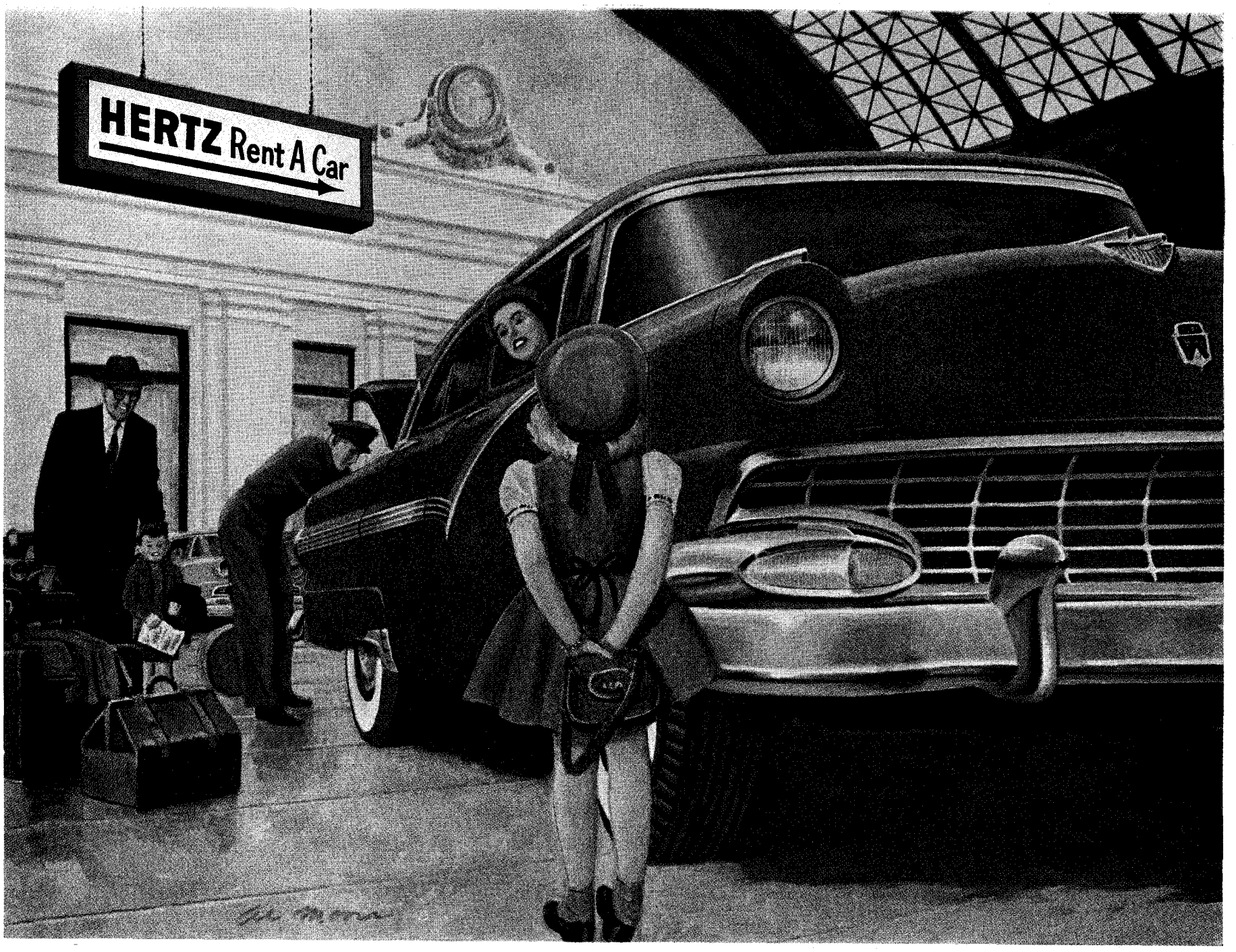
She leaned against the wall in the corridor, glancing toward the door of a room at its far end. It was a small room hung with water colors of hunting scenes, and in it Porter had a small, kidney-shaped desk. Her heart was beating fast.

She listened at the stair well, then tiptoed along the carpeted hall and opened the door. There was very little drawer space in the kidney-shaped desk, and very little in the drawers—a few receipted bills and some postage stamps and a file of correspondence fastened together with a paper clip. The letter on top bore the letterhead of the Honolulu Police Department, and was a reply to an inquiry as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Walter Adams.

It was as if Porter had invited her to look in this desk and find confirmation of what he had just told her, Paula thought. It was as if the whole conversation downstairs had been planned after she found him gathering mussels. She skimmed through the file of

(Continued on Page 129)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You can step right from your train to your Hertz car in the Union Station in Washington, D. C.

How Your Hertz Rent A Car Helps You Visit, Vacation or Make Money!

You simply reserve a Hertz Rent A Car in advance, as easily as you reserve a train or airline ticket, or a hotel room—and there at your destination *it waits*—clean as a whistle, just like your own car, all gasoline, oil and proper insurance charges paid by Hertz. Like having a car as good as your own in over 600 cities throughout the world!

To modern people, an automobile is practically as necessary as a pair of shoes, whether you visit, vacation or make as many business calls as you can in the shortest possible time! For example:

Say you're taking the family Washington way for a friendly visit or a tour of our Nation's Capital . . .

Or, say you're vacation-bound to Florida, with Washington a thrilling stop . . .

Or again, say that you have a dozen or more business calls to make in and around Washington (or any other city where you do business) . . .

Just reserve a Hertz Rent A Car before you go—(which is always a nice, new, clean Ford Fordomatic or other fine car) and when you get there, *you have your own transportation at your command*—complete independence in getting around!

Independence for wives, too! If your husband takes the family car on a business trip just call your local Hertz office listed under "H" in your phone book and *rent* a car for as long as you need it. That's like having a second car without the cost of buying and maintaining it.

Hertz service is easy to use. Always try to reserve a Hertz car before you leave home. You can do this through your local Hertz office or through your airline or rail ticket agents.

But even without a reservation, you'll find Hertz Rent A Car service at most airline and rail terminals. Your driver's license and other proper identification is all you need.

The rental rate includes all gasoline, oil . . . Public Liability, Property Damage, Fire and Theft Insurance, and $100 deductible collision protection. In Washington, D. C., for example, the rate is only $9.00 a day plus 9 cents a mile.

Thus your family can drive a hundred miles in one day for just $18.00. Weekly rates are lower. Rates may vary slightly in different cities.

Remember, Hertz Rent A Car is the long-time leader in car rental service. Your local Hertz office is always listed under "H" in your phone book. Hertz Rent A Car System, Dept. 412, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois. Phone: WEbster 9-5165.

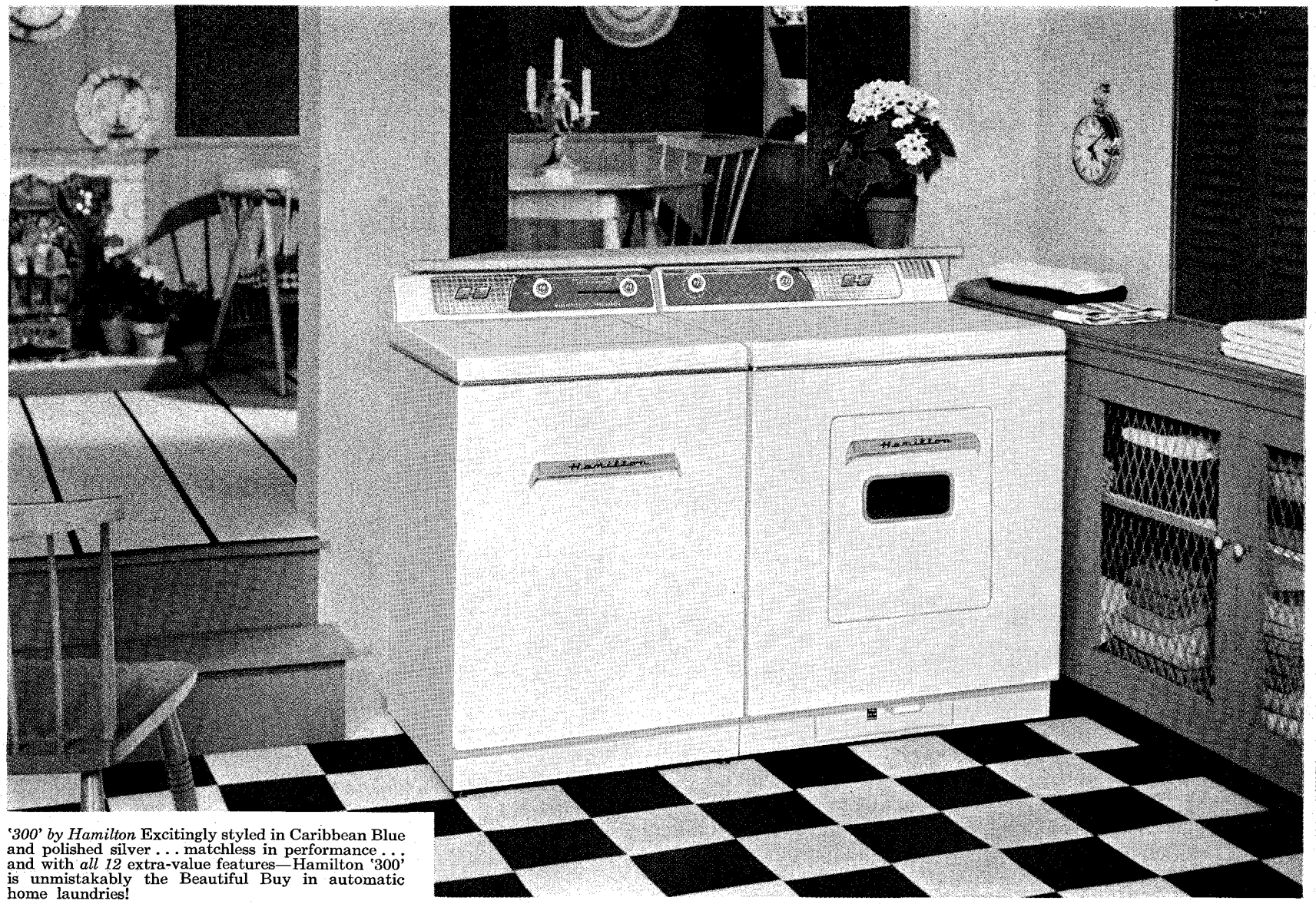
Go Easy . . . Go HERTZ RENT A CAR SYSTEM

Hertz is the leader in the rent a *truck* business, too! The world's leading business firms turn to Hertz when they need sturdy trucks for short-term rental or long-term lease.

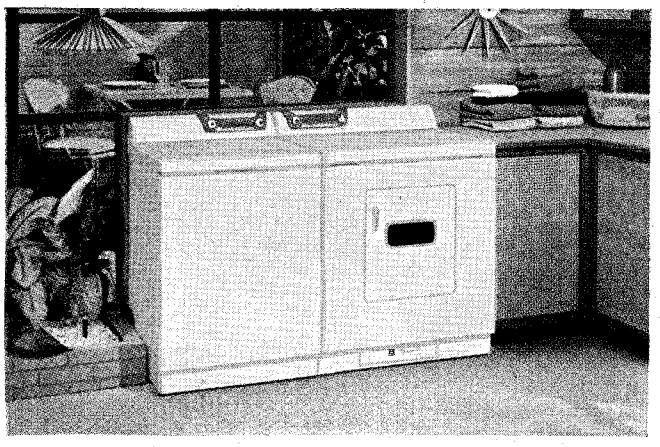
HERTZ *Rent A Car* SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

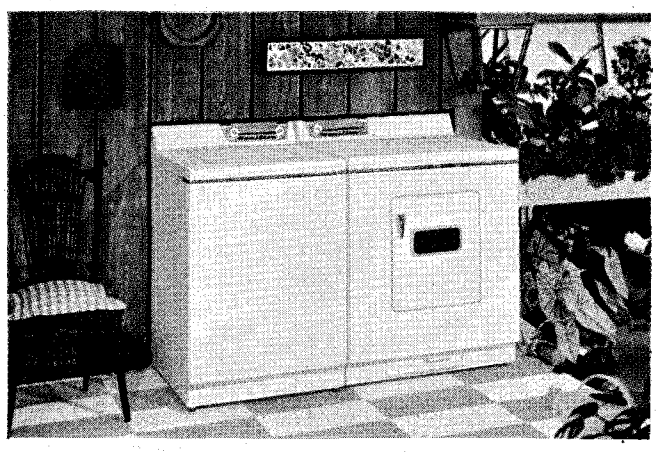
Copyright 1955 Hamilton Manufacturing Company, Two Rivers, Wisconsin



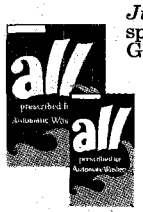
'300' by Hamilton Excitingly styled in Caribbean Blue and polished silver . . . matchless in performance . . . and with *all 12* extra-value features—Hamilton '300' is unmistakably the Beautiful Buy in automatic home laundries!



'200' by Hamilton Smart blue and silver trim and an amazing range of better-laundering features make this a mighty bright buy for budget shoppers!



Jubilee by Hamilton A Hamilton 75th Anniversary special, the Jubilee is handsomely done out in Aztec Gold and black, and celebration low-priced for you!



Hamilton prescribes ALL, the original "controlled-suds" detergent, for best washing results. You'll find a start-right package of ALL in your new Hamilton washer—tested and approved by the Hamilton Home Service Department.

see why more families than ever are choosing these

three handsome Hamiltons!

Hamilton washers and dryers are richly styled—
give you up to 12 extra better-laundering features
and the widest price-choice in all Hamilton history!

Talk about popularity! Right from the very start Hamilton has been a first-name in automatic laundering—and this year, thousands more Hamilton-happy families are increasing this headstart. You can *see* how a Hamilton makes a bright spot in your home . . . *but that's not all—*

Talk about performance! About the amazing simplicity of Hamilton's *Selecta-Cycle* washer control . . . the power of *Soil-Seeking Washing Action* . . . the bright sparkle of *Fresh-Flo* rinsing.

And for fastest, gentlest drying, Hamilton's exclusive *Carrier-Current* air circulation . . . the care-free safety of *Fabri-Dial* temperature control . . . the springtime freshness of *Sun-E-Day* drying.

Talk about price! This wonderful choice of complete home laundries fits a handsome Hamilton into *any* household budget. And if you want to talk about the very best home laundry buys—well, just talk to your Hamilton Dealer—*but do it right now!*

Hamilton

the name women know and trust

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 126) letters, all dated in the previous March and April. A man could create a relative by correspondence, she thought, and establish a sort of identity. Alex could be right; there might be a mystery about Porter's past.

Underneath the correspondence file were two checkbooks, one on the local bank and the other on a bank in Hartford. There was a balance of a little over two thousand in the local bank, but only a few hundred in the Hartford account. She flipped the pages.

Here, a little less than a month ago, Porter had twelve thousand dollars in his Hartford account. She turned the pages slowly, studying the withdrawals. On the fourth of August ten thousand dollars had been taken from the account in a lump, but aside from the notation of the amount of the withdrawal, the check stub was blank. Ten thousand dollars was a considerable amount for a man to withdraw without bothering to make an entry on the check stub. Every other stub was punctiliously filled out.

A voice on the stairs called "Paula!" and she started and dropped the checkbook back into the drawer. She stepped quickly into the hall as Pierre arrived at the head of the stairs. The boy said, "Better not let Dad-dee catch you in his room. He gets mad."

"I was just looking for a pencil," she said lamely.

"He got awful mad at Uncle Alex yesterday for being in *maman's* room. Why did he get so mad?"

"Darling, I don't know," she said.

"*Maman* was mad at Uncle Alex, too, but he brought her a present and then it was all right," Pierre said.

Paula smiled. "Was it a nice present?"

"I don't know. It was something in an envelope."

"When did all this happen, Pierre?"

"It was the night before the hurricane."

"Monday night?" Paula said. "Pierre, are you sure?"

"Yes, he came right after dinner and talked to *maman* in her office."

"And then what did Uncle Alex do?"

"I saw him get in his car and drive away."

"Did he come back again?"

"I didn't see him, Paula. Soon after that, papa came."

"How do you know your Uncle Alex brought a present?"

"I saw the envelope on her desk and I asked her what it was, and she said it was a present from Uncle Alex," Pierre said. "It made her happy. She laughed very much."

"Pierre, you never make up stories, do you?" Paula asked softly.

His face was shadowy in the hallway. "No, Paula."

"There's nothing wrong with making up stories if they're only stories, like the things you used to write for your newspaper," she said. "But you must never make up stories about real people. Why didn't you tell me about this, Pierre?"

"I didn't think about it," he said, and blinked his eyes.

He was on the point of tears, and Paula said, "No, of course not," and hugged him.

"It was true," he said. "I didn't tell a lie."

"Honey, I believe you," she said. "Suppose we get those shirts and drop you off at home? I've got to go to the office for a couple of hours and catch up with myself."

She felt guilty as she drove away from the house. Porter had an alibi for Monday night, and the fact that he had gone out to pick mussels gave her no right to inspect his private papers. And why should he have planted the watch? He couldn't have killed Ruth. He had nothing to fear. It was Alex Fawcett who had no alibi for Monday night. He had said that he had been looking for the widow, but that was no alibi.

She let Pierre off in front of her house and drove to the green. She found the telephone in her office working, and Claire Evans, her assistant, had a list of numbers for her to call. Late in the morning she walked to the package store to order a case of bourbon to put aboard Tom Childress' lobster boat. The store was next door to Alex Fawcett's real-estate office, and she saw Alex inside and waved her hand, then turned into the package store. When the clerk carried the case to her car, she found Alex waiting for her on the sidewalk.

"Paula, I want to say that I'm sorry about last night," he said. "I know I was kind of bloodthirsty. I was worked up and it looked to me like Davis was the man. But the story is around town that the Frenchman did it."

"Is it?" Paula said.

"Sure, it's all over town. You doing anything just now? How about driving with me out to Steamship Point?"

"I can't," she said.

"Just out there and back," he said. "It won't take long and we can talk."

"Is there anything left out there at Steamship Point?"

"A few sticks and stones," he said cheerfully. "It's not too bad. I'll get some gummed tape and stick it all together again."

"I must say you take it well, Alex."

"As long as I got to take it, I'll take it with a smile," he said.

She looked steadily into his eyes and said, "Alex, Pierre told me you were out at Fawcett Point on Monday night."

He stared at her. "The kid is nuts."

"You weren't out there?"

"Of course, I wasn't," he said. "Not Monday night. He's got his dates mixed up. I wasn't anywhere near Fawcett Point on Monday night." He took her hand. "How about having lunch with me?"

"I couldn't possibly today," she said, and walked away.

On the way to her car she frowned in thought. Pierre had said that he had heard Ruth telling Porter Bellows about the photograph, and after Porter denied it, he had backed down and admitted that he must have been mistaken. And here was another story and another denial. Somewhere along the line a child's imagination had possibly moved across the line into an infantile mythomania. Pierre liked to make up stories; she had read enough of them in his newspaper. It was odd that Porter had burned Pierre's file of newspapers along with the papers from Ruth's desk. Apparently he wanted to destroy every sad souvenir of his marriage, but the newspapers had belonged to Pierre. Not that it mattered, she thought; she had a file of them at home.

She drove to the harbor and nosed the car into a parking space at Sam's Market. A gray lobster boat was tied up in a slip adjoining the market, and she saw Tom Childress aboard.

She leaned out and called, "I have something for you, Mr. Childress; a present! Twelve of them, in fact. A whole case of bourbon."

He grinned and stepped to the bulkhead. "So that fellow meant it," he said. "He told me he was going to send me a case of bourbon, but I didn't put too much stock in it."

"It's right here," she said. "Come and get it."

"I'll hoist one to Mr. Davis," the lobsterman said as he took the case out of the car. "I guess he can use somebody wishing him good luck, from what I hear."

"Yes," Paula said. "I don't suppose anybody has heard any news from Frenchy?"

"He'll be back," Childress said as he shouldered the case. "He's been hanging around here waiting for a letter, and it came this morning, so I expect he'll come back to claim it. It's addressed care of me and it must be for Frenchy, but I never saw the name before."

"May I see it?" Paula asked.

"It's a fat one," the lobsterman said. "Airmail from France." He pulled it from his hip pocket and showed her the address: "Robert Donnier, care of Thomas Childress, Menasset, Conn."

"The police must see that!" Paula cried. "Immediately! Give it to me! I'll take it to Lieutenant Gray!"

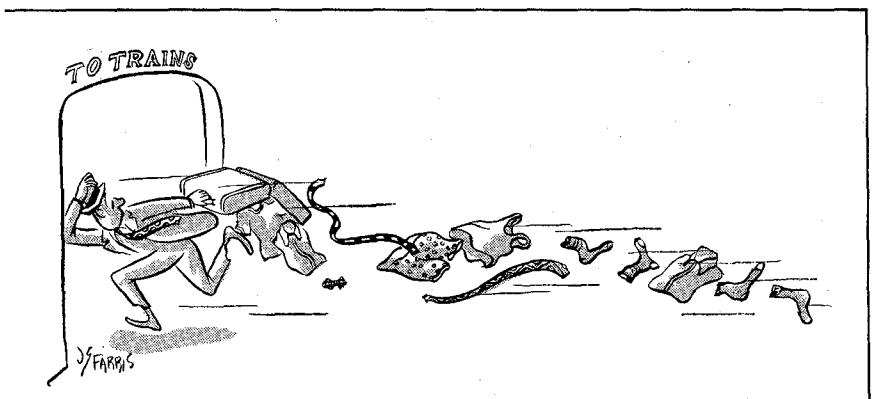
When Paula dropped him at the curb, Pierre waited until her car had turned the corner; then he went for his bicycle. Every breath he drew left a little pain deep down as he blew it out again; he felt as if something were pressing on his chest most of the time. Because he had told dad-dee that papa was with *maman* that night papa was in jail. Because of the things he had said, everyone was angry at him and nobody believed him.

If only he could do some great thing, he thought, that would make him respected and admired, some wonderful, magic thing—something that would make papa's eyes light up with gratitude and pride. But whatever he did was wrong, and whatever he said, nobody believed, not even Paula. He was not very sure any more what he remembered and what he thought he remembered.

He pedaled out to the Post Road, where he stood watching the cars go by. He studied the license plate of each car that passed. It would be a wonderful thing if he could find the number on the back of the photograph, but he could not even remember all of it, except that the first three digits were 603; he had forgotten the rest of it.

Riding out on his bicycle to look for a number was pretty pointless, he knew. And if he found it would they believe him? He swallowed hard and turned away.

He coasted downgrade to the harbor. Some men were building a new roof on Sam's Market, but nothing had been done yet about the town dock, although there was a big stack of planks. He walked about, inspecting the damage. Many boats had been wrecked. Some had been blown high up on the marshland and had big holes in them, and the boats in Strong's



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

NCB
Travelers Checks

GREAT FOR GOING PLACES!

It's no trick to travel high, wide and handsome, when you carry National City Bank Travelers Checks! They give you a real lift—free you from worry about lost or stolen travel funds. Known as "The Traveler's Friend," they are spendable like cash everywhere, and so safe. You get a quick refund in full if they are lost or stolen. Cost 75¢ per $100. Buy them at your bank.

The best thing you know wherever you go

NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by
The First National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

You Can Depend On
STRONGER Yet SAFER
ANACIN
to relieve
PAIN

Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives *stronger, faster* relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia—but is also *safer.* Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved *no single drug* can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. *Buy Anacin Tablets today!* At all drug counters.

Valve Lifters Click?
Get PYROIL
CLEANS... LUBRICATES
RESTORES LOST POWER

Now... Quiet 'em

Pyroil "B" added to engine oil clings to metal. Lifters won't stick and click. Pyroil fights heat, acid, corrosion. Increases mileage. Saves gas and repairs. Get Pyroil "B" today.

Write for trial offer. DEPT. SE-115, PYROIL COMPANY, LaCrosse, Wis., U.S.A. Toronto, Canada

PYROIL
SUPER LUBRICANTS • WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1929

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boat Yard lay about where the big storm had left them. He got on his bicycle and was pedaling past the boat yard when he put on the brakes and stopped short.

He had been looking for numbers beginning with a six, and here there were scores of them. They all began with six. Every boat he saw, except the sailboats, had numbers on the bow beginning with a six and followed by a letter of the alphabet, and then more numbers. There was a 6F and a 6K and —— All at once he remembered. It came to him as clear as day—black numbers on a white field. He could not remember all the numbers, just as he could not remember all the numbers on the back of the photograph, but the first three figures were 603; he was sure of it.

He turned around and pumped as hard as he could, up the long street toward the green. He turned off on the causeway road across the marshes. He turned left at the fork in the road and bent low over the handle bars, pumping steadily. He had entered a grove of trees when a man stepped suddenly into the road and called, "Hey, there!"

Pierre swerved and put on the brakes. A grinning man in an orange safety helmet caught the handle bars and said, "Pierre, how are you?"

"Hello, Mort," Pierre said, panting.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, kid?"

"I'm looking for a boat," Pierre said.

"Up here on dry land?"

"At Oak Beach," Pierre said.

"Did you lose your boat in that hurricane? That's too bad."

"It's not my boat," Pierre said. "It's a boat with numbers. Mort, I have to hurry."

"Haven't you time to say hello to an old friend?" Mort Brewster still held the handle bars.

"Please, Mort," Pierre said. "I'm in a hurry."

Mort Brewster had the teasing manner he sometimes used to have when Pierre had given him an answer and the tutor would not say whether it was right or wrong.

"What's all this about a boat?" he asked.

Pierre kicked out suddenly. The toe of his shoe caught Mort Brewster's knee and he gasped with surprise and pain, but took his hands off the handle bars. Pierre began pedaling away as fast as he could, without looking back. He had felt a quick rush of anger at Mort Brewster once before. He had found Mort struggling with *maman* in her office, and a lamp had been knocked over with a very loud crash. Mort's face had been red and his eyes dark as plums, and *maman* had said, "You're getting out of here, Mort," and that day Mort had gone away.

The bicycle shot out of the trees and onto the bumpy road at Oak Beach, and Pierre nearly lost control and swung off into the sand by the cottage named Thalassa. He dropped the bicycle in the sand and ran out across the beach.

The inboard motorboat was there as he had remembered it, its back broken, its stern stove in, its propeller blades nicked and dented by the rocks. He stooped beside the bow, and the digits leaped out at him, three inches tall and neatly stenciled in black, and the number was 6-0-3297. There was no dash among the digits of the number on the back of the photograph, but the number was the same.

Pierre felt as if his heart would burst. He could barely breathe, and when he reached his bicycle his knees were trembling. Even after he had started pedaling, they still trembled, they still felt weak. But in his heart there was a singing pride, and the sunlight danced with an unnatural brilliance before his eyes.

Three documents were spread out on Lieutenant Gray's desk beside the airmail envelope. The first was a certified copy of the birth certificate of Claudette Donnier, daughter of Jean and Marie Donnier; the second was the birth certificate of Robert Donnier, with the parents listed as the same; the third was a copy of the birth certificate of Pierre Donnier, son of Claudette Donnier, father unknown. It was conclusive proof; Frenchy was Pierre's uncle.

"I think I get the picture," Brad said. "Last spring I went to the town in Normandy where Pierre's mother was born and asked some questions and visited her grave, and the word must have reached Frenchy that the boy had been adopted by rich Americans, so he came here to make demands on Ruth."

"It means that Pierre told the truth," Vern Gray said. "A man did walk in off the street and say he was the boy's uncle."

"I never doubted that he told the truth," Brad said. "I was sure that Bellows lied."

"Not necessarily, Mr. Davis," Vern Gray said. "Maybe the boy heard his mother talking to someone else or maybe he heard it from the Frenchman himself."

Paula sat in the lieutenant's office with the sunlight bright on her face. She had brought the letter triumphantly and demanded to see Brad, and the faint smile of satisfaction had not left her lips until now, when she turned to the lieutenant and said, "I think I should tell you that Pierre said today that Alex Fawcett went to see Ruth on Monday night and took her a present—something in an envelope."

"Monday night?"

"It was the night before the hurricane, he said. Alex came after dinner and drove away a little before Mr. Davis arrived in his boat."

"What did he take her? Did the boy know?"

"He didn't know," Paula said. "But Mr. Fawcett denied he took her anything. He denied that he was there on Monday night."

A trooper came to the door. "Say, lieutenant, that kid is out here again. He wants to see Mr. Davis, and he says it's real important. He won't talk to anyone else, he says. He seems to be real worked up about it."

"Send him in," Vern Gray said.

The trooper called, "Come in, kid!" and Brad heard the sound of quick feet on the floor of the hallway, then Pierre came into the room. His eyes were shining, and when he started to speak he could not seem to find the words.

Brad asked, "Is anything wrong, son?"

"Papa, I found the number!" Pierre said. "I found the number!"

He was unable to stand still, and his chest heaved with his labored breathing. Brad pulled the boy toward him and said, "Calm down a minute; then tell us about it."

"It's not an automobile number," Pierre said. "It's a boat number and I found it."

"Do you mean that number on the photograph?"

"I found it," Pierre said. "It's on a boat and it's six dash oh dash three-two-nine-seven."

Brad looked at the shining face and felt a constriction of his heart, a spasm of emotion that swept over him. The boy had gone out looking for the number and he had found it, and Brad saw what it must mean to him. He had earned for himself the rights of a son.

"Where did you find this boat?" he asked.

"It is on the sand at Oak Beach. It is the little inboard Mrs. Parker rented from Mr. Strong."

Vern Gray said crisply, "I can check that," and jerked his telephone from its cradle. He dialed a number and talked in a low, urgent voice. When he hung up, he said explosively, "The kid is right. That second digit is the serial number, the letter O. Charlie Strong says he rented the boat to that widow at Oak Beach—the one who goes around with Alex Fawcett. . . . Pierre, you want to come over to Oak Beach with me and show me where it is?"

"Yes," Pierre said. "Is papa coming?"

Lieutenant Gray showed a tight smile. "If you want papa to come, papa's coming," he said.

"Paula's coming too," said Paula.

"You take the boy in your car, Miss Trent," Vern Gray said. "We'll follow along."

As Paula and Pierre moved on ahead, Brad said, "Frenchy must have seen that boat on Monday night. He wrote the number down, and then he checked to see who owned the boat. That's why he was at Oak Beach and that's the information he wanted to sell me, lieutenant."

"It makes sense," Vern Gray said. "But how does the widow's boat come into it? Why would she go out to the point that night? What's the connection?"

"Alex Fawcett could be the connection," Brad said. "He could have used that boat."

It was a little over a mile from the barracks to Oak Beach, and by the time Brad arrived, the boy stood by the bow of the wrecked inboard, pointing. When he reached the boat, Vern Gray planted his feet wide apart and said, "There she is, for sure." He looked back over his shoulder at the widow's cottage, said, "You people wait here," and walked away toward the road.

Brad sat down on the overturned inboard, ran his palm across the lettering and slapped the wood hard. It would have been an easy matter to approach the house on Fawcett Point unseen, he thought, to tie up this boat and climb the concrete steps. But the murderer had been seen. Frenchy had written down the number. He had been spearing fish that night, and to spear fish a man needed a flashlight. He must have seen or heard Ruth fall from the wall and seen the motorboat leave the dock, and used his flashlight on it. Brad thanked God that the widow had rented an inboard. An outboard would not have required numbering, but a boat, however small, was required by law to be numbered if it had a permanently installed motor.

"Pierre," he said, "I was sitting beside this boat, not three feet away from the bow, but I didn't notice the number and I didn't remember it."

The boy grinned happily.

A girl in a green bathing suit was coming up from the water. She took off a white bathing cap and sunlight shone brightly on her red hair. She called out, "Hi," and picked up a beach towel from the sand. "How are you, Miss Trent? . . . Hi, Pierre!" She smiled at Brad. "Are you out of the pokey?"

"Maybe," Brad said. He glanced toward the road, but Lieutenant Gray was not in sight.

"Isn't it a glorious day?" the widow said. She threw back her head, letting her hair fall on her shoulders, and turned her face up to the sun.

From the road, Vern Gray called Brad's name; Brad looked up and saw him beckoning. He went to meet the lieutenant, who said quietly, "The radio in my car was calling when I got up here. They found the Frenchman, Mr. Davis."

Brad's lips tightened. "In the marsh?"

"Not in the marsh," Vern Gray said. "His body was washed up on a tidal flat three miles from here. He was shot." He let his hand rest on Brad's shoulder and smiled. "I guess you didn't have a gun, and I don't suppose you carried the Frenchman three miles away and dumped him in the water. As a matter of fact, he was probably dropped in offshore somewhere, from a boat, and his body was brought in by the tide. You're free to go, Mr. Davis, but I'm going to ask you to stay in Menasset for the time being."

"I intend to stay in Menasset," Brad said.

"They can fix you up at the Menasset Manor," Vern Gray said. "It's a good hotel. You'll (Continued on Page 132)

The Perfect Squelch

During a strike on certain railroad lines, a large crowd gathered in a big-city terminal to take one of the few suburban trains still serving the area. All waited patiently until a robust woman plunged into the rear of the crowd and began elbowing and pushing her way to the front. She was shoving past a tired-looking man near the train gate when he turned and asked, "Where do you think you're going, lady?"

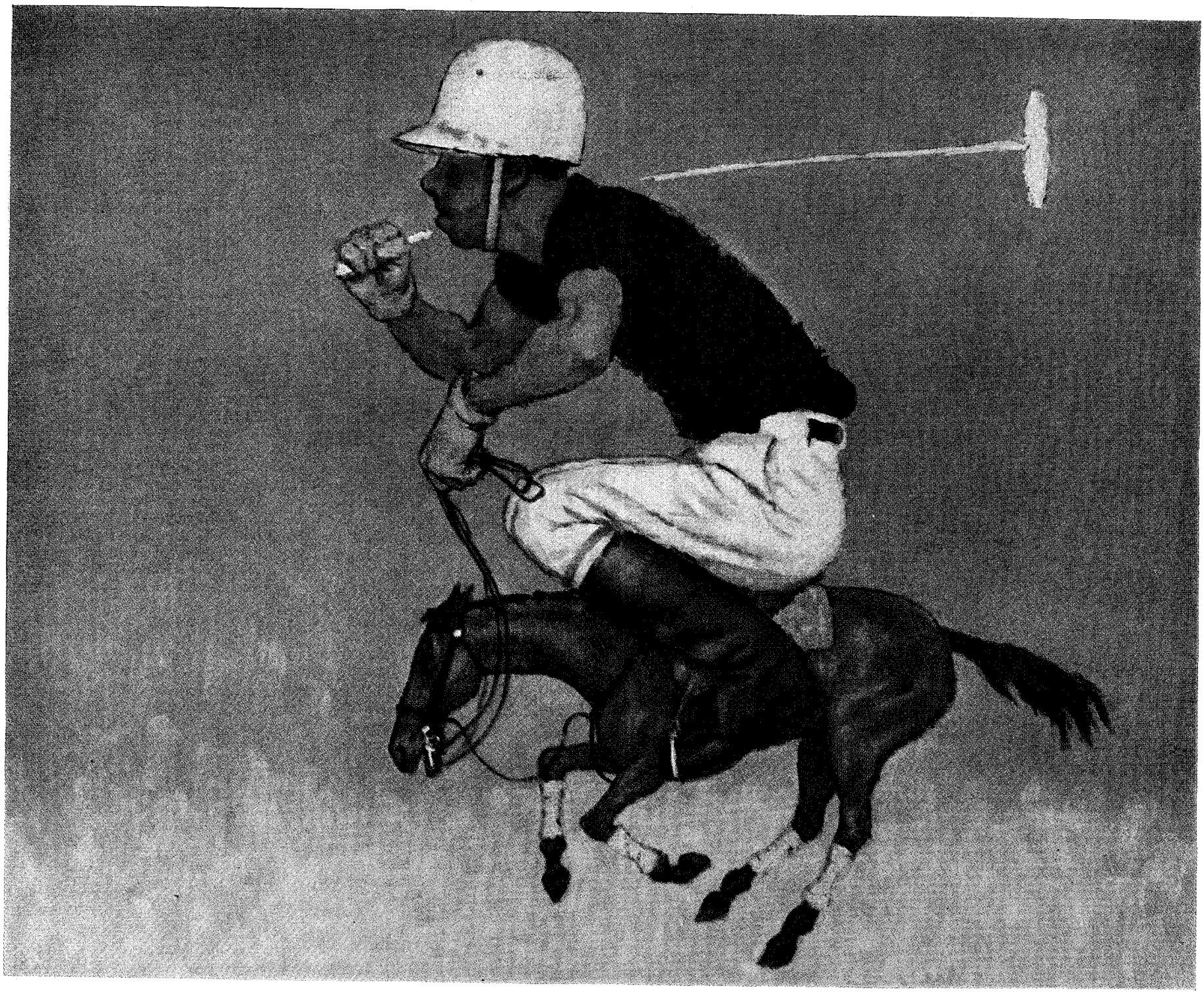
"I *know* where I'm going," she snapped. "I'm going to get on that train."

To the delight of the crowd who had been mauled, the man spoke up, "Lady, what do you think the rest of us are doing? Waiting to see you off?"

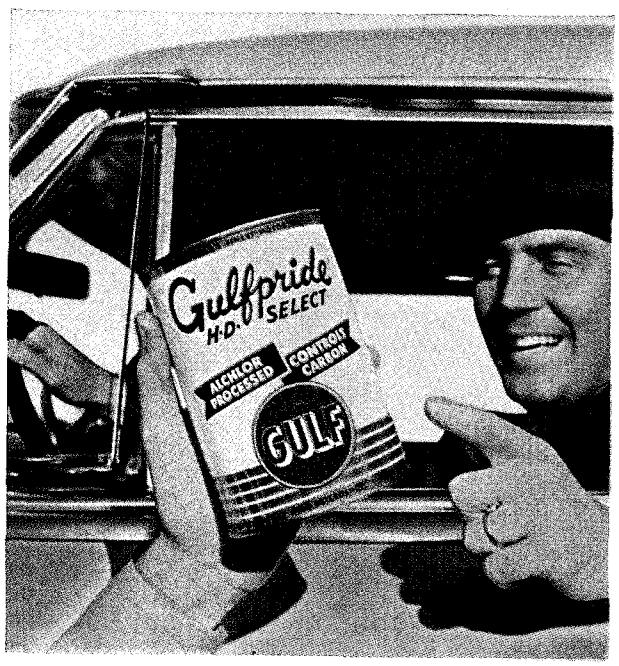
Elsie S. Erb

We pay $100 for your original, unpublished squelch anecdotes. Send typewritten, with stamped return envelope, to Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Why be handicapped by "Shrinking Horsepower"?



Are you sure you're riding the same horsepower you paid for when you originally bought your car?

The odds are you're not—that, as you use your car, you've been losing some of that horsepower all along the way. Cause of this power loss is the build-up of harmful deposits inside the combustion chambers and on valves, pistons and rings. And these deposits gradually cut down your engine's horsepower.

To avoid "shrinking horsepower," start using the oil that is specially made to guard against build-up of power-robbing deposits . . . New Gulfpride H.D. Select.

Most important . . . New Gulfpride Select will control carbon that leads to *pre-ignition*—cause of knock, overheating and loss of power. As a result, your car can retain new-engine horsepower and performance for thousands of extra miles.

So why hobble your engine's horsepower? Switch to New Gulfpride H.D. Select now that oil change time is here! It's available in the *exact seasonal grade* recommended by the manufacturer of your car.

NEW

Gulfpride H.D. Select

THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR OIL

GULF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 130)

like it better than the barracks. . . . Say, that's Mrs. Parker, isn't it?"

The widow was standing talking to Paula, with the towel slung carelessly over her shoulder. Pierre had wandered off toward the water and was stooping over something on the beach.

Muriel Parker smiled and said, "Good morning, lieutenant."

"Good morning," the lieutenant said, and nodded toward the wrecked inboard. "Is that your boat?"

"I rented it from the boat yard," she said. "It's not mine."

"When did you use it last, Mrs. Parker?"

"When?" she said. "Lord, I don't know. Before the hurricane, of course. Obviously I haven't used it since then."

Vern Gray stood watching Pierre as he waded into the water, and murmured, "That little boy has had it rough. You knew his mother, I guess."

"No, I never knew her," the widow said. "I know who she was, of course."

"You're acquainted with Mr. Bellows, though?"

"I know who he is too," she said. "Who doesn't, after all that's happened?" She glanced briefly at Brad.

"But I guess you knew a little character they call Frenchy," Vern said. "You called in yesterday and complained he was hanging around Oak Beach."

"I wasn't worried about him," she said, and smiled. "I was worried about Mr. Davis. He was the desperate-looking character."

"But you knew Frenchy?" Vern Gray persisted.

"I've seen him hanging around the dock, sure. Why?"

"He's dead," Vern Gray said. "Somebody shot him. His body was found on a mud flat three miles east of here."

"No!" Muriel Parker said. "Why? What did he ever do to get shot?"

The lieutenant touched the bow of the boat with his toe and asked, "Did you use this boat on Monday night, Mrs. Parker?"

"Not that I recall," she said. "No, the last time I used it was in the afternoon, when I took a little spin out to Coot Island. The next I knew, it was up here on the beach." She pointed. "Like that." Her eyebrows were pale and had not been pointed up with pencil; now they drew together in a frown as she studied the lieutenant's face. "Why do you ask?"

"Ever let anybody else use this boat?"

The widow put her head on one side. "Is this official interest in my little boat, lieutenant?"

"You can call it official," he said.

Her face sobered and she gave her head a slight shake. "I don't understand."

"How about Alex Fawcett?" Vern Gray asked. "Did you ever lend this boat to him?"

"We've used it together," she said. "We've been fishing a couple of times."

"Did he use this boat on Monday night?"

"Not that I know of," she said. "Why do you want to know?"

"This boat was seen out at Fawcett Point on Monday night, Mrs. Parker," the lieutenant said.

She looked astonished. "This boat? My boat?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's news to me," she said.

"Could Alex Fawcett have used it without your knowledge?"

"I suppose anybody could have used it, lieutenant. It was moored out there and I had a little skiff. Anybody could have taken the oars off my porch and used it."

"Where were you Monday night?"

"I wasn't here, at that," she said, with a faint frown. "I drove into New Haven to do some shopping, and I didn't get back until well after dark." She struck a pose. "Like my new bathing suit? I bought it in New Haven on Monday."

"Then while you were gone Alex Fawcett could have come here and used your boat?" Vern Gray asked.

"For heaven's sake, ask him, don't ask me!" she said. "He called me half an hour ago and asked me to meet him at the Menasset Manor for lunch."

"Your telephone working now?"

"The first I knew it was when he called," she said, and draped the towel over her arm. "I ought to go in and get dressed. Any more questions, lieutenant?"

"I guess not," Vern Gray said. "Thank you." As the widow walked away he gazed off toward the shape of Coot Island and murmured, "I know Alex Fawcett pretty well. He may be a fool about women, but I can't see him going around killing them."

"He was in love with Ruth when I came along and married her," Brad said. "She was free again and she married someone else. And on top of that, she came into all that money. Don't you think that must have burned in him, lieutenant?"

"I guess maybe it did," Vern Gray said, "knowing Alex."

Paula sighed deeply, and Brad took her hand and held it.

"I'm a free man, Paula," he said. "Will you drop me off at the Menasset Manor on your way home? The lieutenant wants me to stay in Menasset, but that suits me. I want to stay in Menasset."

Brad called to Pierre, and as he started toward the beach road with Paula, she murmured, "We must have a celebration. Will you come to dinner tonight?"

"May I bring some champagne?"

"Bring a lot of it," she said bitterly. "I want to wash the taste of all this out of my mouth."

They got into the car, Pierre in the middle, and Brad looked back at the gray cottage and asked, "Who were the tenants in Thalassa? They were here Monday night. It's possible they saw who used that boat."

"The man's name is Clark Wharton. He lives in Hartford. I have his address in my office."

"Better look it up and give it to the lieutenant," Brad said. "I need to get some clothes—a jacket, at least, and some shirts that fit."

Brad put his arm around the boy and said, "Son, you and I must talk things over. We've got a lot of plans to make. I'm going to rearrange my life so that it will be best for you. I've been offered a post in Washington, and I'm going to take it. You can go to school down there. What do you think of that?"

"Can I come visit Paula sometime?" he asked.

"Maybe she'll come and visit us," he said.

"Just ask me," Paula said.

"Over a glass of champagne tonight," he said, "I will."

Paula made a right turn and stopped the car under the branches of an elm tree, in front of a salt-box house, and said, "Here we are. . . . Brad, I can feed you too."

"I'll get something downtown."

"Come in and meet my father first," she said.

Horace Trent was in his den, working on a move in one of the games of chess he carried on in an interminable correspondence tournament. He looked up alertly as Paula brought Brad to the door, and rose to his feet.

"Well, hello, my gray pants," he said. "Hello, my shoes and shirt. This must mean they've turned you loose, Mr. Davis. I'm glad."

"Mr. Davis wants to give you back your slacks, as soon as he can buy some that fit," Paula said. "How about letting him use your car to drive to town?"

"Sure thing." Horace Trent took the keys out of his pocket.

"There," Paula said, handing them to Brad. "You're a free agent. Go out and look over the town, but please be back around six. We eat pretty early because of Pierre."

Brad had been studying the chessboard, and he said, "If you don't object to a kibitzer, have you thought about bishop to knight four?"

"Don't tell me you're a chess player?" Horace Trent said, with a happy shine in his eyes. "Son, come back soon. Let's have a game."

"Tonight we're having a celebration, dad," Paula said. "We're having champagne."

"Any time you latch onto a young man who plays chess, I'm ready to celebrate," Horace said. "Generally all they can do is talk business and baseball, like Alex."

"Let's forget about Alex," Paula said. "Alex is no good."

Brad found Horace Trent's car in the garage, backed to the street, and drove to town. The Menasset Manor was a sprawling structure of white clapboards with green blinds, and presented a prim front to the town green, but in the rear, visible from the lobby, was a lawn enclosed by a high stone wall and identified as the Continental Garden, with tables set about under gay umbrellas. Brad had eaten nothing since his prison breakfast, and he was hungry, but after registering at the desk, he went to the men's furnishing store Paula had recommended, bought a tweed sports jacket and a number of shirts, and tried on some slacks, which the clerk promised would be altered and ready before six o'clock.

He slipped the jacket on and ate lunch in the Continental Garden, close to the ivy that covered the tall stone wall. He had paid his check and was going slowly up the steps to the lobby when Muriel Parker came in from the street in a pale yellow dress and yellow shoes.

She smiled and gave him a little wave and said, "I guess they picked up my escort. Have you seen him around here?"

Brad shook his head.

"That's a rugged way to be stood up," she said. "I guess he's at the barracks, sitting in your chair, Mr. Davis."

"I guess he is," Brad said.

"Well, you kept it warm for him," she said, with a little laugh. "But don't give it another thought. He may have missed lunch, but he'll be around at the cocktail hour. Alex didn't kill her, but maybe you know that better than I do."

"I think maybe he did," Brad said.

"He didn't give a damn about Ruth Bellows, one way or the other," she said. "But you hated her guts, didn't you?"

It came back to the widow's boat—whoever had used that boat had killed Ruth. Brad turned abruptly to the switchboard and asked the operator, "Will you see if you can get me a man named Clark Wharton in Hartford? I don't have his address, but it must be in the book."

"I'll try," she said.

He waited impatiently, walking to the door and back, and when the operator called him and nodded toward a booth, he stepped inside and snatched up the receiver. "Is this Mr. Wharton? Are you the Mr. Wharton who rented a beach cottage called Thalassa in Menasset?"

"That's right."

"Mr. Wharton, my name is Bradley Davis. Maybe you've heard what happened here in Menasset?"

"I read the papers, Mr. Davis."

"You may have some information that will help me," Brad said. "I suppose you recall your next-door neighbor, Mrs. Parker."

The man chuckled. "Sure do."

"I wonder if you noticed who used her boat the night before the hurricane—Monday night?"

"Who?" he said. "Why, she did. We had a hot-dog roast on the beach for the kids that evening, and she rowed out to her boat along about twilight and went off in it."

"Did you notice when she came back?"

"Quite a while later," Clark Wharton said. "After dark. Around nine o'clock or later. We were still out on the porch."

"Was anyone with her?"

"I didn't see anyone."

"You mean she went out alone in that boat?"

"Went out alone, came back alone," Clark Wharton said. "Why?"

"Just keep reading your newspaper and you may find out why," Brad said. "And thanks a million."

He stepped out of the booth. Muriel Parker was sitting at one of the tables, under an umbrella almost the color of her yellow dress, drinking a Martini. Altogether a very fine study in yellows, Brad thought; altogether a very interesting widow. Her fingers held the Martini glass firmly. They were strong hands for a woman; they might be the hands that had killed Ruth on the sea wall the night before the hurricane.

TO BE CONCLUDED

"O.K., but this is absolutely the last one!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPEHART POLAROID® Picture Filter System

Only Capehart Polaroid® Picture Filter System eliminates eye-straining glare and eye-fatiguing reflections of lamps and windows. A Capehart picture is always brilliantly clear and *easy on the eyes*. Don't be confused with ordinary safety window glass, be sure and buy a Capehart for the BIG difference in television viewing. Your classified directory lists your nearest Capehart dealer.

21-inch Capehart television instruments from $169.95 to $1600.00*.

® By Polaroid Corporation
* Prices slightly higher in the South and West.

The AMHERST (Model 3T216 MD). Capehart Polaroid® Picture Filter System. Super Comet Chassis with 21-inch aluminized tube. Front mounted speaker.

Capehart
IT&T

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH COMPANY, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cuff Links $10.00
Tie Holder $5.50
plus tax
Krementz
GENTLEMAN'S GIFT
To make his Christmas a special one...a handsome matched set with new engine turning and hand engraved initials. Krementz Jewelry is superbly made with an overlay of 14Kt. gold.
See your jeweler's selection today.
Krementz
FINE QUALITY JEWELRY SINCE 1866
Available wherever fine jewelry is sold.
BRACELETS · BROOCHES · EARRINGS · NECKLACES · CUFF LINKS · TIE HOLDERS

Here's How Bayer Aspirin Helps Millions

FEEL BETTER FAST!

THE SEASON FOR COLDS—Dropping temperatures, rain storms, and snow and slush mean that the season for colds is here. They also mean you should have Bayer Aspirin handy . . . for the thing to do at the *very first sign* of a cold is to take two Bayer Aspirin tablets. This not only relieves cold discomforts, but also reduces fever. It makes you feel better—*fast!*

FOR QUICK RELIEF, millions *more* people use Bayer Aspirin than any other pain reliever—***without stomach upset!*** You can take Bayer Aspirin with *full* confidence—because no one has ever discovered a safer, faster and more effective pain relieving agent. So, to feel better fast—get

BAYER® ASPIRIN

Young Man on His Own

(Continued from Page 37)

a heavy course in philosophy. But I say Old 'T aint is an old wreck, and that's that. I don't like the way it leans over the ell. We'll have something. A smaller place, with a woodworking shop and maybe a small greenhouse. You get that trash cleaned up. I'll pay ten bucks for a good clean job."

The old barn, basking in the fine August weather, was waiting for the boy. It knew the breed. Since the barn's first boy who had worn homespun breeches and home-made buckled shoon, the job of cleaning barn became a game of finders keepers—a treasure hunt.

He started in the stable—the tie-up, as it is called in Maine. His rake gathering up old bedding rang on what proved to be his best horseshoe. It was as big as a dinner plate. It had worn-down ice calks on the toe and heel. He named the horse Bob's Giant, and gave him the big box stall at the end of the long row of empty stalls, and nailed his shoe above the gate. After he had swept the floor, he whetted his scythe, that he had taken in lieu of money for his haying time, and mowed two swaths down a rich stand of clover behind the barn. The next day, when it had been made into the best kind of hay by the hot August sun and wind, he filled Giant's manger and gave him a thick bedding of it, so he could picture him powerful and contented there when he lay awake in his own bed in the fancy house.

He found a shed cow's horn. Then the twenty cow stalls, with their rusty tie-up chains still hanging on the stanchions, housed his fine Jersey herd. The empty place switched with their busy tails, lined up as true as a regiment. It was easy to inhabit the still, empty place. It had known so much of life for so long that its ghosts were crowded there.

His job took him out into mid-barn. On the far side, his rake scraped on the smooth rock ledge, and there was a heavy ringbolt set into the stone. He knew pirates set such bolts in rock at the heads of secret coves, for heaving down ship and cleaning off barnacles so they could sail fast and smooth, but what this one was for in his barn he did not know. It was a fine heavy ring that pealed like a bell when it hit the rock ledge, and he tossed it back and forth, knocking off its rust. It was for heaving down something, a strong purchase that could not fail.

Close together, he found three white china eggs. His rake caught in an old rope, and when he pulled on it, it trailed away into the hay and tugged on something heavy. He pulled harder and dragged out a block and tackle. Fine one. The blocks were double-sheaved with heavy, blacksmith-made, swiveled hooks and bottom rings. The metal was hardly rusted at all, although the rope was soft and rotted. He unreeved the rope and measured it off by paces twice to make sure it was thirty-five strides, one hundred feet long. He oiled the sheaves and they spun true on their bearings. It was a man-sized treasure. He drove two nails into the tie-up wall and hung the two blocks on them and coiled a logging chain he had found. The chain coil made a harsh nest for the china eggs. It was a fine sight across from Giant's stall.

Then, in one of the mows, hidden deep in a drift of old clover hay that still smelled sweet of some long-forgotten July, he found a fine, ten-gallon, glazed crock. Buried within it under a foot of chaff and dust were an inch-thick wooden plate and a smooth black rock. The wooden plate was as light as cork. Powder-post beetles had riddled it with their tiny round borings. He added the heavy crock to his treasure-trove.

The blocks were the great loot as he squatted and studied them. They were too good a secret to keep. He had to talk to someone about them. His mother and father were in New York, and Mrs. Hodgkins, the housekeeper, would be no good. He stuffed the china eggs into his pocket and, lugging the blocks, one in each hand, he went down the road to Ned Weeks' place.

Ned was teaming out logs for the portable mill cutting white pine on the Huzzy lot. He lived at the mill site in a tar-paper shack, beside his black team of Percherons and his brown Jersey cow, Betsy. When Old Tompkins, the regular school-bus driver, was ill in midwinter, Ned had been the substitute, and the kids were sorry when the sickness ended and Ned's songs and yarns that made the journey short were gone.

Ned was sitting in his chair, made from a cut-away wooden barrel with a hay-stuffed feed bag for a soft cushion, peeling his supper potatoes.

His lean Yankee face, that looked something like Uncle Sam's, winked one eye and smiled and said, "Robert, come in."

The boy fished in his pocket and held out the china eggs. Ned polished them on his pants and regarded the pair of blocks as the boy lowered them to the floor.

"Been cleanin' barn," Ned said. "I can see that. Been findin' things. Regular Robinson Crusoe. What you got to trade?"

"Trade, sir?"

"That's right. Cleanin' barn! Find a sight of things you forgot you had. Don't need 'em now. So you say, 'Ca'late I'd better trade.' That's a fine pair of blocks there."

Ned reached for one and spun the sheaves and tried the wooden side piece with a horny thumbnail.

Challenge for Science

By Martha Banning Thomas

Why does the weather hate
my house
So viciously, and
concentrate
On certain weaknesses,
carouse
Among the gutters, agitate
A row of shingles, nail by
nail,
And play on them like
organ keys,
Until, detached in flocks,
they sail
Off toward the Northern
Hebrides?
The frost has tampered
with cement,
And rocked the chimney
off its base,
It leans, lugubrious and
bent,
Divorced from its
accustomed place;
Could modern science not
devise,
If brilliant brains were
pooled together,
A wonder drug to
immunize
A house allergic to the
weather?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ship block!" he said. "This's lignum-vitae wood. No worm nor bug can wrastle his way into this. There's a pair of blocks worth money."

"There was a wooden plate in a crock, and the worms were into that," the boy said. "There was a rock in the crock too. What was that for, sir?"

"A wooden plate and a crock and a rock! No doubt at all what that is. That's a sauer-kraut-makin' setup. How tall's the crock?"

The boy held his hand.

"No chips or cracks?" Ned said. "Sure now? Well, that's a coincidence. I was thinkin' about a good crock just the other day. It's a fine cabbage year and I ca'late to set me a batch of kraut."

Ned spun the block sheave and cocked one eye.

"It also just happens I got a hundred feet of brand-new inch hemp rope. Just the trick to rig these blocks of yours. It's company rope, but I inherited it."

His buff-colored, dusty eyebrows lowered and he seemed to be squinting over them down a rifle barrel of absolute intent interrogation, straight at the boy.

"Wanta trade? Even, that is? Nawthin' to boot?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's the way I like business. Trade it is."

His long, angular legs heaved him out of the chair and out the door, seemingly in one swift motion. The boy waited, listening. He heard the stable door open, and then Ned's low voice talking to his animals, and the clump of a heavy hoof as one of the horses stirred in response. It was a sound, that clump, his city boy's ears had heard for the first time this summer in the haying. More than any of the other new sounds he had learned, even more than the whippoorwill's cry, or the owl's shrill, or the boom of pond ice talking far off on still, zero night, the hoof clump sound made him tremble. It was a warm sound, deep and good. It was feed and rest and safety and strength, all together in a sound. Then the stable door slammed again and Ned came back with a coil of shining golden rope in his arms. He dumped it on the floor.

"You know how to splice an eye? Serve a rope end?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Well, watch here and l'arn. Hand me that kit bag."

A ball of twine and a knob of beeswax came from the canvas bag. The twine creaked through the beeswax twice and then round and round the raw end of the clean, fine rope.

"Your father'll be glad you got this ta-a-ackle," Ned said. "This will be mighty useful when you get cleanin' up after you pull down your barn. You can veer and haul those big timbers with this. Once they get crashed down to the ground, that is. You know how a ta-a-ackle works, don't you?"

The boy was swallowing, clamping back on the terrible picture of the barn crashed and flat, but he nodded his head.

"One hoss pullin' here," Ned said, "is the same as four hosses pullin' here. This is double two-way ta-a-ackle. Two two-ways is four. So it's four times the power. Sim'lar to that Sir Galahad in the poem you kids were sayin' like magpies. How did that go? 'My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure.' That must have been block-and-ta-a-ackle work."

Ned parted the lays of the golden rope and started his eye splice around the upper block's ring. His fingers made the hemp squeak as he parted and tucked through and pulled tight.

"You know," he said, "in a way, it's a pity about that barn. Plenty of men in this country been workin' all their lives and never got a barn as good as that one—or could be did they have it. This same ta-a-ackle could be used to help sway that buildin' up, plumb and true. Then haul out that rotten sill she's got on the downside and go out back and cut about four trees out of the fifty acres of 'em your father's got, and hew out timber ——"

"Could—could you do it, sir?"

Ned stared in scorn. "Now what's the use of talkin' like that? Sure, I could do it. But it won't be allowed. Tear her down! Build up somethin' new and cute. Somethin' made of two-by-fours and patent sidin', all painted white. And you know there's more pity than that to it. I was goin' to try to make a trade with you—did you keep that barn—for a fine calf. I got a good one comin' Friday, maybe Saturday. I was goin' to offer it for eight dollars."

"I'm going to have ten ——"

Ned's grim headshake made the boy's eager eyes cloud, then fill.

"Hey," the old man said. "Hey, what you takin' on about? Robert, come back here. Come back and get your ta-a-ackle."

The boy, with the rope in a long coil hanging over his shoulder and a block in each hand, was a small, sad figure moving down the road when Ned spied the white china eggs. He snatched them and started up, then settled back.

"He presented me them," he said. "Never thanked him. Poor young'un. Damn—damn the rich."

The boy dumped the tackle on the rock outcrop where the ringbolt was. The lower block's hook must have been made to go into the ring, it looked so strong there. Tugging, he opened the tackle. Then he went into the tie-up and came back, dragging the logging chain. The chain joined the tackle. All that remained was to get the

Safest, Surest, on Snow or Ice

ACCO
TRADE MARK
In Business for Your Safety

You need WEED CHAINS this winter—to stop you safely, and to keep you from getting stuck. Tests prove it: *no tire treads can give you real protection...but Weed V-Bar Tire Chains do!*

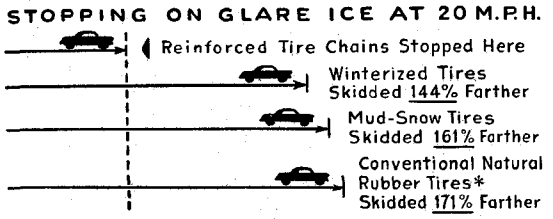
Just look at the V-Bars in the picture. They're slanted left and right to give you sure traction...to stop you shorter, straighter, safer. 288 or more steel gripping points give you *traction you can trust.* Be prepared—carry WEED V-Bar Tire Chains in your car. Ask your dealer for them *now!*

American Chain & Cable Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.
In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

ZIP-ON APPLIERS...
put on chains easier, faster...

Save time and trouble... put on chains without jacking car up. Ask your WEED CHAIN dealer for *Zip-On* Appliers.

STOPPING ON GLARE ICE AT 20 M.P.H.


Reinforced Tire Chains Stopped Here
Winterized Tires Skidded 144% Farther
Mud-Snow Tires Skidded 161% Farther
Conventional Natural Rubber Tires* Skidded 171% Farther

*Synthetic rubber tires skid or spin 10% to 50% more than natural rubber tires
Figures based on National Safety Council tests

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chain high up on the barn's middle post. He would sway his own barn up true. He'd haul on his Sir Galahad blocks and show his father. Maybe, if he showed his father ——

The hurricane named Edna sang her terrible contralto, ripping up Maine's tender belly. The glaciers were dying in Greenland and Davis Strait, and the polar air current that had veered her frustrated forebears—all the hurricanes of the past since time began that weathered Hatteras—eastward out to sea, had changed its flow. She was loosed to hold a north course and slam into New England, that had no defense against her. She was too heavily fanged with low-glass, rain-weighted, hundred-mile-an-hour, punching, southwest and northwest squall for a land that faced the other way and knew only northeast gale, whirling with snow, or southeast with the foghorns crying, to withstand. She knew what she was. There was no mistaking the song she was singing.

"From now on," she warned, "we are on a new course. You'll remember me. Your soft, big-topped pines with tap roots shallow over ledge. Your fat, bushy maples. Your puny moored boats against your rock-bound shore. Your old, tall, wooden buildings built for weight of snow and winter's thin, keen little wind. Watch and I'll show you weak from strong."

She had one mercy. Her speed was merciful. She was moving her center at fifty knots when she crossed the New Hampshire line. She was three quarters blown, with the hardest quarter still to come, when the boy's father, frantic from worry and the hardest drive of his life out of New York and around Boston and down No. 1, and then at the last out his own town road until a crashed pine blocked the way a mile from home, pinned his son in the trembling beam of a flashlight. There was another flashlight following, that made a quick cast up into the barn's upper fastness and hung there, running down the rooftree before it, too, shone in the boy's desperate eyes. He was in his rainy-day black slicker coat and small sou'wester, and he was dug in, pulling on his tackle's fall. His father grabbed for him, and when he fell away his father snatched at his hands, trying to break his grip on the rope.

"No! No!" the boy screamed. "Help me pull! We can save it!"

"Bill," a deep voice that was not his father's shouted, "wait a minute! What have you got here, buster?"

A big hand clamped on the rope beside the boy's, and the other ran the flashlight up the tackle and chain to where it looped around the post.

"Hold this light!" the deep, almost merry voice said. "Wait for the next punch of wind!"

The squall came southwest. The old building shook as if the earth and the very granite of Maine were shuddering from power of wind. The blocks creaked as the big man hauled and the chain brought up taut and scattered shining drops of rain as it vibrated in the light the boy held. The make-fast was a quick pass and double hitch around the ringbolt by the stranger's big hands and then one of them was gently pushing against the boy's wet rubber coat.

"Come on," the deep voice said close to his ear. "This is all we can do now. Your father wants us to come into the house."

In the living room, there were just the two flashlights. His father and the big man stood there with their coats on. He kept his coat on.

"Thank God you are all right, Robert," his father said. "We talked about you all the way up. This is Mr. Cushing. He said no hurricane could kill a boy who had lived a year in Maine."

"Robert," Mr. Cushing said, "your father's still driving that car. Do you know where the liquor locker is?"

"I'm sorry," the boy's father said. "I'll get it. I need one myself."

"Do you live in Maine, sir?" the boy said.

"No." Mr. Cushing sat down in the big chair by the window. "Not now. I've been here a great deal. Your father made me come on this trip. I've written a book about American barns, and he likes it. I said something about barns and boys in it, and your father said that made me an expert. He wanted some advice. He said he wasn't sure."

"About my barn, sir?" the boy asked.

"Yes. He'd been thinking about you and your barn all week," he said. "Who rigged that jury brace, Robert?"

Such a wave of happiness because his father had been thinking about him possessed the boy that he jabbered fast, "That's my Sir Galahad ta-a-ackle. I found it in the hay. Mr. Weeks and I traded ——"

"Your what? What did you call it?"

"Mr. Weeks said it was like Sir Galahad because his strength was as the strength of ten, so I named it that. It isn't the strength of ten, because it is a two-way two-way and that only makes four ——"

"Bill," Mr. Cushing said to the boy's father as he came in with the whisky tray, "I want that manuscript back. Robert is telling a fine yarn here. . . . Tell us about that Sir Galahad block and ta-a-ackle, Robert. All of it."

The boy did. About Giant's horseshoe that started his finding things, then about uncovering the ring in the rock, and then the old rotten rope that pulled the two fine blocks out of the hay, and the sauerkraut crock and Mr. Weeks. The storm was very bad even inside the double-plate-glass picture window that deadened the roar of it, but his father's spectacles never left the boy's face and his eyes were filled with love of him. The boy talked on just for him, and told him everything, even about the calf. Once, in one of the heaviest squalls, he stopped because he thought he had heard something crash. Mr. Cushing knew what he was worrying about.

"That wasn't the barn," he said. "A piece of roof maybe. I'm listening. You go on talking, Robert. It's a fine story."

The heaviest squall of all was the end of everything. The wind was over northwest then. That was the squall that blew down all the pines and twisted the tops out of the maples and filled the air with shingles and roof boards like driven leaves. It grabbed the house in its terrible grip and shook it. The boy covered his ears, and Mr. Cushing jumped up and said, "Nothing can take this much longer." But his father sat still.

"What can I do with it, Jim?" his father said.

"No matter what's left out there?" Mr. Cushing said, sitting down again.

"I think so," his father said.

"Simply restore it. It's 1800. It unquestionably is as old as your oldest deed. Just remember what 1800 is and you'll spend more money. John Adams was President then. In another five years, Nelson would fight Trafalgar. . . . Where's that next squall? I keep sitting here waiting for it like my old Aunt Maria waiting for lightning to strike. . . . Listen, Bill; the main timbers were very likely cut within a year or two of the time the masts of the Constitution—her first masts—were felled in Windsor Town, not ten miles from here. Without even looking at it closely, it's a magnificent, historical old Maine building. When you're done you'll have—you've read my book—a living, functioning chunk of the past. Just as useful as anything you could ever build."

"That's what interests me," the boy's father said. "Look! There's moonlight!"

There was tattered moonlight sliding and moving across the bars of the barn's skinned off roof. Only its rafters, shining like silver bars, and its long rooftree were left aloft. You could look up through them and see the ragged cloud edges hurrying by the moon, and then there were stars. The only sound was a pattering drip from the soaked rafters. The barn's frame and everything below were unchanged. The tie-up was undamaged. The big posts stood with their same southeast lean, no more marked than before. The block and tackle and the chain were not pulling very hard now. They sagged as if they had loosened, and the boy followed Mr. Cushing there to see.

"Sir Galahad knew he was in a fight," Mr. Cushing said. "Here, Jim. That was terrific force to do that. That last big northwest squall, undoubtedly."

Mr. Cushing's light pointed the ring. It was stretched until it was a loop. Rust had flaked away and bright gray iron showed from the stress.

"You've saved your barn, Robert," the boy's father said. "We'll make it a fine one for you. I'm proud of you. I've never been so proud of anything."

"Old 'T aint," the boy said grabbing for his father's middle to bury his head there and hide his tears and his exhaustion. "I love Old 'T aint."

There was the clump of a heavy hoof on the wooden ramp outside the big doors. The near door slid open and, in the light of his lantern, Ned Weeks stood there. There was a watery smear of blood down his left cheek from a red cut over his eye.

"I ain't got no more home than a jay bird," he said, "and my cow's goin' to calf. I'm blown down flat. Can I borry your tie-up for a short spell?"

"Certainly!" the boy's father said. "Anything we've got!"

"Thank ye. Been a bad hurricane. Bewilderin' amount of wind. That boy around? Where's that boy? . . . Robert, drive in the team and unhitch for me. I got to hurry some with my cow, Betsy."

THE END

the NUMBER for SATURDAY

134

Numbers aren't emotional or animated. People are emotional, lovable and very animated.

Number 134 is a statistic. It says 134 people will die in auto accidents this Saturday. It doesn't say

Who Dies or
Where They Die
it only says *will* die.

The certainty of it is frightening.

When you get behind the wheel of your car this Saturday, remember . . . 134 is your enemy. Don't contribute to its success by being inconsiderate on the road. You have everything to gain by being courteous and careful . . . and the lives of the animated innocents to lose by being careless.

There's a number for every day of the week (average figures for automobile fatalities) . . .

134 is the number for Saturday,
115 is the number for Sunday,
70 is the number for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday,
83 is the number for Thursday, and
95 is the number for Friday.

These numbers are your enemies. Fight them every day of the week. The next time you pull out to pass a car on a curve or on a hill, *think of the number.* Every time you're in a hurry and press heavily on the accelerator, *think of the number.* Every time you get behind the wheel . . . there's a number for that day. When you're careless on the road, you're risking a bad trade—your name for a number.

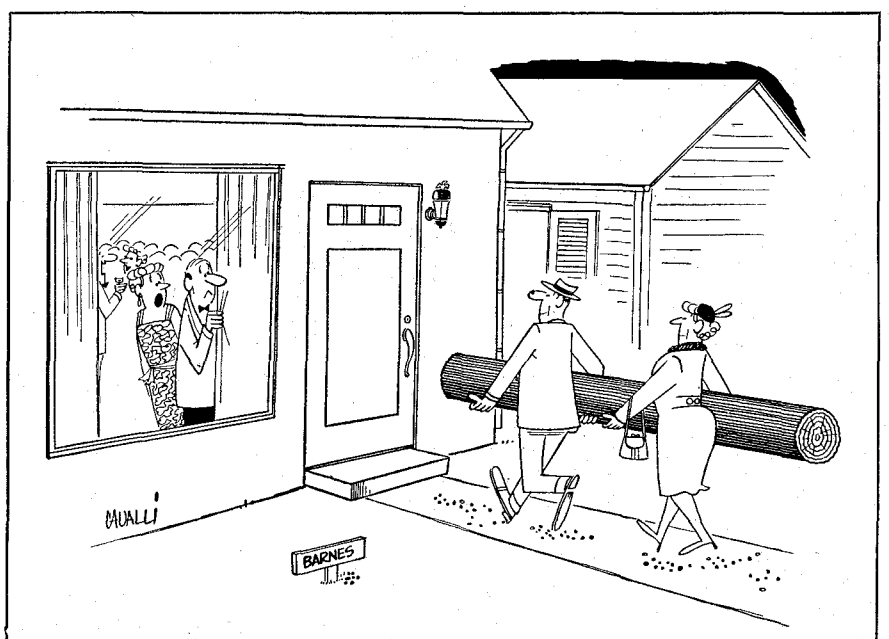
National safety groups, automobile manufacturers and automotive suppliers are all constantly striving to reduce accidents and make driving safer and more pleasant.

One of these suppliers, Auto Specialties Mfg. Co., Inc., of Saint Joseph, Michigan, has developed safer brakes for today's more powerful cars: Auto Specialties Double-Disc Brakes. These brakes, designed on an entirely different principle, have passed the severe braking tests of the leading car factories. Auto Specialties Double-Disc Brakes make driving safer, make drivers surer of their brakes. Their adoption by the car factories will be in keeping with the automotive industries' aim for safer and safer driving.

Drive down to your car dealer and ask when these safer brakes will be on his cars—and on the way down, be courteous, be careful . . . *think of the number.*

A 16-page, 4-color book, "The Stopping Story," gives detailed information about these brakes. It's free. Write for it to

AUTO SPECIALTIES
MFG. CO., INC.
SAINT JOSEPH, MICHIGAN



"I told you we should have invited the Thompsons."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Burning Hills (Continued from Page 19)

left him dead. In knowledge of the country and in numbers the advantage was all theirs. His trail across the flat would be obvious to any eye, but his direction along the wash would puzzle them for a while, and every delay was important.

His head throbbed heavily. His mouth was dry, his lips parched and broken. He had a fever; he could feel it. His wound would be dirty, and he could feel the gnawing agony of it constantly. His hands felt unnaturally large and his head was heavy and awkward.

When his horse crested the mesa at last, he looked back again. Faintly, far away still, a wisp of dust hung against the blue backdrop of the hills. A wisp of dust, and then another and still another.

The horse walked on. The mesa was flat, stretching away to infinity, broken by few rocks, and by a scattering of gnarled and twisted cedars, and by a few piñons.

The man carried a pebble in his mouth to relieve the thirst. Twice he dismounted and walked to relieve the horse of his weight, to let him rest. There was no telling how soon he might again have to make a break for it, and the horse's strength might mean his life. He walked several miles before he fell.

For a long time he lay where he had fallen, unable to summon the strength to rise. The wind stirred a wisp of hair against his forehead and the horse nuzzled him impatiently. His thoughts no longer clear, he got drunkenly to his knees and got hold of the stirrup, pulling himself erect. Somehow he got into the saddle and, of his own volition, the horse began to walk.

He worked his jaws, his brain throbbed heavily and when he shifted his gaze his eyeballs grated dryly in their sockets, moving with painful slowness. There were passages of delirium then through which were woven thin threads of sanity. He must rest soon. If he fell now he could not get up again. Yet he had done nothing but what any man would have done; nothing he did not have to do. Old Bob Sutton was dead; the old bull of the herd shot down in the dusty street, and his sons and nephews would never stop hunting until Trace Jordan had been tracked down and killed.

A few days ago he had been a wild-horse hunter with no troubles. When he and Johnny Hendrix had gone broke trying to buck a faro layout, they drifted west. They came upon a herd of wild horses, and for a month they lived on the country, finally trapping two dozen horses in a box canyon. One by one, they broke them and slapped on their brand, the JH, for Jordan-Hendrix. All were good stock, better than they had a right to expect from wild stock. Trace Jordan had gone off to find a market and to buy more grub with their last three dollars, for there were still a few horses they wanted.

A bartender remembered them in Durango and lent Trace Jordan money for supplies, and he returned to camp. Only there was no camp, and there were no horses. All were gone, the camp trampled out by the rush of horses, and Johnny lying dead near the water hole with four bullets in him and his gun gone.

The afternoon was still and hot. The sun glared down upon the basin, and Johnny lay with his face against the baked earth, and two of the bullets in him had been fired into his back while he lay sprawled on the ground. Whoever had done this had wanted to make sure. They wanted to leave nothing behind. Only they hadn't known about Trace Jordan.

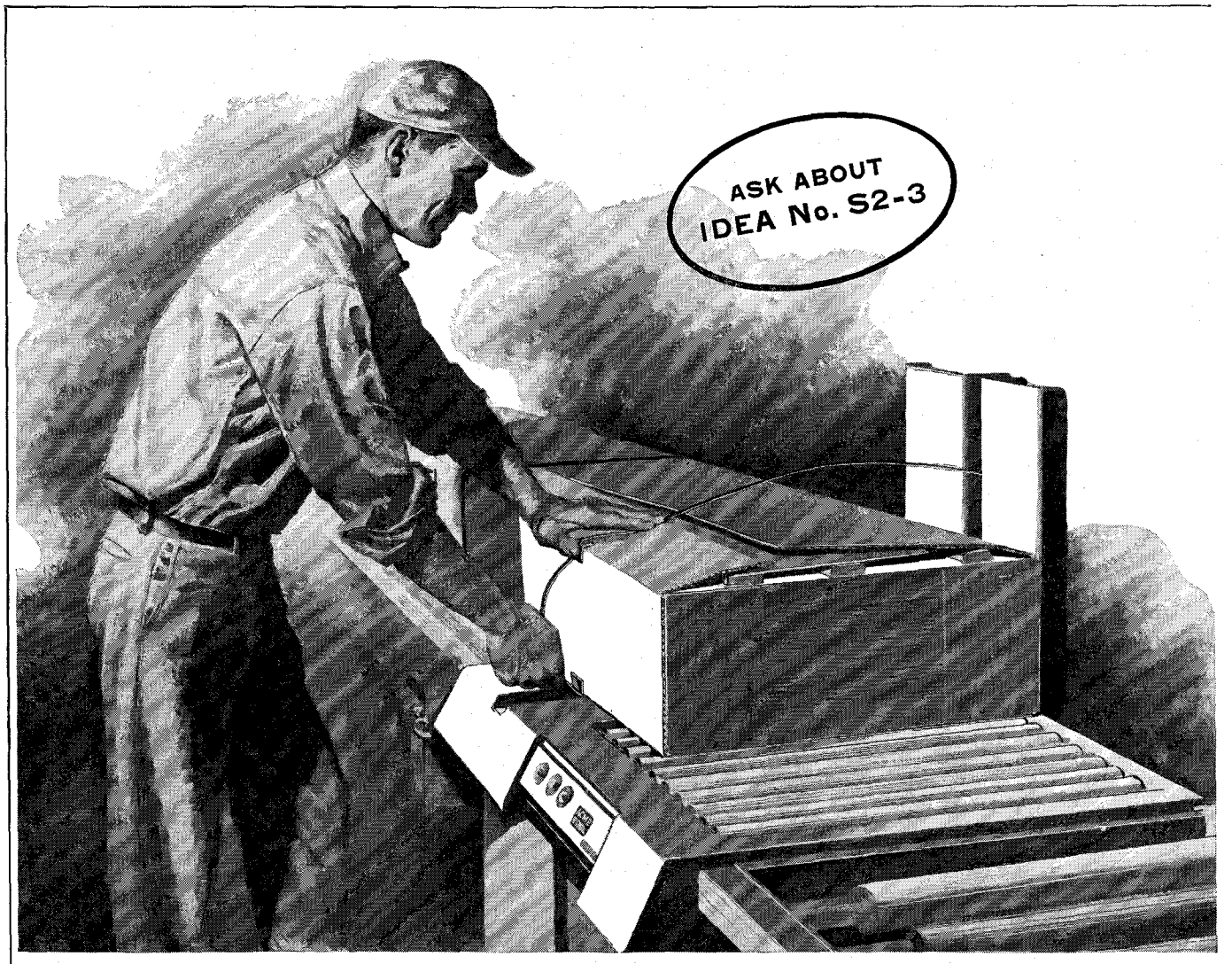
There were those back down the trail who knew Trace Jordan as a quiet, easy-going man. Hell on wheels with a gun, some said, a man who could follow a trail like an Apache. In the rough-and-tumble brawls of saloon and trail camp he was one of the best. He had killed a man in Tascosa who called him a liar, and he killed four Indians who trapped him in a buffalo wallow north of Adobe Walls. And a gunslinger had died of bad judgment on the Ruidoso. But Trace Jordan was a quiet man.

Slowly, taking infinite pains, he worked out the story of the fight. Six men had come in from the north. Spotting the horse camp, they had kept back in the brush along the creek and studied the layout. It must have been about noon. The spilled bucket lay near Johnny, and the frying pan lay on the ground near the scattered fire. They had come up, riding slow. Johnny had just filled the bucket and was leaving the spring—his tracks were cut deeper going away from the spring—and he had stopped as they rode up.

Twice in the days that followed, Jordan wasted time on streams, yet each time he found the trail again, and by that time he could identify the tracks of each of the six horses, and those of several of the riders. He had studied their tracks around their camps and around the trails, and by that time he knew something of their dispositions and manner of thinking.

One man rarely smoked more than half a cigarette. He occasionally took only a few nervous puffs, then dropped it. Another wore large-roweled Mexican-style spurs that left an imprint when he squatted on his heels.

After a week of such travel he rode into the street of (Continued on Page 139)



AIM* for centralized, production packaging with fast Acme Steel Strapping Machines

Dick Powers, Fort Wayne, Indiana, is another Acme Idea Man who is helping businesses to new cost saving ideas.

ask your *Acme Idea Man to help solve your problems

That was the objective at Overhead Door Corporation, Hartford City, Indiana. Idea No. S2-3 accomplished it! Previously, there were *three* packing stations—separate from each other—where garage doors were put up in wraps of scored, corrugated fibreboard and strapped for shipment with manually operated tools. Now, the same job is done at *one* strapping station on a continuous roller conveyor. Central point of the packaging line is Acme Steel's F1 Strapping Machine which tensions, cuts and welds steel straps *automatically.* Advantages? Lower costs, easier handling. Three men made available for other work. The package is compact, gives maximum protection, opens quickly. Customers say so, too.

Your Acme Idea Man is familiar with scores of new ideas in which steel strapping is used to ensure safe, fast shipping. His storehouse of ideas, his ability to adapt those ideas to your operation are yours without obligation. Call him for a complete analysis and demonstration. Consult your classified directory. Or write Dept. AB115 for information.

ACME STEEL PRODUCTS DIVISION

ACME STEEL COMPANY

2840 ARCHER AVENUE, CHICAGO 8, ILLINOIS • ACME STEEL CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

ACME STEEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Left: No. J5729—Grey Llama calfskin; leather sole, rubber heel. Center: No. J2201—Glove-soft grain leather; leather sole and heel. Right: No. J5214—Llama calfskin; leather sole, rubber heel.
(NOTE: These styles also available in brown to go with your brown or tan suit.)

Correct Jarman Styles

to go with your blue or grey suit

It's a fine feeling to *know* you're correctly dressed—it gives you self-confidence that actually makes you look smarter. Wearing shoes of the *right* style and color is vital to this smarter appearance. For example, you can be sure you're correct when you wear any of the above handsome Jarman dress shoes with a blue or grey suit. And you don't have to limit your choice to these three — your dealer has other Jarmans suitable for such wear. In addition, he has many styles to go with each of your basic outfits—dress or casual, whether blue, grey, brown or tan. (And we might add that all Jarmans are style-right for smartness, comfort-light for walking ease, built right for long wear.)

To help you know "which shoes to wear with what" your Jarman dealer has a free Jarman "Style-O-Scope" for you. With its "magic arrow" this handy new chart automatically shows you the correct shoes to wear at all times. And by telling what is *right*, it indirectly tells what is *wrong*—such as brown shoes with a blue or grey outfit. Why not visit your near-by dealer right away and select your smart new Jarmans for fall and winter. At the same time get your free Jarman "Style-O-Scope" and know that from then on you'll be *right in style* for every occasion.

Jarman

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 137) Tokewanna. It was a single dusty street with the usual clapboarded, false-front buildings, with several of adobe. And a man loitering on the street took one quick, startled glance at the brand on his horse and ducked into a saloon.

Trace Jordan swung down from his horse and loose-tied him at the hitch rail. Yet when he went into the saloon there was no sign of the man he sought. Trace ordered a drink and looked around at the three men playing cards; another man leaned against the bar. Trace Jordan glanced at his spurs.

"How about a drink?" The man moved over as he spoke. He was young, rugged-looking, a working cow hand. When their glasses were filled, he lifted his and looked at Trace Jordan. "Here's to you, and the trail ahead."

They drank, and Trace said quietly, "I may stick around for a while."

"My advice"—the young man was smiling—"keep travelin'."

The implication was obvious. To the man in the street the JH brand on his horse had meant something, and that had to mean the man knew about the killing of Johnny. He either knew or had been one of the killers. Obviously, in passing through the saloon, he had said something to this man. He was now being warned away, and that implied the six had friends.

"Had some horses stolen," Jordan said. "My partner was murdered. I trailed 'em here."

The young man was no longer smiling. He took the last drop from his glass and stepped back from the bar. "Depends on how much country a man needs."

Jordan waited the explanation, his eyes missing nothing in the room. The men at the table were alert and listening.

"Six thousand miles out there," the man said, "or six feet here."

The harshness of the trail had drawn him fine. He turned from the bar, a big, tough, lonely man, suddenly showing all the danger that was in him. The young man took a step back, suddenly wary.

"I already bought chips," Jordan said. "They dealt the hand."

He turned from the bar and went through the door, and then he saw the big old man coming up the street on the steel-dust. Trace had gentled that steel-dust himself. He had taken time with the horse. Next to the big red horse he rode, it had been the best of the lot. The old man had a shock of white hair. His eyes were fierce and commanding. When he stepped down from the saddle there was something of the king in his manner.

Trace Jordan stepped down from the walk and started across the street toward the old man, a tall man with an easy, woodsman's walk and the knowledge that he was heading right into trouble. Down the street a man stopped; another appeared in the entrance to the store.

The brand on the steel-dust had been worked over, and an excellent job. The JH had been turned into an SB.

The old man looked across the saddle at him, a strong old man with fierce, unrelenting eyes. "What's the matter? Lookin' for something?"

Remembering Johnny lying in the dried mud beside the water hole, Trace told him. "I'm looking for the men who stole that horse from me. He's mine. I caught him. I broke him. I branded him JH."

Quick temper flared in the hard old eyes. "You callin' me a horse thief?" He stepped around the horse to face Jordan. He was wearing a tied-down gun.

"I'm only saying that's my horse you're riding. He's a stolen horse."

"You're a dirty liar!"

When the old man's hand dropped to his gun, Trace Jordan shot him through the stomach.

Jordan looked over the smoking gun at two bystanders. "Walk out there and lift that saddle skirt, both of you." When they started walking, he said, "If there isn't a four-inch white scar under the saddle skirt, I'm a liar."

The scar was there.

"No matter," one of the men told him. "Maybe this is your horse, but that old man was no thief. You'd better ride before they hang you."

There was an instant then when Trace Jordan looked down into the dying man's eyes. "That was my horse," he repeated. "My partner was murdered when he was stolen."

All time seemed to stop while the old man struggled to speak, but blood frothed at his lips and he died. But of one thing Jordan was sure. The old man had believed him.

From up the street, a yell, "He's downed Bob Sutton! He's shot Bob!" And the doors vomited men into the street. Trace Jordan hit the leather running and took the big red horse out of town at a dead run. Behind him, guns talked, but no bullet hit him.

And now he was here, high on a sunlit mesa, dying in the saddle. There was nothing to see but distance, nothing but an infinity of far blue hills and nameless, mysterious canyons.

The mustang stopped suddenly, head up. Jordan turned painfully, searching all around, and in all that vast emptiness there was no living thing to be seen but a solitary buzzard. Heat waves shimmered the outlines of the junipers, but nowhere was there movement, nor any sign of life—and then he saw the tracks. The tracks of a pack rat in the dust, and the tracks of a deer. They led to the cliff edge and disappeared there. Why did that seem important? His mind fumbled at the puzzle, but the mustang tugged impatiently at the bit, and Jordon gave the horse his head. The mountain-bred horse swung at once to the cliff edge, and reaching it, stopped.

Below him was an eyebrow of trail that clung to the cliff face. To this trail led the tracks. Jordan tried to focus his thoughts on the trail. The tracks of a pack rat alone would mean nothing, yet the deer tracks on the same trail could mean water. And the smell of water would have stopped the horse, for the animal must be half dead with thirst.

Despite his condition, he realized at once the possibilities of such a place. His horse, bred to wild country and only a few weeks away from running wild, might take that trail. A wrong step could send them plunging a thousand feet or more to the bottom, yet those tracks might lead to water, and a deer had negotiated the trail. And what had he to lose? Going on was impossible. He spoke to the horse.

Momentarily, ears pricked, the horse hung back, but the urging of the rider and his own promptings decided the matter. The inside stirrup scraped hard on the canyon wall, and the outer hung in space, but the mustang, walking on delicate feet, went on down the trail, no more than an edge of sloping rock stratum, to a place some forty yards along where the trail widened to ten feet. Here Jordan swung from the saddle and trailing his reins, he went back up the trail on hands and knees, unable to risk walking in his weakness.

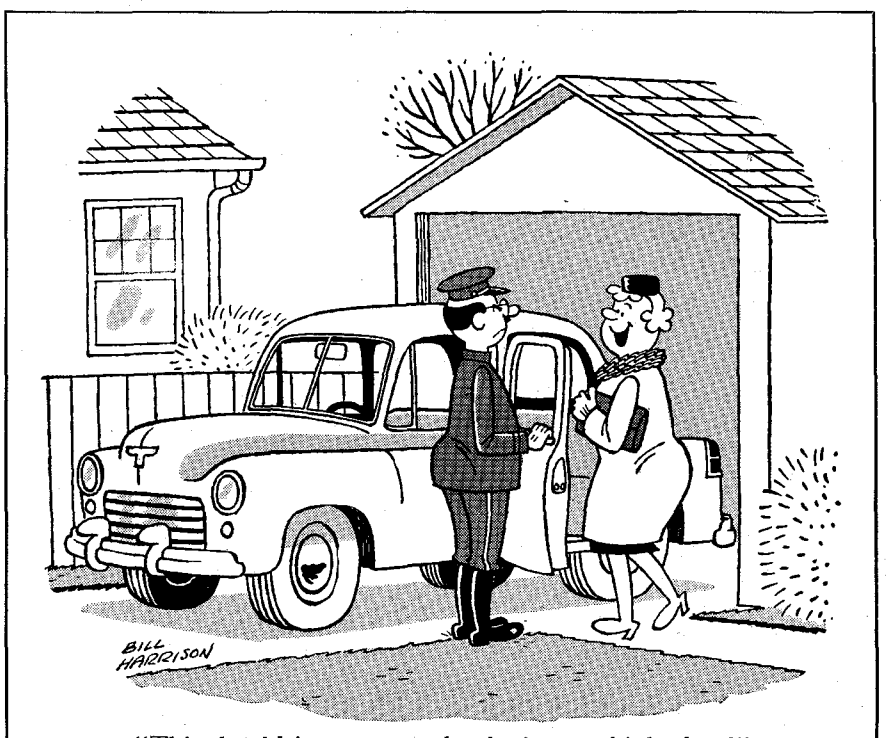
With a handful of bunch grass he brushed out the tracks leading to the cliff edge, and then, taking a handful of dust, he let it trickle from his hand and, caught by the wind, spray over the ground, leaving the earth apparently undisturbed. Then he edged back down the trail and climbed to the saddle.

Concealed from above by the overhang of the cliff, the trail became increasingly dangerous. At one point there was only slanting rock, but the big red horse scrambled across while Jordan sat his saddle, only dimly aware of what was happening.

Suddenly, after more than a half mile of trail, it ended in a half acre of shelf almost entirely overhung by the cliff, and entirely invisible from above. The outer edge was skirted by manzanita and juniper that gave no indication from across the canyon of the space that lay behind it. Here, concealed from all directions, was an isolated ledge, and at one side of the ledge, a ruin.

Without waiting to be guided, the horse walked toward the ruin with quickening footsteps—and Jordan heard the sound of running water. Almost falling from his horse, he staggered to the basin, where clear, cold water trickled from a crack in the rock to fall into a rock basin some dozen feet across. When he and the horse had drunk deep of the water, he rolled on his back and tried desperately to think.

Wrinkling his brow against the dull throb of pain, he went back over his trail in his mind. Not even Jacob Lantz would find it a simple one. Much of the mesa had been bare rock, nor was there any indication from above of this place he had found. Nor would any man in his right mind attempt the trail to it.



"This should impress people, don't you think, dear?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He drank, and drank again, feeling the slow penetration of the cold water through all his thirst-starved tissues. After a time he stumbled to his feet and stripped saddle and bridle from the horse, picketing it on the thick grass.

He would need a fire—dry sticks that would make no smoke. The ruin would shield the reflection. He must have hot water to bathe his wound. He must ——

A long time later he opened his eyes into darkness. Listening, he could hear no sound but the trickle of water. The night was cold. Crawling to his saddle, he fumbled at the knots and finally loosened them enough to get at his blanket roll. Wrapping himself in his blankets, he lay still, his head feeling like a great half-empty cask in which his brains seemed to slosh around like water. His lips were cracked by fever. Outside, a lone star hung over the rim of a far cliff.

Through the fog of his delirium, Jordan listened to the trickle of water. He must be careful—careful. His enemies might be far away, but in the still of a clear desert night, sound carries. And by daylight they would be all around, thirty or forty belted, blood-hungry men. And at dawn he must be watching that thread of trail, rifle in hand.

Pain gnawed at his side like a hungry rat. Such a little wound, but it needed care, it needed cleansing. His eyes found the lone star above the canyon's rim and held to it, and a long time later he slept. A pack rat appeared at the edge of the trail, peering curiously at the sleeping man; then went on, wary but unfrightened, to the water's edge. Out in the canyon a small stone, long poised by erosion, fell into the depths with a faint, lost sound.

On the mesa's top a long wind stirred, moaning among the junipers and fluttering the campfires of the searching men. A man had been slain, and it was the law of their time that the killer must die in turn. A coyote yapped at the moon, a weird cacophony of sound, suspended a moment, then scattered by the wind, and then the night under the lonely moon was voiceless and still. Only the water trickled and the hunted man moaned softly in his delirium and his sleep.

Through the day-long heat that followed the night, Trace Jordan wavered between delirium and a sick, exhausted consciousness. Shortly after daybreak he heard the drum of hoofs overhead, and later heard the riders return more slowly. He got his rifle and lay quietly, waiting. If they found him, some of them would die.

He had no animosity for these men, except for the six who had killed Johnny. The code by which they operated was his own, but it was his nature to fight. There was water here and he had two hundred rounds of ammunition. There was no food, so all he could do was to wait until he starved to death or died of his wound.

He dozed or became unconscious. Vaguely he recalled drinking and bathing his face and his fever-burned lips. He remembered getting sticks together for a fire to heat water in the bottom of an ancient jar found in the ruins. He removed the bandage to look at the wound. It was ugly and inflamed, frightening to see.

He never succeeded in bathing it. Somewhere along the line of his planning he lost consciousness again. When he opened his eyes again, his head was throbbing, his side a knot of raw pain. He wanted water desperately, but was too weak to crawl to it.

The first thing he realized again was a sense of movement where no movement should be. He listened, aware of danger, trying to place that faint, mysterious rustling—petticoats! But that was ridiculous.

He felt cool now, and comfortable. There was a dull throb in his side, but some of the stiffness was gone. His head felt heavy and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Acid Indigestion?
Heartburn? Gas?
Fix it
On The Spot
with handy TUMS
for the tummy 10¢

Now—to make sure you're never caught short—brand-new vacuum pack tin of twelve 10¢ rolls of TUMS . . . plus handy metal TUMS carrier. All just $1.00. Get one for your car, office, locker and medicine chest today.

Foot Huggers
by Wigwam

Snug, comfortable! They're e-l-a-s-t-i-s-i-z-e-d to fit perfectly . . . always! Ask for Wigwam "Foot Huggers" at leading sporting goods and department stores.
HAND KNIT HOSIERY CO., Sheboygan, Wis.
In Canada: Wigwam of Canada, Ltd., Ottawa
Wigwam Socks FOR EVERY SPORT

Now Many Wear
FALSE TEETH
With Little Worry

Eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of insecure false teeth dropping, slipping or wobbling. FASTEETH holds plates firmer and more comfortably. This pleasant powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Doesn't cause nausea. It's alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

DANCING'S DISMAL
WHEN CORN PAIN STRIKES!
Have fun! GETS-IT dissolves corns painlessly, pleasantly. Fast, safe help. Use GETS-IT. Liquid Corn Remover!

he did not wish to open his eyes. Something cool touched his brow, and he lay still, afraid it would go away. He tried to identify the sounds, fearing he was delirious or dying.

The trickle of water, as always. The horse cropping grass. A faint wind stirring among the junipers. There was a smell of sage and of woodsmoke. This was very close, but slight. He kept his eyes shut and tried to place the exact location of his gun. He had no friends within many miles, so anything here, man or animal, was dangerous to him.

The coolness on his brow went away, but he felt fingers unbuckling his belt, moving his shirt aside. Fingers cool and deft touched the wound, and then something comforting and warm was placed against his side.

He opened his eyes and stared up at the rock overhang. The coolness on his brow was a memory, but the pleasant warmth at his side remained. He looked down. A woman knelt beside him, but at first all he could see was a smooth brown shoulder from which the red blouse had slipped, and a wealth of intensely black hair. He was delirious—he had to be. No such woman could be in this lonely place. He was hiding on a wind-hollowed shelf in the face of a cliff, miles from human habitation. And then she turned her head and looked at him.

Her eyes were large and dark, ringed with long lashes, and in that first glimpse he found eyes that were soft with a woman's tenderness—and then that tenderness was gone and she looked away.

"How you feel?" She spoke abruptly, her tone giving nothing, neither friendly nor unfriendly.

He tried several times to speak before he could make his lips shape the words. "Good." And then after a pause he indicated the poultice. "Feels good."

She gave no indication that she had heard, but arose and went to the edge of the cliff, where, concealed by the manzanita, she looked into the canyon. He listened and heard nothing, and after a few minutes she returned to his side.

She had built a small fire to heat the water, and now she added some tiny sticks to the little flame. There was no smoke, almost no smell.

"Nice," he whispered. "Nice of you."

She looked around quickly. "I do it for a dog!"

And when she removed the poultice the gentleness was gone from her fingers. He watched her as she worked, liking the way her dark hair fell across her shoulders, the swell of her bosom under the thin blouse. Yet her features were sullen and without warmth.

"If they find you've helped me, you'll be in trouble."

"There is always trouble."

There was no strength in him, and he lay staring up at the overhang, and he must have slept, for when he awakened again she was gone. The fire was cold. His side was freshly bandaged and his face had been bathed, his hands washed.

There was nothing he could do, so he was glad no effort was required of him. Yet he could wonder about the girl, and it passed the long hours when he lay awake, with only remote sounds from the canyon or the distant cry of an eagle. She had been gentle when she believed him unconscious, but changed abruptly when she became aware of his attention. It made no sense. But neither did her presence in this place.

She asked no questions, so she must know what he was doing here. She was neat, her clothes not dusty from travel, so she could not have come far to get here. Yet if she lived nearby, the Sutton outfit must know her. Thought of the Suttons made him remember his guns.

Lifting himself on one elbow he saw that his saddle had been brought nearby and his rifle lay against it, within reach of his hand. His two pistols in their twin belts—the one he wore and the spare he carried—had been placed near him, their butts within easy grasp.

The opening of the path down the mountain had been barricaded with brush and branches, all dry, so the slightest noise among them would awaken him if he slept. Whoever the girl was, she thought of everything, and she could be no friend of the Sutton-Bayless outfit.

Yet how had she reached him if the trail was blocked? The thought of another approach worried him, and if the girl knew of this place, others must know. For the first time he gave careful attention to the shelf on which he lay. That part of the hollow exposed to the sun was thick with grass and there were some bushes and trees. Where he lay, no sunlight could reach, and no rain, unless blown by wind. There was grass enough for his horse, unless he had to remain too many days. Looking around, he found his tobacco and papers at the edge of the ground sheet upon which his blankets were now spread. He rolled a smoke, and when it was alight he lay back, drew deep, then exhaled.

The girl might be an Indian, yet she was no Apache and this was Apache country. Yet neither her facial structure nor manner impressed her as Indian, and her inflections were definitely Spanish. Few Mexican families were supposed to live along this section of the border, yet it could be.

It was very hot. He rubbed out his cigarette and eased his position. Sweat trickled down his face. His mouth tasted bad and he dearly wanted a drink, yet lacked the will to rise. Out over the far canyon wall a buzzard wheeled in wide, lazy circles.

No sound disturbed the fading afternoon, and across the canyon a great crag gathered the first shadow of evening. Somewhere a horse galloped and then the hoofbeats drummed away into silence and the heat.

Maria Cristina had heard the riders when they first came into the valley. No such group of riders had come to the canyon since her father's death, and it would mean nothing but trouble. When as many as a dozen men rode in a group in this country, it meant killing.

Turning from the sheep, she walked to the horse that dozed in the shadow of a cottonwood and took from a holster an ancient Walker Colt. Held at her side, it was concealed by the folds of her skirt. She had no reason to believe the oncoming riders were friendly. She was a Mexican and she owned sheep, but aside from that, she was the daughter of Pablo Chavero, who had died up the canyon to the west, fighting even as his blood wrote its epitaph upon the rocks. Listening to the sound of their coming, she could almost see the faces of the riders. Only the Sutton-Bayless outfit could muster so many.

"Juanito! Stay with the sheep!"

Juanito at eleven was already more like her father, and not at all like her older brother, Vicente. She walked away, her hair blowing in the wind, knowing why these men came, and she waited, standing sullen and lonely upon the hillside, expecting nothing.

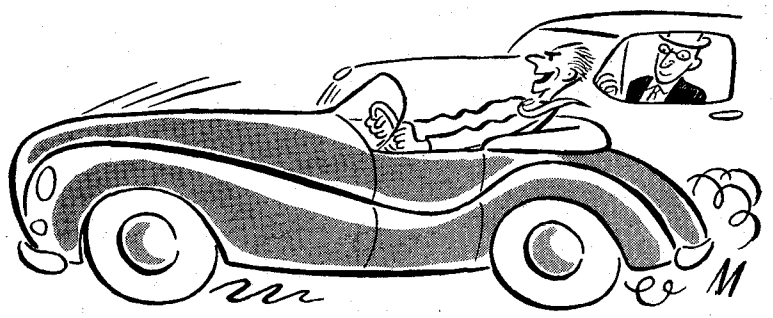
These would be the same men who had killed her father and driven them to this place. And now, if they could find him, they would kill the man who lay up there in the rocks, perhaps dying.

It was a vast and lonely land, and if her whole family were killed here, there would be none to ask why. Only the restless eyes of the men along the street of Tokewanna would catch fire less often, for she would not be passing, her skirt rustling, her hips moving with the faint suggestion she knew so well how to use.

It had been four years since she had a new dress. Just old things made over. It had been three months since she had been to town to look at the goods in the stores, to finger the cloth she could not buy.

To walk in the town was good. The men stared and made remarks, and the women turned away from her, their lips stiff, eyes angry. She was that Mexican girl, "no better than she should be." The women resented her because the men turned to look. Deliberately, she challenged their stares. She

(Continued on Page 142)



The Perfect Squelch

Uncle Dick's new neighbor bragged continually about his powerful imported sports car. He raced around with the exhausts roaring and narrowly missed having several collisions, including one with Uncle Dick. Whenever he approached, Uncle Dick, always courteous and safety conscious, pulled his modest 1949-model car to one side of the street.

One day as both men parked at the same time, the neighbor shouted, "Hey, Dick, when are you going to junk that buggy and buy a car? Why, mine has fifty per cent more horsepower than yours!"

"Maybe," Uncle Dick answered dryly. "But mine has 100 per cent more horse sense behind the wheel."

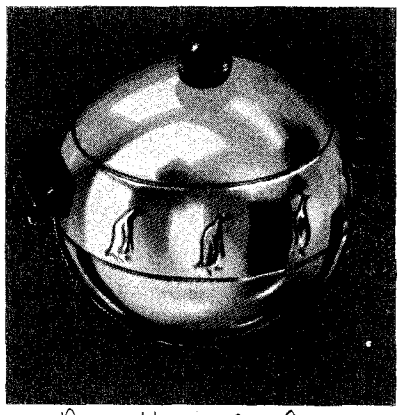
Raymond E. Hensel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everyone loves a gift...

especially for the home!

WEST BEND®



Penguin Hot and Cold Server

Serves you right — **two ways!** Keeps ice cubes frigid or hot foods at serving temperature. Chrome and stainless steel with walnut color plastic handles. 2 qts. **$7.95**

Canister Set

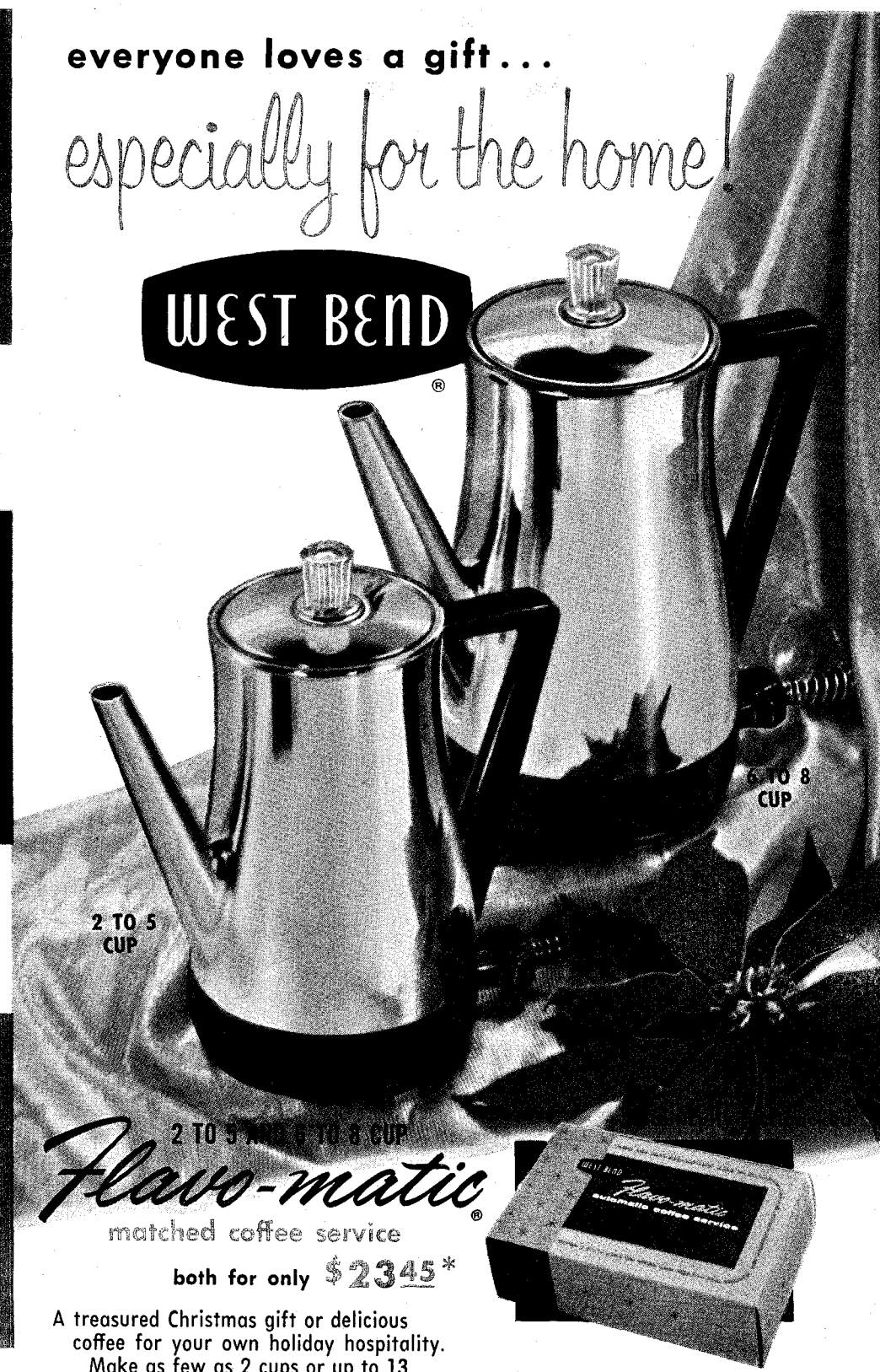
For pretty, well planned kitchens. Early American silhouettes of flour sifter, sugar bowl, coffee grinder, and tea pot identify contents. Copper-color aluminum, **$9.95;** polished aluminum, **$7.95**

Cake Humidor

Favorite cakes are kept fresh and moist by humidifier in cover. Extra-large size. Reversible tray is sandwich server. Polished aluminum, **$3.95;** copper-color aluminum, **$5.50**

Flavo-Seal Cookware

Triple-thick aluminum prepares foods with little or no water — seals in flavor. Dutch oven roaster, **$7.25;** large covered skillet, **$6.85;** 2 qt. sauce pan, **$4.50.** Other pieces, sets available.



2 TO 5 AND 6 TO 8 CUP

Flavo-matic®

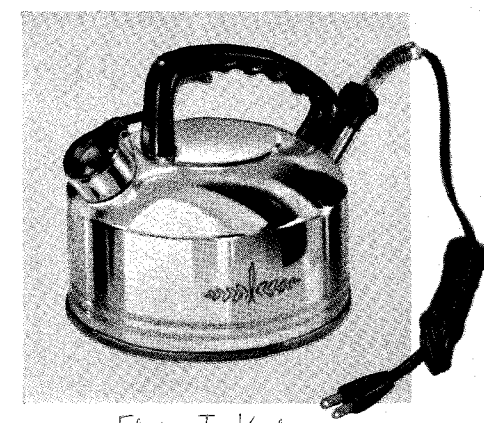
matched coffee service

both for only $23.45*

A treasured Christmas gift or delicious coffee for your own holiday hospitality. Make as few as 2 cups or up to 13 (using both coffee makers) for any occasion. **Fully automatic.** Gift-packaged automatic coffee service includes one 2 to 5 and one 6 to 8 cup matched Flavo-matic. Polished aluminum. Set of 2, **$23.45***

Fryer-Roaster-Server

For the delicious variety of deep-fried foods. Chrome and stainless steel. Includes large fry basket, filters, roasting rack, recipe book. 4 qt. **$24.95***



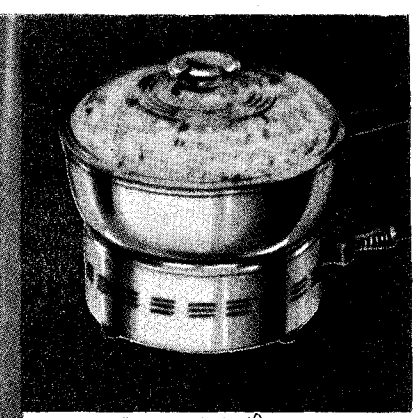
Electric Tea Kettle

Speedmaster plugs into any home outlet to make hot water. Doubles as steamer-vaporizer. Chrome on copper, **$10.95*** (non-electric Trig, **$4.95**)

INDIVIDUAL FLAVO-MATICS AVAILABLE

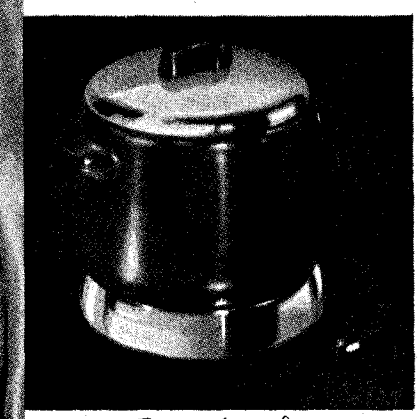
	2 to 5 cup	6 to 8 cup
polished aluminum	$10.95*	$12.50*
copper color	$12.50*	$13.95*
gleaming chrome	$16.95*	$18.95*

*INCLUDES CORD AND EXCISE TAX



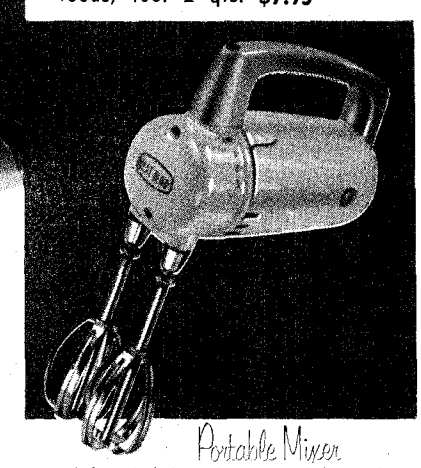
Electric Corn Popper

Pop your own party-time treat at home. Improved heating unit pops 20% more volume. No shaking or stirring. Heat proof glass cover. 2 qts. **$7.50***



Electric Bean Pot

Remember Grandma's baked beans? Make them yourself with modern day convenience in this ceramic pot that has a separate heating unit. Simmer cooks other foods, too. 2 qts. **$7.95***



Portable Mixer

Light, bright citron and pastel gray mixer keeps mixing uniform for best results everytime. 3 speeds. Mixes, whips, beats, blends. Stand up heel rest. Chrome plated beaters. **$19.95***

Stainless Steel Mixing Bowls

Gleaming trio for all mixing jobs — from beating an egg to mixing a cake — with ease. 3½, 1½ and ¾ quart sizes. Wide, easy-grasp rims. Good for a lifetime of service. Set of 3, **$6.95**

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO. • Dept. 57B • West Bend, Wisconsin

AT LEADING HOUSEWARES, GIFT AND APPLIANCE STORES; SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 140)

might hate them, but she was a woman. They despised her, but they wanted her too. Among the pale-faced women her dark beauty was an arresting thing. She knew it and liked it so. She knew that the something wild within her was felt by the men. She lifted her chin. They had beautiful clothes, but she was Maria Cristina.

They came over the crest of the knoll in a tight bunch; then walked their horses down the slope and drew up a dozen yards away. There were ten in the group, and all their faces were familiar.

Jack Sutton was the worst of them, recklessly good-looking, and a man with death behind him. He looked her over deliberately, insolently, head to foot. "You get better-lookin' every time I see you, Mex! By the Lord, someday I'll ——"

"Someday!" Her contempt was a lash. "Someday you get keel!"

Ignoring him, she turned to Ben Hindeman. "What you want?"

There was no nonsense about Hindeman. Shorter than the rangy Sutton, he was a blocky, powerful man, his broad jaws always dark with a stubble of beard. "You seen a wounded man on a beat-up red horse?"

"I see nobody. Who come here?"

Sutton was staring at her and she knew he wanted her, and deliberately, with every move of her body, she taunted him, hating him both for his contempt and for his desire. She was a Mexican and she kept sheep, yet she treated him with contempt, and it drove him to fury.

"If you see anybody," Jack Sutton said, "send that kid brother to tell us. Better still, I'll come back—alone." He looked her over, grinning, with no smile in his eyes. "I think you need a man."

She turned her eyes upon him. "Where is a man?" Contempt edged the insult. "You?"

Anger whipped his face. "Why, you dirty ——" He leaped his horse at her, but even as the horse sprang, Maria Cristina whipped up the heavy Colt, firing as it lifted.

The blast and flash of the gun made the horse jerk aside his head and almost fall, but a bright spot of red showed on Sutton's ear and blood began to well from it in slow crimson drops.

She held the Colt poised, her expression unchanged. "You go. Next time I no miss."

Unbelieving, Jack Sutton touched his ear and brought his hand away covered with blood. His face was white with shock.

Hindeman's eyes were glinting and he studied Maria Cristina with new attention. "If your horse hadn't shied," he told Sutton, not without an edge of satisfaction, "you'd be dead."

"Why, yes, Ben," Sutton's voice was low. "She would have killed me. That dirty sheepherder would have killed me."

Hindeman turned his horse and the rest followed. Jack Sutton turned in his saddle to look back. "Keep that gun handy. I'll be back."

As they crested the knoll one of the riders lifted his hand in farewell. It was Jacob Lantz.

From a pocket in her skirt she took a cartridge and reloaded the Colt. If Lantz had tracked the man this far there was danger. He was a queer, stoop-shouldered old man, more bloodhound than human. He never bathed, and prowled around the hills like a strange cat.

What could the man have done? To make them hunt him so, he must have killed a Sutton. Twice during the morning hours riders paused near the spring, and she gathered from talk she overheard that they were working all the canyons with care.

Juanito walked toward her, swinging a stick. "Who do they look for?" he asked.

She looked at him, her eyes warm. When she had turned back from her facing of Sutton she had seen Juanito get up from behind a rock. Only eleven, he was already like her father. He had been large-eyed and pale, but he had the rifle.

"A man," she said. "They look for a man."

"I don't want them to find him."

"Maybe they won't," she said.

A rider came down the canyon in worn buckskin breeches and a patched vest. He rode a ragged paint pony. It was her brother, Vicente, a tall, too-thin young man with a weak face.

She stared at him, feeling no kinship, wondering how a son could be so little like the father. Vicente could draw a gun faster than any other man she had ever seen—as fast as Jack Sutton, probably, who had killed eleven men. But Vicente had killed no one, nor was he likely to. He was a weak man, without courage.

"What do they do here?" he demanded. "For whom do they look?"

"You afraid?" she asked contemptuously.

"I am afraid of nothing!" He spoke loudly, glaring at her. "Why should I be afraid?"

"Why? Why, I don' know. Only you afraid. You always afraid of everything."

Juanito could not hold back the story. "Maria Cristina shot Señor Sutton."

Vicente was shocked. "You shot him?"

She shrugged. "In the ear only. His horse jumped."

Vicente stared at her. She would be the death of them all! They had little enough, but here they were left unmolested. Why could she not leave well enough alone? The business of gringos was the business of gringos.

Vicente remembered finding the body of his father. He had worshiped his father, and his father had been a strong man, and yet, for all his bravery and strength, they had hunted him down like a crippled wolf and left him dead upon the rocks. What chance then for Vicente?

He stared gloomily at the ridges, wishing they would find the man and go away. Maybe he was a coward. But he was alive and the sun was warm and there was music in the wind.

"I wish they would find him," Vicente said. "Then they would go away."

Maria Cristina stared at him, her eyes black and scornful. "You are a fool."

He started to reply angrily, then rode away, his back stiff with outrage. Did she not know he was the man of the family? To speak so to him! But he could not maintain the outrage, for it was she who ran the family affairs and he was afraid of her.

Maria Cristina stared after him, but she was already thinking of the other problem. Where could a man hide and not be found by Jacob Lantz? Yet even if there had been a safer place, to move now was a danger.

A man cannot be trailed who leaves no tracks, and as long as he could lie quiet on the shelf, he might be safe. But she must be careful—very careful.

It was Maria Cristina who led her family to this valley after the death of her father. She had learned of the shelf long ago, and went there sometimes to be alone. As far as she was aware, it was known to no one else. The Indians who once lived there had chosen the site with care. It was not an easy place to find.

She had bought the first sheep for them—she who tended them and saw to their shearing and the sale of the wool. It was she who insisted upon the strong, well-built adobe where they now lived. And she had sent to San Francisco for the few furnishings left after her marriage.

She had married a gringo cow hand when she was fifteen and after her father was killed, and with him she had gone to Virginia City in Nevada. There he struck it rich in the silver mines and they went to San Francisco, but drink and gambling broke him, and he died in a gun battle while drunk. Maria Cristina returned to her family with all the fine pride of her Mexican heritage and the memories of brief days of glory in Virginia City and San Francisco.

When she came the second time to the rock shelf, it was suddenly. A rustle of petticoats and a brush of a moccasin on a stone, and she was there. She had come up some trail from behind the ruin. She knelt beside him in one swift, graceful motion, placing a pot on the ground. It was a stew, still hot.

"Eat. There is no time for talk."

He ate hungrily while she removed the bandage and examined the wound. It looked little better. She bathed it and replaced the bandage with a clean cloth.

When he had finished the stew, she took the pot to the spring and washed it, then returned with a piece of cotton cloth wrapped around some tortillas and some strips of jerked beef.

"No fire," she warned; "they look for you."

She started to rise, but he caught at her skirt. She looked down at him, her face sullen, revealing nothing.

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" he asked.

"Do I ask this of you?"

"I want to know whom to thank."

"It is nothing."

"At least your name."

She said nothing, standing patiently until he released her skirt. She arose with a lithe movement and turned away, but he craned his neck to look after her, and said suddenly, without conscious thought, "You—you're beautiful!"

"I think you talk too much. You sleep."

Yet when she reached the ruined wall she stopped. She did not turn her head, but when she had stepped over the fallen stones she said, "Maria Cristina," and was gone.

He listened for some further sound of her going, but heard nothing but the trickling of the water. She was risking her life to come here. To most of the Sutton-Bayless crowd the fact that she was a woman would mean nothing beside the fact that she was an enemy.

Jacob Lantz was the man he feared. Lantz was a man with a reputation. He had been one of the mountain men, had scouted for the Army against the Indians, had hunted and trapped where his will took him. He had lived much with Indians, not only the Utes, who were his mother's people, but with Navajos and Apaches as well. He would watch the girl, knowing she lived nearby and knowing she was an enemy. The wounded man would need food and care, and if he was to get it at all, it must be from this family. And Jacob Lantz was not an easy man to outguess.

"Maria Cristina." He whispered the name, liking the sound of it in his ears. Spanish, certainly. Yet she moved like an Indian and there was about her an innate dignity as typical of the Indian as the Spanish. There was that dignity and a pride of person out of keeping with her surroundings. These things impressed him.

He checked his guns again. There could be no certainty for him. Every moment was a moment of danger. Each hour might be his last. He was leaving no tracks, yet the coming and going of the girl could not long remain unnoticed.

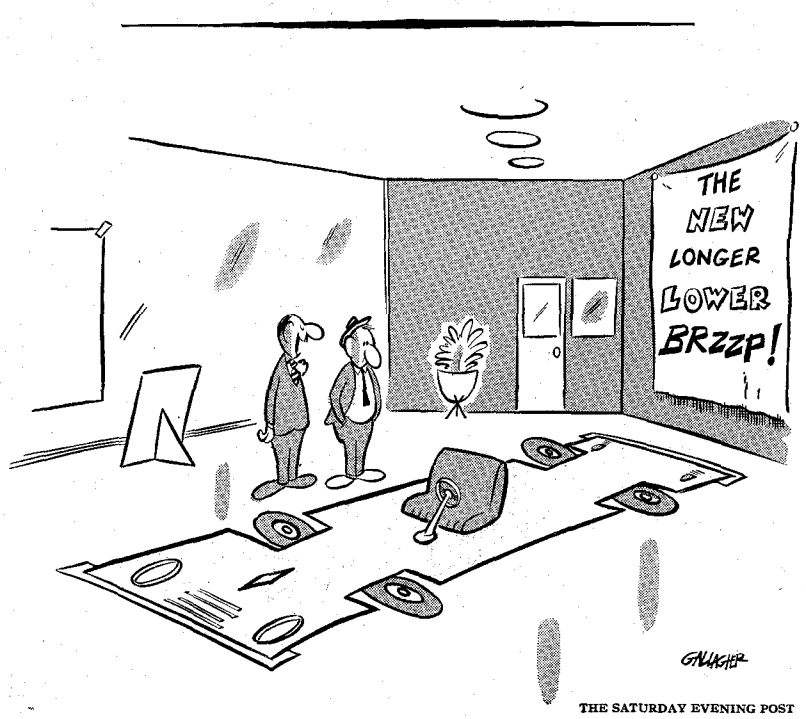
The food he now had was sufficient for a couple of days if he ate sparingly, and he knew he must. There was no telling when she could return. Or if she would.

Whatever path she used must be well concealed, yet the fact that his hiding place was known at all worried him. If found, he would have no chance at escape. It was simply a matter of killing until he was himself killed. He could only hope they would come when he was awake.

He lay back, staring up at the rocks. He was very weak and the slightest movement tired him. It must be days, even weeks before he would be fit to travel. And that was long—much too long. Again and again his thoughts reverted to Maria Cristina. A long time ago, in another life, he remembered women who had such poise and bearing. But that had been in the Tidewater region of Virginia when he was a boy. What could her blood line be? The *Conquistadores?* Or that even older lineage, of the Toltec kings?

At times he heard riders in the canyon or on the mesa above, so he knew the search continued. And again he watched the evening come, watched the shadows grow long, and waited for that lone star above the canyon's rim. Only tonight there were two. One hung in the sky; the other was lower down, somewhere on the mesa across the way, but this was a fire—the campfire of watching men.

TO BE CONTINUED



"If you're looking for a car that's years and years ahead in styling. . . !"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

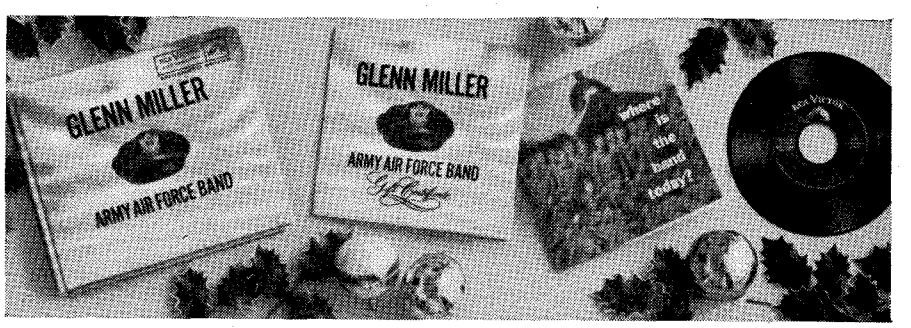
FOR THE BEST Christmas YOU'VE EVER HEARD
GLENN MILLER
ARMY AIR FORCE BAND
Gift Certificate
take the guesswork out of giving records
take one

RCA Victor Christmas Card Gift Certificates

take the Guesswork out of Giving Records!

New easy way to give the records they really want to have!

Self-Selection Certificate lets recipient choose any *four* 2-record 45 EP albums or *three* 33⅓ Long Play albums from full color de luxe catalog. Surprise *bonus* record! **$12.00**

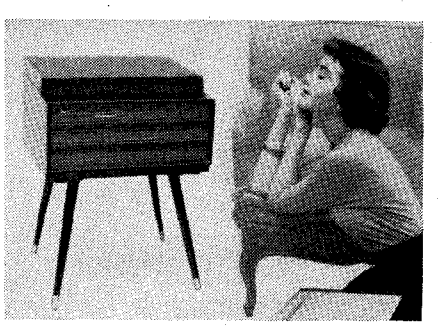


Send this Certificate to give the new Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band album of over 60 big-band arrangements never before on records! Recipient chooses fifteen 45 EP records or five 33⅓ records. Certificate contains "Where Is the Band Today?" booklet plus 45 EP record of four Glenn Miller selections not in album! **$24.95**

Buy either certificate at your record dealer, get stunning Christmas card and envelope *free*. Simply sign card, address and mail . . . or give to the recipient.

Recipient selects albums, and mails Certificate to RCA Victor postage-free. For Glenn Miller album, recipient just indicates speed, Long Play or 45 EP.

In just a few days, the albums will arrive by mail at recipient's door direct from the RCA Victor factory, packaged to insure perfect condition on arrival!



That's all there is to it! So simple . . . yet such a wonderful way to give the perfect Christmas gift — the music they want on superb RCA Victor records!

Nationally Advertised Prices

$2.98 and $3.98 Record Gift Card Certificates are also available at your nearest RCA Victor Personal Music Service Dealer. Ask about them at his store soon!

RCA VICTOR

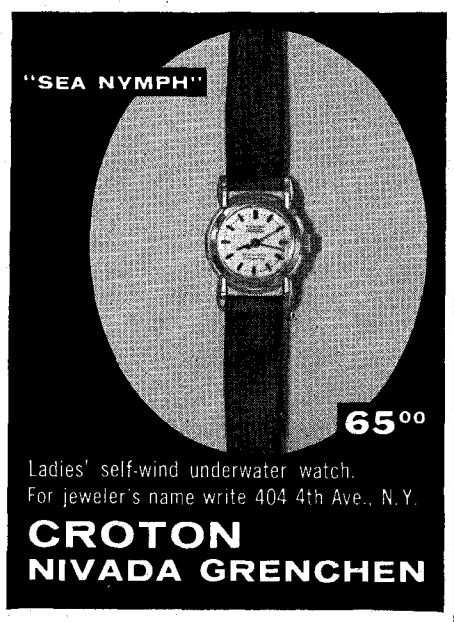
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Chap Stick' is the surest, quickest comforter for dry, parched lips

Using 'Chap Stick' regularly is more than a pleasant habit—it's the best way to keep your lips relaxed and refreshed. 'Chap Stick' is the all-family lip balm, handy pocket size, specially medicated, *antiseptic.*

And only 'Chap Stick' is Personalized*—the lip balm that's *truly yours.* There's an identifying mark for every member of your family.

Be sure to ask for 'Chap Stick' by name. *Refuse all substitutes.*



More people use

For more than 50 years 3-IN-ONE has been America's most popular household oil. If it works better with oil, it will work best with 3-IN-ONE.

"3-IN-ONE" OIL

Who Really Runs Chicago?

(Continued from Page 30)

Merriam functioned in Council as a gadfly, an opponent of waste, an enemy of corruption. As chairman of Council's so-called Big 9 Committee, set up to investigate the crime-politics alliance, he seemed the chief adversary of the Syndicate, as the criminal heirs of Al Capone are called. Uplift groups applauded him. But machine politicians said all he ever accomplished was to quarrel with people. Although Merriam had been elected by the Democratic machine, his relations with it steadily deteriorated.

For some time he thought of running for mayor as the candidate of a fusion movement embracing Democrats, Republicans and independents. After the 1952 presidential election he began meeting regularly with about two dozen friends—the young "amateur professionals or professional amateurs" who have become prominent lately in American politics. They set up a Merriam organization in the wards.

But newspaper editors told him he would get no support as an independent. Machine Democrats would not have him; he would not have them. Should he switch to the Republicans? Switching parties seems ungrateful, a sign of overweening personal ambition. It obliges one to work with men whom one has previously attacked. Merriam's Democratic friends, interested in Adlai Stevenson's political future, told Merriam that a Merriam victory as a Republican would do Stevenson no good. Merriam replied he would remain neutral in 1956—local elections and national elections were entirely separate. The Republicans were badly defeated in the November election of 1954. They needed Merriam. He needed them. He sought the Republican machine's endorsement, and got it.

Merriam hoped to create "a real fusion movement." His Saturday staff meetings were attended by a professional Republican committeeman, a former Taft leader, several Citizens for Merriam men, a bright young lawyer lent by the Independent Voters of Illinois—the local affiliate of the Americans for Democratic Action—a wealthy Republican corporation lawyer, and veterans of the Stevenson and Douglas campaigns. They were somewhat wary of one another.

Merriam ran in the Republican primary with no opposition to worry about. He spent the time presenting his program on television and getting acquainted with Republican ward committeemen and precinct captains. Having won, he tried to get the support of Mayor Martin H. Kennelly and Ben Adamowski, unsuccessful candidates in the Democratic primary. He was out every day at neighborhood luncheons and factory gates, out every night at ward meetings. He traveled in a new station wagon equipped with loud-speakers, tape recorder, mobile telephone and electric shaver.

Many of his aides had known him since college. Some were from the advertising or public-relations business. They produced literature by the carload. His television program opening, It's Time for Merriam, reappeared on billboards. Merriam used the slogan as a gimmick at ward meetings: he had a wrist watch with an alarm, and he would set it to ring twenty minutes after he began a speech, and when it rang, interrupting him in midsentence, he would look startled and say, "Oops—time for Merriam."

An advertising agency produced elaborate scripts for his television shows. Merriam dramatized what he considered the city's plight by pictures of a traffic jam, garbage heaped behind a tenement, hoodlums' bodies in the trunk of an automobile; and all the while a hired actor, or several of them, asked in sepulchral tones, "Is it safe to go out at night?" or other questions appropriate to the view offered the citizens. When Merriam discussed what the mayor could do for Chicago, an actor turned the pages of the Illinois statutes to find the mayor's powers.

On television the Sunday after the primary, Merriam set the tone of his campaign by attacking his Democratic opponent, Dick Daley, as "the machine candidate." Tonight, he said, he would present "evidence of the link between Chicago crime—Syndicate crime—and machine politics." He played a tape recording of a Syndicate gambler's attempt to bribe a Texas sheriff. (The recording had been made several years earlier by the Kefauver committee.) Merriam said the Syndicate dealt not only in gambling but in "narcotics, prostitution, the illegal sale of liquor to minors, 'B' girls, counterfeit cigarette stamps, tainted horsemeat."

Dick Daley contented himself with saying, "The Republicans are trying to portray me as a man who will unleash the forces of corruption on the city of Chicago. But my private and public life has been guided by my conscience and my God." He disdained to answer any accusations. The Democrats were confident. This was a Democratic town, and they had an organization.

But Merriam had three time-bombs to plant under the machine. One was the charge of vote frauds. A court held that his first accusation of fraud in the Democratic primary could not be sustained by evidence. But soon he had more evidence. His aides had mailed dummy letters to all registered voters in sixty-five strong machine precincts. Of the 31,986 letters, 2982 were returned marked: "Moved, left no address," "Unclaimed." Some addresses were vacant lots, some voters were dead. Merriam said that the results projected to a false registration of "ghost voters" in the entire city of 75,000 to 100,000. (This seems unreasonable—the sixty-five precincts were in the most disorganized slums of the city.)

Merriam's second time-bomb resulted from an accusation made during the primary that Alderman Ben Becker, Democratic candidate for city clerk, had profited from zoning variations he had obtained for his constituents. Now a Bar Association committee suddenly announced, after a preliminary inquiry, that it had indeed found sufficient evidence to warrant further investigation by commissioners of the Illinois Supreme Court. This was not a finding that Becker was guilty. Nonetheless, it made Becker a serious embarrassment to the Democrats. He resigned as a candidate, saying he was blameless. The Democrats replaced him with Morris B. Sachs, a wealthy clothing merchant who'd run with Kennelly in his primary fight against Daley.

Merriam's third time-bomb was the secret file of Council's Big 9 Crime Committee. Downey Rice, associate counsel of the Big 9, resigned on March fourth, because he refused "to be a party to a whitewash." Big 9 investigators had uncovered a connection between crime and politics, Rice said, but Democratic aldermen were suppressing it. Republican aldermen called a meeting of the Big 9, saying that Rice would reveal the secret files. A Democratic alderman vacationing in California flew home, which gave the Democrats a 5-to-4 majority; they kept the files secret. Rice commented, "The committee majority dropped an iron curtain on the evidence."

The News began publishing photographs which it said were taken inside Syndicate gambling joints. Merriam strove to tie the issue to his opponent, Daley. But Daley was

Do-It-Yourself Jobs Are More Fun and Easier in "Easy" Clothes

BESIDES pride in accomplishment enjoy the leisurely comfort of trim-fitting Anvilwear when you undertake those household tasks that assure more pleasant living.

If "any old thing" has sufficed in the past, experience the zest of better dress for the job.

For instance, a man's matching shirt and pants in tough twill and choice of masculine colors. For ladies a jaunty shirt and smartly modeled denim or twill Slimmerees, matadors or Bermuda shorts. Styles, fabrics, colors in almost endless selection to suit all tastes.

A practical, pleasant, surprising Christmas gift exchange between Mr. and Mrs. would be Anvilwear!

ANVIL BRAND FACTORIES HIGH POINT, N. C.

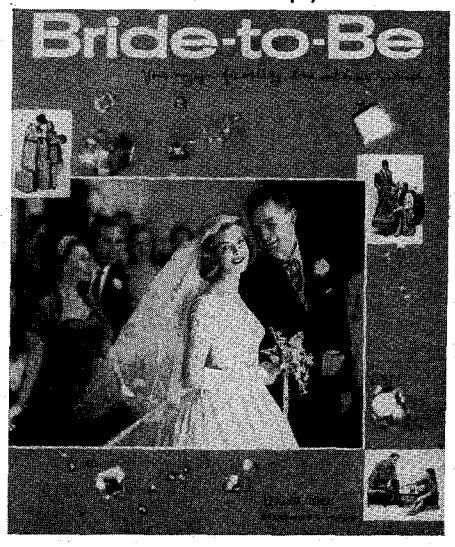
The *Complete* Answer Book for Brides!

BRIDE-TO-BE MAGAZINE

It's all here . . . everything you must know from your engagement through your first year of marriage including what to buy and where to buy it . . . at a store in your own area.

- Fashions for you—featuring a "Winter Blue" wedding
- Wedding procedure
- Sparkling new reception and party *ideas—complete with menus*
- Honeymoon tips—for north or south
- Guide to starting your home—china, silver, furniture, linens
- Budget and household suggestions
- Advice on marriage problems

You'll both enjoy



Now at your newsstand

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not directly involved, and herein lay the weakness of the issue from Merriam's standpoint. Suddenly, on March fourteenth, a Republican state senator announced in Springfield where the legislature was meeting, that his Senate Judiciary Committee would invite Downey Rice to testify on some pending legislation.

The Merriam campaign was rushing to a climax. The Tribune, which never had liked him, now endorsed him. So did the Independent Voters of Illinois, over the objections of some of its members that Merriam's campaign against Daley was "McCarthy-like," and that a Merriam victory would hurt Adlai Stevenson. The IVI never before had endorsed a major Republican candidate. Was fusion succeeding? On March seventeenth the Sun-Times announced the results of its first straw-vote poll: Merriam led with 50.9 per cent.

This was a real shocker to Daley supporters. The machine bestirred itself. Alderman Tom Keane said on television that Daley had seven children and they were all his own. (Merriam has been married twice, so has his wife, and two of their three children are his wife's children by her first marriage. Politicians thought Keane was making a direct play for the Catholic vote.) Liberals,

---

An old maid is a girl who outgrew boys.

JOHN J. PLOMP

---

feeling Daley was being attacked unfairly, rallied to him. Daley himself was staying off television, for on TV in the primary he had been ill at ease and clumsy. But nightly now he visited ward meetings, praising precinct captains as "the minute men of the Democratic Party," pitching frankly at the nationalities vote, accusing Merriam of "using the big-lie technique and tossing around wild charges," and promising always, "I shall conduct myself according to my conscience and my God."

As the final week opened, Republican senators in Springfield began hearings on some pending bills, determined to make the Big 9 crime files public. Sen. William J. Lynch, the Democratic minority leader and Dick Daley's law partner, blandly moved that the bills being considered be recommended immediately for passage without further hearings. The Republican senators were trapped. The bills were their own; they could not vote against them. They voted for them and adjourned. The Big 9 files stayed secret. Senator Lynch had apparently pulled the fuse on Merriam's biggest time-bomb.

And now on Tuesday night Merriam faced his climactic rally at the Chicago Stadium, the largest indoor arena in town, seating 20,000. Neither Eisenhower nor Stevenson had been able to fill it in 1952. If the place was empty, Merriam's campaign might collapse. But it was an immense rally, easily the biggest of the campaign. The crowd sat row on solid row.

On the stage, in accordance with an elaborate fourteen-page script, a pageant unfolded—a color guard; Miss America; some female acrobats; a "ghost voter"; Irish, Croatian and Lithuanian dancers; Italian, German and Polish singers; and a lot more. The Republican county chairman spoke, Merriam's manager spoke, and a Negro made a shrill and probably slanderous attack on Congressman William Dawson, the Negro Democratic leader, managing to weave into it a picture of Negroes who "rob, rape and intimidate men and women," and promising that "the better element of my race will rid the city of Dawsonism." At 10:10 P.M. Bob Merriam came down the long center aisle. He was surrounded by five ushers, but need not have been; he is not the kind of candidate who gets mobbed.

He began to speak. "Chicago is one of the great melting pots of the world," and quickly moved to a cultural plateau: "We can be proud of Plato, Aristotle and the other ancient Greeks who civilized all of us. We can lift our souls with the glories of the Hebrew Bible. . . . Smetana gave the Bohemians operas to enjoy with laughter and we can enjoy them too. . . . The music of Chopin is as familiar to us as to his Polish audiences," and he went on and on, reading very rapidly.

But the audience sat silent. It was not with him. Proceeding to the campaign, he slowed his delivery. He attacked the Democratic machine leaders. He called an unnamed one "a panderer." (Asked about this later, Merriam said he knew of no Democratic leader who had been convicted of pandering.) Daley's election would make Chicago a wide-open town: "It's a matter of common knowledge. Every policy racketeer in Dawson's wards knows it. Every strip-teaser and panderer boasts about it. Every single punk that wants to pick up a dishonest dollar knows it. Ask any cab driver. Ask any doorman at a night club." But he was reading mechanically. And the crowd was not responding. Some people were leaving the auditorium. Merriam looked tired long before he finished speaking.

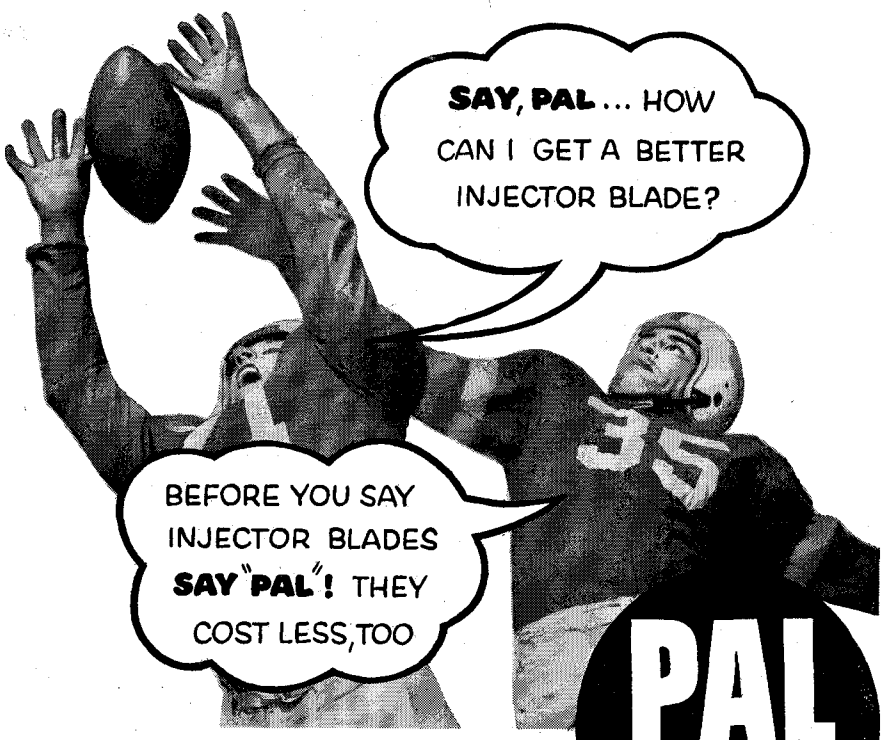
After the rally some of his supporters seemed discouraged. They had hoped Merriam would make a lofty campaign about the city's problems; instead he had merely harped on the crime-politics alliance. One said, "Somewhere this damn campaign got off the trolley. I think by now a lot of people would hate to see either candidate win." Another said, "The Big Nine files are our only chance. Merriam says he'll make 'em public if no one else does. I hope there's something in 'em."

And now the Democrats were operating with maximum effectiveness in the wards. "They're putting on a regular blitz," a Republican said. "They've been lying low, but now their signs are out and they're ringing doorbells every night, and you can see their money around everywhere. They're taking our captains away from us. They promised one fellow in my ward they'd use his trucks for city hauling, so he switched. I wouldn't be surprised if a dozen or more Republican ward committeemen were laying down. The Merriam volunteers and regulars are fighting each other. All these volunteers and better-government people are fine; I'm for 'em; they make the issues in the papers. But it's the precinct captains who win elections."

Scurrilous literature and vicious rumors began spreading through the wards. One leaflet distributed in Negro areas in Merriam's behalf said Daley was anti-Negro. In Jewish neighborhoods, Daley workers passed the word that Merriam was anti-Semitic; in other neighborhoods they said he was a Jew. In Irish neighborhoods they said, "You don't want a divorced Protestant for mayor, do you?"

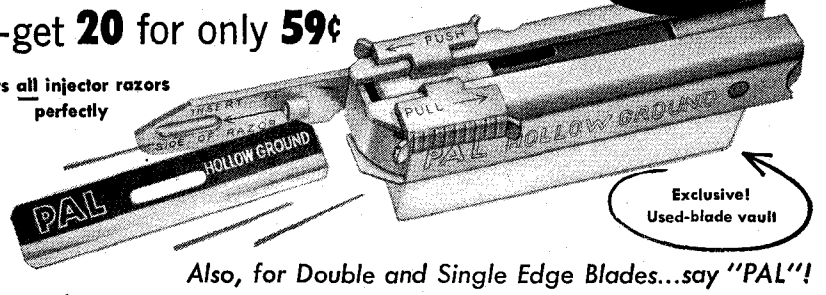
Now, in the closing hours of the campaign, Merriam was concentrating on the Negro wards, where the Republican organization was disastrously weak. In some areas it was said to be controlled by Congressman Dawson, one of the most powerful Democratic Negro leaders in the country. Moreover, the Democratic Party had appropriated the big issues among Negroes—housing and jobs. The Republican label had hurt Merriam. So had the bitter attacks on Dawson.

At eight P.M. on Friday, Merriam arrived at a bare store-front headquarters of the Citizens for Merriam in Dawson's home ward. Only eighteen adults and one child



Say "PAL"—it's the injector blade that's hollow ground —get 20 for only 59¢

Fits all injector razors perfectly



Also, for Double and Single Edge Blades...say "PAL"!

PRECISION ASR PRODUCTS

American Safety Razor Corporation
In Canada Pal Blades are made by Pal Blade Corporation Ltd., Montreal

Looking for a Special Christmas Gift Idea?
SMITH-VICTOR BAR LIGHTS

Model L41 $6.95

. . . make indoor movies 'come alive'!
Just mount the camera, turn on the lights and start shooting. Perfect for recording life's big moments . . . truly a wonderful gift selection.
Other models available from $4.95 to $14.95 at better camera dealers everywhere.

SMITH-VICTOR GRIFFITH, INDIANA
COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

HANDY Cooking Companion
FOR PICNICS, CAMPING, EMERGENCY USE

$10.95 COMPLETE

Gives you greater heat, greater fuel economy, more efficient operation . . . regardless of temperature, wind, altitude. Stores compactly in sturdy metal case; lightweight for easy carrying. Burns clean, safe, instant-lighting Propane fuel in *disposable* tank. No filling . . . no spilling. At dealers everywhere . . . The Turner Brass Works, Sycamore, Illinois.

TURNER CAMP STOVES

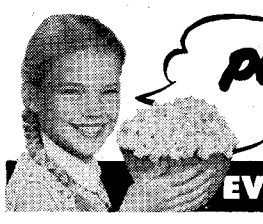
Gebhardt's
CHILI POWDER
the ORIGINAL chili flavor!

- The original blend of Ancho-Chili pods, sun-cured in Old Mexico.
- No salt or filler added! *It's all active* flavor!
- Grinder-fresh. Sealed in glass!

GOES TWICE AS FAR!

MADE IN Sunny San Antonio

Gebhardt's
FINE MEXICAN FOODS



POPS FLUFFIER-MORE TENDER... than any other pop corn!

EVERY KERNEL POPS OR MONEY BACK!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were inside. Reluctantly, Merriam went in. He made no speech, simply went around the room shaking hands, followed by a beautiful child holding a box which she had intended to use to take tickets at the door. A woman in charge kept saying, "It's too early." Merriam nodded and left, saying irritably, "I'm going down to the Fifth Ward."

The 5th was his home ward, and he seemed to turn to it now for solace. The meeting was packed, the audience cheered him. Feeling better, he went to a regular 6th Ward Republican meeting. About 400 well-dressed Negroes listened to him attentively, though silently. He accused Daley of "double talk" on the prolonged racial disturbance at the Trumbull Park Homes housing project. But Merriam did not say what policy he would adopt at Trumbull Park, if elected.

He didn't get to his next meeting, a Republican 2nd Ward organization meeting, till 10:30, but the crowd had stayed, held by singing and oratory—maybe 200 people packed into a small, dingy room. They clapped and cheered when Merriam said, "We're going to win on April fifth." Warming, he said, "Things are in very good shape and the job remains to see that we get out to the polls on election day and get every last live vote," and they yelled and cheered. "There may be some ghosts around, but they're not going to haunt us, believe me," and the crowd roared. "I personally am going to be touring the wards, and if I have to drag some of the ghosts myself out of the polling places I'll do it," and again the crowd broke loose.

The cheering warmed him, he was putting heart into this speech. "Look around you in this neighborhood. This has been one of the strongest Democratic wards in Chicago. Have you got the best services?" "No!" roared the crowd. "Have you got good police protection?" "No!" "The kind of street cleaning you need?" "No!" "The kind of garbage collections?" "No," and one man cried in a reedy voice, "We haven't got nothin'."

Merriam said, "Only one group has benefited—the fat cats at the Morrison Hotel," and again they roared; the words "fat cats" had touched them off. He criticized the Democratic record in Council on racial issues; this got no applause. But the crowd responded again when he repeated that the election might be stolen. A "fighting candidate" seemed to be what they wanted, and he went on and on, loath to leave so fine an audience.

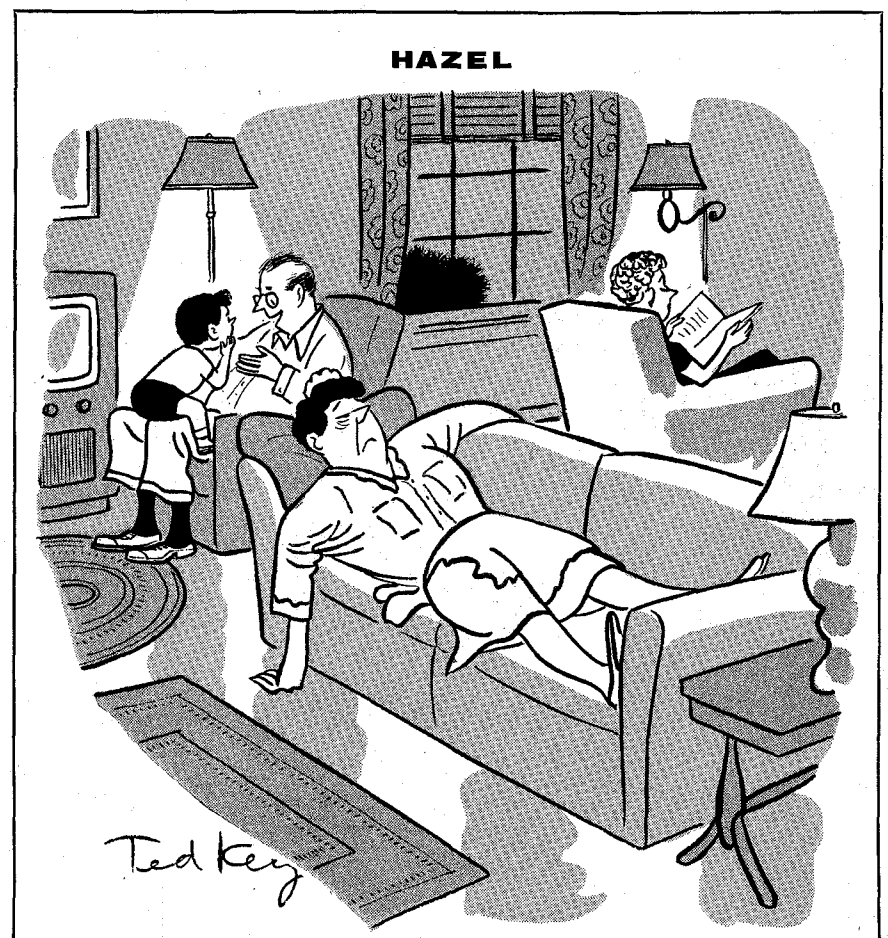
On Saturday the News began publishing material from the Big 9 crime files. So did the Tribune on Sunday. That night Merriam was on television, assailing the "clever parliamentary maneuver" of Senator Lynch. He said, "They've asked for evidence. Here it is." Using a pointer, he traced crisscrossing lines on a map of the city and said they represented telephone calls between Democratic politicians and handbook operators or other Syndicate men. He gave names and addresses. But the revelations were old stuff; they did not shock.

For the Democratic machine this last Sunday was all-important—the day the precinct captains had to canvass. Arthur X. Elrod, 24th Ward committeeman, left his fancy lakeshore apartment about noon and drove to the ward he runs to check on his captains. The 24th is the pre-eminent Democratic ward in Chicago, the cradle of the machine. This ward never has gone Republican. Adlai Stevenson carried it against Eisenhower by 25,000.

Arthur X. Elrod is a pale, expressionless, well-barbered man in a black suit and black hat who winters in Florida and summers in Michigan. Born fifty-five years ago in the old Jewish ghetto, the son of Russian immigrants, he has a profitable real-estate-and-insurance business and is a county commissioner. Elrod raises between $20,000 and $40,000 annually for his ward charity fund. He gives it to churches and organized charities to build good will, and to needy voters in the ward. He keeps elaborate ledgers showing who gets each dollar. "At election time we refer back to our files; then we go out and ask them to reciprocate by voting for our man. That's all there is to it."

Now, on Sunday, Elrod toured the ward in a big red convertible with the top down. He sat beside the driver, a big cigar clamped between his teeth. The ward's alderman sat in back. On the sidewalks children skipped rope and men and women lounged on the front steps of dilapidated houses. This end of the ward was entirely Negro.

Elrod said, somewhat wistfully, "Time was when we'd go by here and a hundred people'd wave their hand and say, 'How are you, commissioner?' That was six, seven years ago."



". . . and that's why we have a Thanksgiving."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The ward used to be almost entirely Jewish. Now it is almost entirely Negro. Yet Elrod has only six Negro precinct captains. How has he kept control? "The color changed, but the type of people did not." When a white family moves out of a flat, the landlord notifies the precinct captain. As soon as a Negro family moves in, the captain calls on them and helps them get settled.

The organization gives money to Negro churches; Negro ministers refer parishioners with problems to the organization. Soon Elrod will turn the organization over to Negroes of his choice. He is proud that his ward is one of the few in the city that have absorbed a heavy Negro migration with no serious racial disturbance.

On a street corner a tall thin captain was hawking Daley literature. He had a Daley poster stuck into his hatband, and when he saw the convertible he hastened to it, saying rapidly, "I've made every house with the literature; I got a little machine I made so they'll understand better what to do when they go to the polls," and he showed Elrod a miniature replica of a voting machine.

Elrod, handing it back without much interest, said, "How many will Merriam get?"

"He won't get twenty-five."

Elrod said to his driver, "Go on," and the big car moved ahead. He pointed with his cigar to the flat buildings. In this block every window had a Daley sign. Elrod read them softly, "Daley, Daley, Daley, Daley. How can Merriam get a vote?" The signs indicated how active the precinct captains had been. Captains beg constituents to put signs in their windows to impress Elrod.

They found another captain and inquired about his helper. "He's in his car," the captain said.

Elrod said sharply, "He's in his car? Who's he going to find in his car?"

Rain had been forecast, but election day turned out fine. Experts predicted Daley would win. Everybody agreed that Merriam's only chance lay in a tremendous outpouring of indignant voters in outlying residential wards. Starting at 5:30 A.M., Merriam spent the day touring polling places in the "worst" wards, to prevent vote frauds, he said. He found none. The election was quiet. He went to his campaign headquarters at 6:10 P.M. to receive the returns.

The polls had been closed only an hour, but already it was virtually certain he had lost. A few of his aides began to slip quietly away. Merriam looked at a blackboard where a man was chalking up returns—1634 precincts gave him 210,743, Daley 270,356. Merriam said, "It doesn't look good, but you can't tell." A voluble precinct worker told him at great length how hard he had worked today. Merriam listened patiently.

Over at the Morrison Hotel, the Democrats cheered loudly at the latest returns. The bar was busy, the crowd packed tight. A rumble swept the crowd at 8:30: "He's coming in!" and Daley appeared, looking bland and pleased, surrounded by guards and friends. He made a victory statement: "I promise no miracles—no bargains—but with unity, co-operation and teamwork we will continue to build a better city for ourselves and our children." He concluded, "As mayor of Chicago, I shall embrace charity, love mercy and walk humbly with my God"

The campaign had cost well over $1,000,000, counting money spent by labor unions. Merriam made public accounting of his expenses, totaling $409,000. Daley said he spent about $500,000.

Daley got 708,222 votes, Merriam 581,555. Who elected Daley? He carried twenty-nine wards, Merriam twenty-one. The central core of the city piled up huge majorities for Daley. His strength held as he moved west and south; southwest it held to the very limits of the city. He got the Catholic vote. He ran best in the slums, but he did well nearly everywhere that workingmen live. Merriam's best wards were inhabited by white-collar people who own their homes. He cut heavily into the Jewish vote, and ran well in the Polish wards.

But while Merriam received over 60 per cent of the vote in only five wards, Daley got 60 per cent in twenty wards; and in five wards Daley got over 80 per cent of the vote. One way of looking at the election—a slightly pro-Merriam way—is this: Dawson's five Negro wards gave Daley a 50,000 majority, eight West Side wards gave him 100,000 more; and that was more than enough. But it should be remarked that Daley ran almost even in the rest of the city—areas not controlled by Dawson or the West Side bosses.

Daley's victory raised the question whether the Republicans can ever elect a mayor in Chicago, in the absence of some national Democratic disaster comparable to the Republican disaster of 1932. The campaign proved the power of the machine. But more, it proved that thousands of Chicagoans who don't consider themselves adherents of the machine vote Democratic. The machine not only controls votes; it appeals to voters. And all the factors of social change in the city appear to favor increases in the machine's strength. Artie Elrod has said, "Twenty years from now there'll be nothing but minority groups here in Chicago, except along the lakeshore." The Republicans, he thinks, can appeal only to the lakeshore.

The campaign had not been very original. Neither candidate faced up to a single difficult problem—what to do about race trouble in Trumbull Park, for example. Neither made much use of his wide knowledge of municipal affairs. Merriam came up with no evidence of corruption that touched Daley. Daley is a decent man. The shriller Merriam became, the better Daley looked with his promise to be "guided only by my conscience and my God." Jacob Arvey, the Democratic leader, thought Merriam might have won with a "high-level" campaign as an independent. Daley's campaign was a masterpiece of professional politics. Its timing was perfect, as Merriam's was not. So was its strategy of not answering Merriam's charges. The Democrats outmaneuvered Merriam at every turn.

After the election, Daley stayed on as county chairman. He ran the city and the machine firmly. During his first few months in office, he launched no spectacular programs, made no sensational news, but seemed to be governing quietly and well. His appointments were good. With the Republican governor he worked out and got enacted a tax program, long stalled in the legislature, that solved the city's financial problem. He took steps to make good on campaign promises, such as one to hire additional policemen, though fewer were hired than he had proposed. Chicago did not become a wide-open town, as Merriam had predicted. Late on election night Arvey had said, "Dick Daley has a great opportunity and he can be a great mayor. He will be too." He started well.

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Martin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

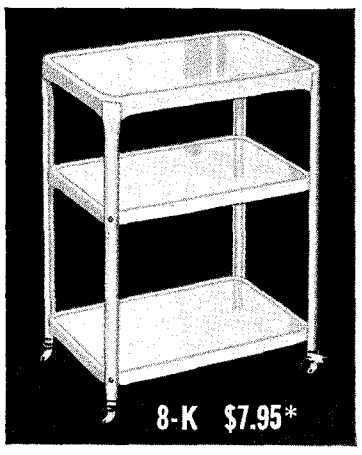
Put a bug in his ear that you want COSCO®

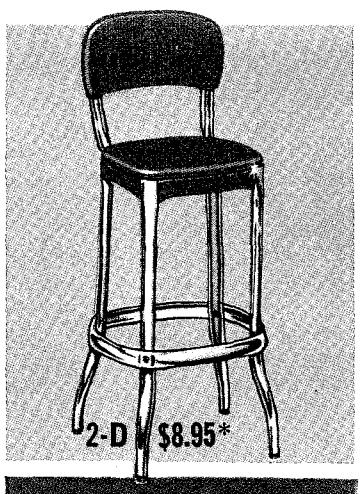
● He'll get it for you at the drop of a hint . . . the most *useful* gift under your tree . . . a Cosco Stool or Cart that will lighten your work and brighten your home for years to come! Thirty-two matchless models in all . . . smartly styled, sturdily constructed . . . priced from $3.45* to $19.95* . . . available at department, furniture and hardware stores, in a host of colors to match the festive holiday season. Drop that hint right away . . . and make it clear that you want Cosco, the *quality* line of metal household furniture!

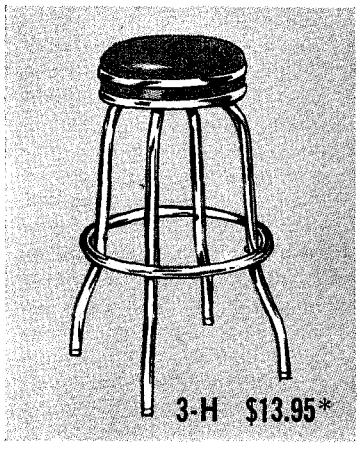
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if not as advertised therein

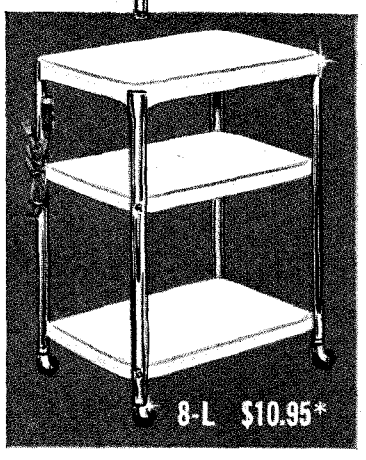
HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CORPORATION • COLUMBUS, INDIANA

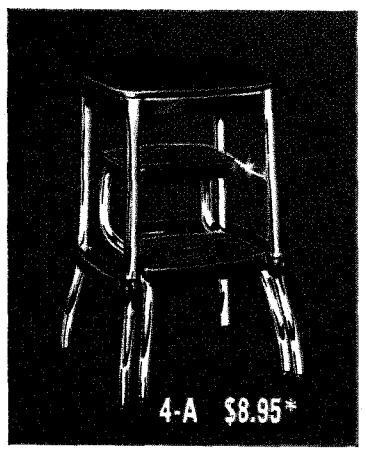
Makers of COSCO Metal Household Furniture

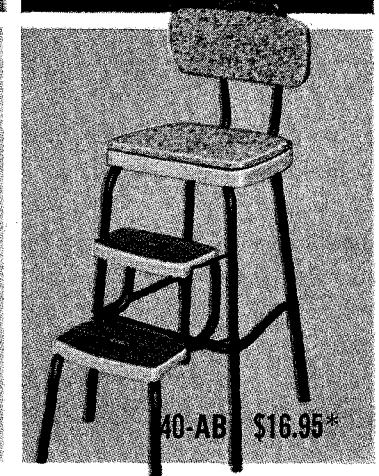












8-W Tray Cart: Top doubles as serving tray! 29½″ high, 16½″ x 23½″. Black enamel or chromium legs; five-ply COSCOAT wood-grain finish, four colors. **4-M Step Stool:** Seat, 24″ high. Rubber-treaded "swing-away" steps. Comfort-padded. Chromium or black enamel finish; washable Duran upholstery, five colors. **8-K Utility Table:** 29¾″ high, 16″ x 22″. All-enamel finish, three colors. **8-L Electric Utility Table:** Double outlet, heavy-duty power supply cord. 29¾″ high, 16″ x 22″. Chromium legs; enamel finish, four colors. **8-F Utility Cart:** 29½″ high, 16½″ x 23½″. Chromium legs; enamel finish, four colors. **82-A Folding Serving Cart:** 27⅜″ high, 14″ x 27″. Folds 4¾″ flat! Chromium or black enamel legs; enamel or five-ply COSCOAT wood-grain finish; five colors. **8-T Drop Leaf Utility Cart:** 29½″ high. Top, leaves down, 16½″ x 23½″; leaves up, 23½″ x 40½″. Chromium or black enamel legs; five-ply COSCOAT wood-grain finish, four colors. **3-H Bar Stool:** Revolving, comfort-padded seat, 30″ high. Chromium finish; washable Duran upholstery, five colors. **2-D Kitchen Stool:** Comfort-padded seat, 24″ high. Chromium legs; washable Duran upholstery, four colors. **4-A Step Stool:** 24″ high. Rubber-treaded "swing-away" steps. Chromium legs; enamel finish, three colors. **4-C Step Stool:** Seat, 24″ high. Rubber-treaded "swing-away" steps. Chromium legs; enamel finish, three colors. **40-A Posture Step Stool:** Back adjusts three ways for comfort! Rubber-treaded "swing-away" steps. Comfort-padded seat, 24″ high. Black enamel or chromium legs; Duran upholstery, five colors.

*Slightly higher Colorado and west, and in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You won't mind Cold —in your DUOFOLD!"

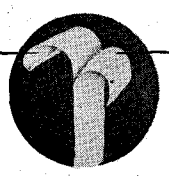
says Louis Bromfield

... Pulitzer Prize Winner, author of "FROM MY EXPERIENCE: Pleasures and Miseries of Life on a Farm."

Protect yourself with

Duofold 2 layer HEALTH UNDERWEAR

Cold weather health and comfort begin right next to your skin! Get into Duofold — and enjoy the insulating protection of this modern, two-layer underwear. Only the soft cotton inner layer touches your skin — all the warm wool is in the outer layer, where it can't itch!



For all the warmth you want outdoors... all the comfort you want indoors — without the weight or itch of old-fashioned "heavies" — try Duofold Underwear. All popular models; also sports models in Sun Valley Red or White for men, women or boys; Peppermint Candy Stripes for the ladies! At better stores everywhere, or write... Duofold, Inc., Mohawk, N.Y.

In shrink-resistant union suits or shirts and longs

For cold-weather comfort,

Begin with your skin

Keeping Posted

We Have With Us the Two-Continent Martins

Peter Martin and gold miners a mile underground in Africa.

Another literary Martin has taken off on his own. Not long ago, Pete Martin and his son Peter did a double by-line Post piece on Dartmouth College, from which the young chap had just been graduated—the old chap had emerged from the University of Pennsylvania not at all recently. Now observe them continents apart, the father consorting with Arthur Godfrey on page 32, the son busy in Africa on page 40. How swiftly the young folks sprout up and wax independent.

To begin with Martin *père* and the celebrated redhead of TV and radio, they did their work down on the farm, if that's an adequate term for Godfrey's gracious country acres at Leesburg, Virginia. The man whose autobiography is whipping up such keen attention has so many irons in so many fires that those Martin-Godfrey talkfests had a catch-as-catch-can flavor, mostly being packed into long weekends. Martin also worked between catches, you bet; what with collecting supplementary data all around the country, organizing material, writing, and, with Godfrey, reviewing, revising and re-revising, a solid six months were sweated out on the project. Result: Godfrey was happy about having really told his own story for the first time, and Martin, happy that co-workers felt he had added another triumph to his as-told-to series, took some deep breaths and departed for Hollywood to gather words about somebody else, a writer's work never being done.

Meanwhile, Martin the younger, not knowing he was going to do a Post piece about Johannesburg, South Africa, was learning all about the place by living there. The idea came after the research, which happens to writers pretty often. The young man, accompanied by his wife, Julie, was studying Africa on a Ford Foundation grant; so in spare moments he wrote the story in Rhodesia, Uganda, Belgian Congo and the Gold Coast, and had the check for same deposited in St. Louis, Missouri, where in ante-African days he had been working on the Post-Dispatch. Today the young Martins are New Yorkers; there the breadwinner is evincing winning ways on the editorial staff of Time magazine.

Peter, in his photo, is compressed into a three-foot stope (hole in the ground) in a gold mine 6000 feet under Johannesburg, which puts him about at sea level, as Johannesburg is about 6000 feet up. Photographer Millard Shirley, who apparently found himself a roomier stope, comments that if Peter looks uncomfortable, he is—he had inadvertently torn out the seat of his pantaloons and was resting on some sharp rocks.

The Archibalds, the Cats and the Brooklyn Dodgers

Joe Archibald, whose first Post story on page 31 is full of Brooklyn Dodgers, complains that during the final game of the World Series this fall, his two cats ran away, which he thought showed poor taste. He and Mrs. A. are frenetic worriers in favor of the Bums, which you might say shows unusual taste, too, as they live in Port Chester, New York, not many home runs' distance from Yankee Stadium. Originally, the Archibalds acquired a cat which they named Rhubarb, because that sort of tied in with the baseball club of their adoration; then one day a cat to whom they had never been introduced cried aloud on their front steps, and was admitted. Although the stranger was obviously a Bum, this one, to complement Rhubarb, was titled Soda. Perfect Dodger mascots—and yet during the great racket in the Archibald home that baseball afternoon, both fled their bed and board. "Well," Archibald glumly changes the subject, "I used to be a sports cartoonist and writer for United Features in New York, and since then have sold seven million words of popular fiction, this output including nine juvenile books. When the cats got hungry, they came home."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Men With Deadly Dreams"

Men go to bed in sound health—and dream themselves to death. From Hawaii a doctor reports on one of the most puzzling mysteries known to medical scientists.

Now You Can See It

Memo to the folks who had a good time last June with Vern Sneider's Post serial, End of the Rainbow: it has been converted into a TV play for presentation on Robert Montgomery Presents, and, barring a late change of plans, scheduled for November twenty-eighth.

He Snaps His Camera Then Runs for His Life

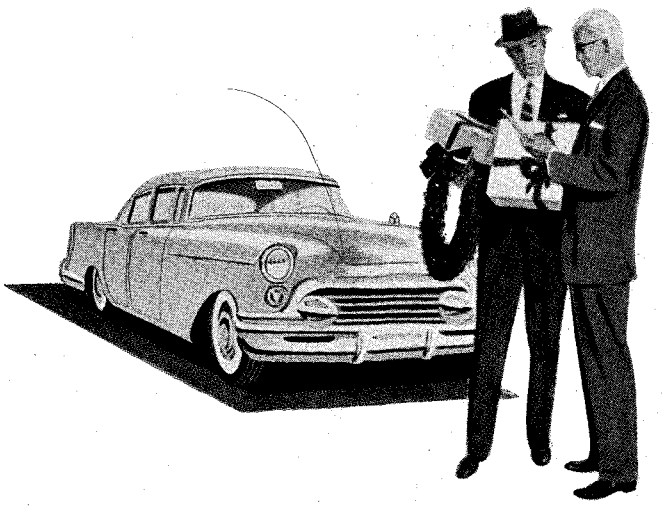
As three cowboys in that furious Face of America picture on page 34 got broken arms and another a broken leg, one wondered whether cameraman Toke Nelson was right down there in the arena with them, and if so, how he came out. He was, and no damage—that time. Nelson is a sales official with radio station

KMA, in Shenandoah, Iowa, but for ten years he has pursued a hobby of walking into the maelstrom of rodeos and photographing what comes to pass—and how's that for a hobby? Well, at least it's a change. Actually in his hundred-odd times in arenas, he hasn't been seriously hurt, but he has had his moments, leaving scars. "In Brahman-bull-riding events—probably the most perilous stunt—I've slashed my arms and legs many times trying to scale the grandstand fences to escape the raging animals." Once a bull smashed his camera case, but Toke had just departed with his camera. What seems to impress him most is the number of pairs of trousers which have become snagged on those fences and disintegrated.

This Face of America photo came in over the transom—unsolicited—and that's the way Photography Editor Borgstedt likes to have them do. Nelson submitted it hoping thereby to add enough money to his savings to start financing a new house for his wife, Bonnie, and their three little ones. He is now house hunting. By the way, all the Nelsons are rabid rodeo fans (in the grandstand) except daughter Jennifer, age five months, but she is planning to take in next year's circuit.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Merry Christmas to all" from the family budget! Most of the wonderful things American families enjoy are the rewards of careful planning.

If you buy that new car "on time", you can help your budget to deliver a prosperous New Year, too! Make a down payment sufficient to safeguard your car investment and to build higher trade-in value from the start! It pays to finance where you buy your car, when your General Motors Dealer uses the GMAC Thrift-Guard Plan. He can meet all your financing needs in one convenient, thrifty transaction. He can arrange financing that is comfortable to pay and considerate in emergencies to help you reach ownership—with friendly service available through over 270 GMAC offices almost anywhere you may drive!

And in case of loss or damage to your car, away from home, the nearest General Motors Dealer can arrange prompt adjustment service to save you undue delay.

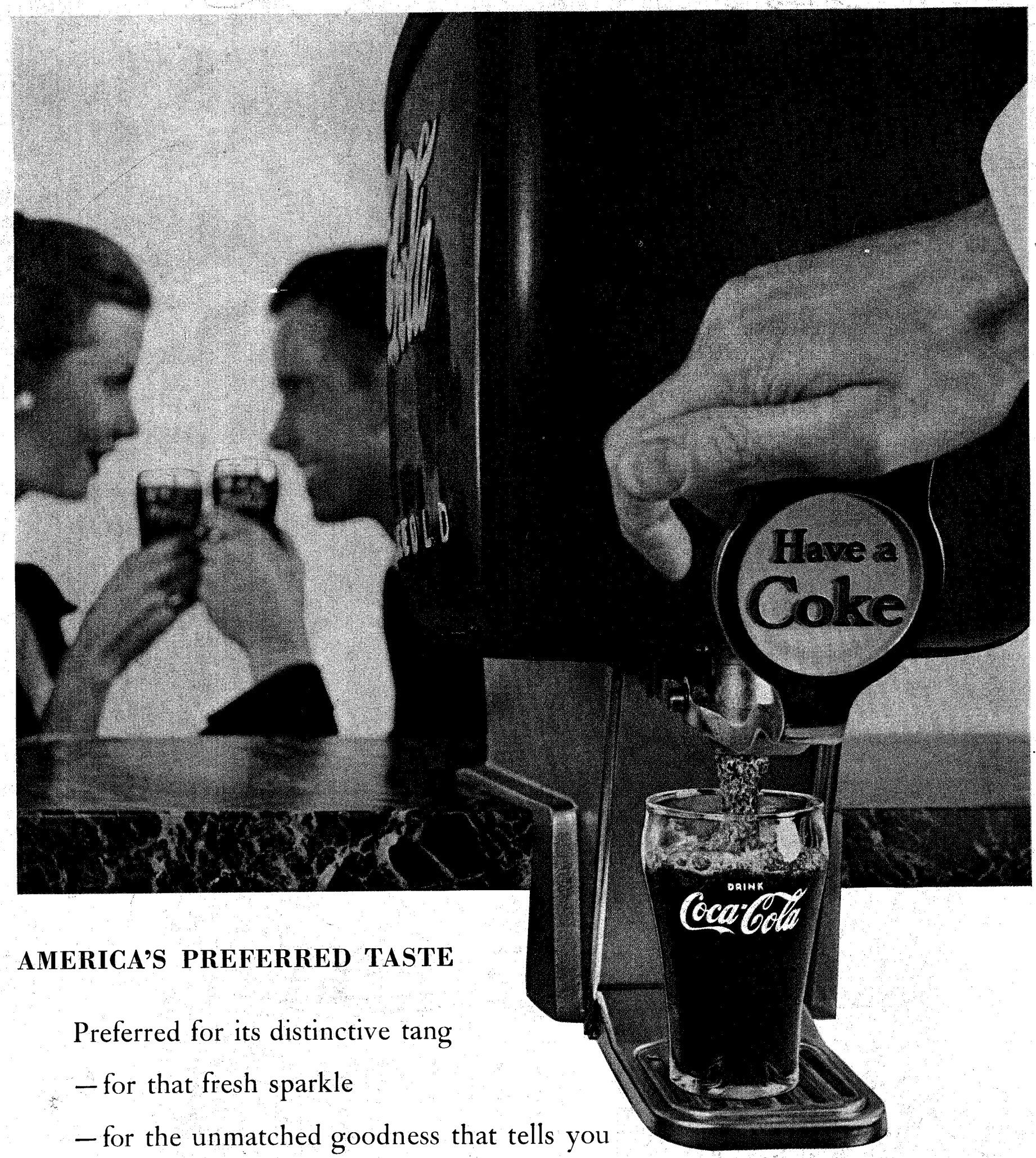
GMAC
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
TIME PAYMENT PLAN

The Plan that has helped Millions buy cars "on time"

IT PAYS TO FINANCE WHERE YOU BUY YOUR CAR
• ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes;
also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES • GM DIESELS

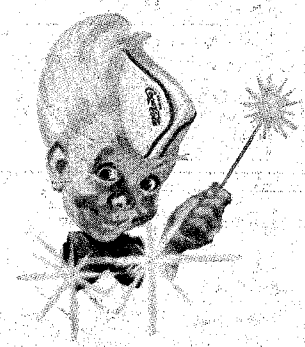
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AMERICA'S PREFERRED TASTE

Preferred for its distinctive tang
—for that fresh sparkle
—for the unmatched goodness that tells you
"there's nothing like a Coke."
Almost everyone appreciates the best.



The Pause
That Refreshes . . .
Fifty Million
Times a Day

"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS

See Eddie Fisher on "Coke Time," NBC Television twice each week

COPYRIGHT 1955, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED